

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE VOICE.

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IN my daily batch of letters, I came across a romance so pitious and pathetic that it makes me sad every time I think of it.

Have you ever read *The Birthday of the Infants*, or seen it on the screen? It is the story of the little hunchback jester, who has never seen himself in a mirror. He adores his little mistress the Infanta, and just to amuse her with his antics, on her birthday, her courtiers tell him that he has won her love.

They all watch behind curtains and pillars when he kneels before her, and pour out his declaration of devotion. Suddenly there is a burst of laughter, and the joke is disclosed. They show him the image of himself in a full length mirror, and the shock causes his death.

This letter was from a girl who had been thrown from a horse, two years ago, and both her legs had been broken. She was badly crippled and later discovered that there had been an injury to the spine which was gradually producing a deformed appearance.

Just at the height of her girlhood she became super sensitive about her appearance and especially in meeting strangers.

She had been the choir soloist at her church before the accident, gifted with a rarely beautiful soprano voice. Its loss was felt in the choir and she was asked to come back as soon as she was able to.

After thinking it over seriously, she decided it was her duty to return, but it was a large metropolitan church, and she could not bear singing in public from choir stalls. Accordingly she agreed to return on condition that she could sing from behind a carved screened recess at one side of the pipe organ.

There must have been something angelic and supernatural in that unseen voice to a worshipper who did not know her sad story, and there came one Sunday a world-weary man, drifting in, partly from curiosity, partly from ennui. That day she sang the offertory hymn, *Like as a Father pitieth His Children*, So the Lord Has Mercy On Them That Hear.

She received a letter the following

day, telling her how her wonderful voice had wakened in him the first knowledge that he had a soul since he was a little boy, and thanking her for her gift. This letter was followed by others and she answered them. He had left that day for Europe, intending to stay only a short while, for business reasons. Caught in the maelstrom of the war, he had enlisted and gone to the front. But still he wrote to her. His Voice, he called her. Sometimes, she wrote in her letter to me, she half wished he would never return, for fear he would insist on meeting her. She had never told him in her letters of her infirmity.

"I cannot convey to you what these letters have meant to both of us. I have been so lonely and isolated here, ever since the accident. We are not poor, and I am able to be at our country place all the week. Sundays I come in to the city to sing at church. Perhaps I, myself, have changed towards my family, and imagine they have towards me, but for the past two years I have felt this awful shyness and desire for seclusion. The greatest happiness I know now is receiving his letters weekly, but today something has happened that I feel I can only tell to you and ask your advice about. I have just received an ocean brief saying he will arrive this week on a furlough, and that it is vitally important that he meet me personally. What shall I do?"

What shall I say? Perhaps he himself has suffered from some terrible disaster of the war, and is coming back to her maimed or blind. Perhaps all these months while her letters have been the only word of cheer reaching him in the trenches, he has pictured her as beautiful as her voice. Perhaps, like the knights of old, he has treasured in his heart her name as that of his lady fair, his spur to valor and heroism. Perhaps the only hope he has held is that of going back to find her, and claim her his.

I wrote and told her to meet him at all hazards. It is best for them both to learn the truth. If they truly love, that love has been established on a foundation of faith and ideality, far transcending any mere physical considerations.

Do you think that I was wrong? Would it have been better to have left them with their dream, he of "his voice," she of her knight of the letters?

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

PEGGY'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

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Peggy was married last summer while we were taking "Less Than the Dust" out on Long Island. I did not get a chance to see her until the work was over, and I was back at the hotel. Then one day I went to call, and found her up to her ears in trouble.

She had a perfectly darling little bride's flat in a cross street near Riverside Drive, one of those honeymoon nests that real estate agents are clever enough to make a specialty of nowadays. There were five rooms, furnished exquisitely, and a middle-aged colored maid who moved about with the noiseless perfection of an automaton. Her name was Marguerite and she came from Martinique. Instead of a darky dialect she spoke with a French accent, and had a convent education.

Peggy was curled up among the white embroidered pillows of the davenport, dressed in a pink negligee, and a little boudoir cap which was delightfully becoming to her dark, piquant face. I had always liked her immensely. She had played kiddie parts with me up at the Biograph, then drifted into musical comedy work, and had finally married the son of a wealthy New England manufacturer.

I had thought she was mighty fortunate in her choice and very happily married, but her eyes were red when I saw her, and her handkerchief was a little round, wet wad, crushed in her hand as she greeted me wanly.

"It is just too much mother-in-law," she cried. "I know I won't be able to stand her. Jim's determined that we shall go up to Boston Saturday and meet his family, and I simply can't bear it. His father is an old darling, more like a chum than a father, but I have never seen her, and I dread it."

"But don't you know," I told her, laughingly, "that when you dread anything the best way to do is to walk right up to it, and scare away your own fear. Why don't you invite her down here right away. Then you will be the hostess, and as your guest she will just have to be nice to you."

She looked actually frightened. "Invite her here? Oh, Mary, I couldn't do that. It would just spoil all our happiness."

"No it wouldn't, it would nonplus her, and she'd be so busy watching Marguerite, she'd forget all about criticizing you."

"I do believe I'll do it," she said, a sudden gleam of fun in her eyes. "She can't eat me up, and I know Jim would take my part if it came to a showdown."

I did not see her again for a week and a half. Then one night, very late indeed, she called me up on the telephone, and asked if she could come over to the hotel and see mother and me. I could tell from her voice how angry and indignant she felt.

"I simply won't stand it another minute. Mary—there are ten thousand mother-in-laws in my house. It is full of them, and Jim jumps through a hoop every time she winks her eye. She's fired Marguerite, and insists on cooking all of Jim's meals for him. You needn't say no 'cause I'm coming right straight over."

Mother laughed when I told her, and

by the time Peggy arrived, out of breath and nervous, we had a good cup of tea waiting for her, and one of my kimonos for her to slip into. We tucked her to bed after she had talked her mother-in-law out of her system, and then I slipped into another room, and called up Jim. Of course he was perfectly frantic at her disappearance, and when I suggested, tactfully, that she stay with me for a few days, until his mother left town, he exclaimed in surprise.

"But I took her to the train at nine thirty. She got a wire from Dad. I thought Peggy knew. And she thinks she's the most wonderful little woman in the world, and has left us a whacking good check. You just wake Peg up and tell her to come on home or I'll be there inside of ten minutes."

But I told him very softly that Peggy was sound asleep, and that, if I were he, I would get Marguerite by hook or crook, and have Peggy home in the morning for breakfast in her own honeymoon nest.

But doesn't it go to show the uncertainty of pleasing your mother-in-law? It must be like a first night performance when you go through your part with that awful sinking feeling, wondering what your audience is going to do next.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. J.—Mrs. Vernon Castle is in "Patricia" now. Pathe Freres, International Films. I do not know Miss Clayton's address. Greenwich Village is in New York. "The Trufflers" is laid there.

F. B. C.—My mother has fully recovered from an operation, and is with me here in California. Many thanks for your good wishes. Why don't you write Mr. Ford personally?

Madge N.—I have not much confidence in the surgery of "beauty" doctors. I think massage, with a good skin food, and careful diet and exercise is far safer than resorting to the knife for "lifting the sag." Try smiling, too. If one must have wrinkles, let's make them all run up, instead of down.

Alberta—"The Foundling" was taken in New York City. I am so glad you liked the picture, and thank you and the other girls at the convent for all your happy wishes. My brother Jack's picture was "Great Expectations."

Kenneth R.—I do not know whether "The Light that Failed" has been screened or not. I think it was played in this country by Mr. Forbes Robertson. The story as written had two different endings, you know. The lines you speak of are from "My Madonna," by Robert W. Service. His new book is called "Lines of a Red Cross Man."

Beth S.—Altoona—I am very fond of the costume plays. "Mistress Nell" was one of my favorites. I do not think when "Knighthood Was in Flower" has been screened yet. Thank you for the suggestion.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE BOOMERANG.

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REVENGE has always seemed to me so futile, and yet it is a natural instinct. Why, even back in kiddie days of play-time, can't you remember how often you have said to yourself or had it said to you:

"I'll fix you if you do that to me. I'll get even with you, you see if I don't, Billy Peters."

And Billy Peters knew you would get even, too. Perhaps he even stopped tormenting you for fear of it, but if you did get even with him, did it do you any good? I'm quite sure if I asked my brother Jack that, he would say it most surely did do him good. He firmly believed, I remember, in the good old boy law, "A punch for a punch." But does it pay, even in the personal satisfaction you get out of it?

I have in mind two girl friends who have been pals for years and now are on the outs, as they say. They are just about the same age and temperament, quick-tempered, fond of pretty, up-to-date clothes and admirers. They were in vaudeville for several years with a very attractive sister act. Recently one of them has had a very good offer from a motion picture firm. She is by all odds the better actress of the two, and the best looking. Yet for the sake of her pal she turned the offer down and kept on with the act, even while it created a coolness between them. Instead of the old free comradeship and sharing alike, there was a mutual sense of obligation. While one was thinking, "If it were not for you, I could go ahead now," the other one thought, "Well, I put her in the business and taught her, and now she is acting as if she were sacrificing herself for me."

The end of it was that they broke off completely, closed their act and went back to New York. The younger girl has accepted the offer made her before, and is doing splendidly with her first picture. And her former partner is going around to all their mutual friends, trying to get even, as she says—telling all of the little petty things she can think of, implying more than she dares to say, posing as a martyr. And instead of getting sympathy, she meets with the inevitable rebound of sentiment.

If she could only have taken the

broad outlook, the big, glad, unselfish view of things, how different it would have been. Why must we ever measure our own friendship or love by the rule of how much we are getting out of it? Love, to be real, must be purely unselfish. Somebody has said that love is service, and indeed that is so. When you really and truly love anybody, don't you want them to be happy more than yourself? Isn't it a joy to give to them in full measure all the help and service and love you are capable of?

I remember another case of "getting even" that seemed to me so pitiful I shall never forget it. It was before I went into *The Good Little Devil* company under Mr. Belasco. One day mother saw in the morning paper that a certain actress was back in New York, a woman whom she had always admired and liked as a friend. She arranged to have her up for luncheon that very day and I listened in silence while Mrs. R— told of her marital troubles.

"As you, know, Charlotte, I have practically supported Paul and the children, too, for years. He has drank badly and used up whatever he made in gambling. I got a divorce from him in Chicago this spring, and now he threatens to kill me because I will not see him. Yet he swears that he loves me dearly, and would give his life for me."

"But not his salary," said my mother, laughingly. "If I were you, I would not antagonize him by throwing up any of the past. Don't threaten him at all, and perhaps it will blow over."

But instead, she seemed to take the utmost relief and comfort out of retailing all of her unhappiness with Paul to us. She simply told everybody she met how happy she was to be away from him and how fearfully sorry she was she had ever married him, and finally there came the news unexpectedly from a town in Montana where she had been playing with a road show, that Paul had followed her there and had shot her from the first box. She died in the local hospital, and he reached the insane asylum by the usual legal route, and the two kiddies are with relatives.

If she had only been content to keep still, and not revive all the unpleasant memories and harp upon them, I am sure he would never have felt revengeful towards her. Surely it is better to bury all hatchets and dance on the grave.

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BEAUTY'S HANDICAP.

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I HAD a curious letter from a girl not long ago. She said that she was 17, not pretty, and had auburn hair, hazel eyes and freckles, and a short dumpy little figure. All through the letter one caught the snap of her disposition, as well as a good, keen sense of humor and sympathy with other girls, but her great complaint was that she lacked beauty, and that it was absolutely essential to success.

"I cannot tell you how I feel, Miss Pickford; every time I come home from moving pictures, I go up to my room alone, light the gas and look at myself in the mirror. What on earth is the use of having brains if they only make you more keenly sensitive to your own shortcomings. So often I kneel down by my bed, and bury my face in my hands, and just cry my heart out. I don't know what on earth makes me this way, do you?"

I felt as if I wanted to sit down and write her a long letter about what a snare and curse beauty has often been in the past history of the world. When I was about eight years old the members of the Children's society were worrying about my education as a stage child, so mother had a private teacher for both Lottie and myself. She was a very interesting English girl who had come over to Canada to marry an old sweetheart. He had taken up a government claim out in British Columbia. Before she could reach him he had married another girl. I used to love to hear her scold about it. All I had to do was to speak of Malcolm and she forgot all about lessons. She was rather pretty with the delicate Saxon type of beauty, and she never tired of showing us a snapshot that he had sent of himself and his bride, taken before their backwoods home.

"Just look at that," she would say. "The big tomboy. You can just see what she is from the looks of her. Is there anything of the lady about her? Can you see what he saw in her?"

Yes, I could see. The girl wore a short corduroy skirt, flannel shirt and cap pinned boyishly on her head. She looked keen eyed and cheerful. Just in the way both of them stood you

could tell they were comrades as well as sweethearts. But she was not one bit pretty.

As I grew older, I used to wonder so much about women of the stage. The ones I liked best were never beauties—Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Duse. Who could ever call them professional "beauties?" And yet what throngs of admirers their art and charm have swayed. They say Nell Gwyn was a little, pert, snub-nosed, harum-scarum girl of the "pit" and Peg Woffington had freckles and a rival swore she was squint eyed. Yet the fame of their personality and power has descended over the centuries.

Most of the successful women of today depend more upon style of manner, tact, and that indescribable quality termed graciousness, than on mere beauty.

It is a fact that the girls upon whom the fairy godmothers bestow beauty start life with a serious handicap. If they go into the business world, in factories, offices or stores, they are apt to be treated with suspicion by the other employees, men and girls also. It is not pleasant to be called "the boss' pet." If you are conscientious and strive to win by your own efforts, it is doubly hard to stand the suspicions and taunts of your coworkers.

Every time you do advance you can never feel sure whether you earned it by your own efforts, or because the man higher up admires your pretty face. I think one of the best pictures I ever saw dealt with this situation of a girl so handicapped by her beauty, in seeking a situation, that she actually had to disguise herself and appear homely in order to hold one.

One of the best stenographers I know is secretary to a well known woman star. She told me herself she much preferred working for a woman as over and over again she had lost her position through the utterly unfounded jealousy of wives or sweethearts.

So, personally, I think it is far better to cultivate grace of manner and personal charm. It is much better to be the girl whom all her boy and girl friends seek for sympathy and understanding, than to be the little goddess perched on a pedestal waiting lonesomely for worshippers.

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THE PATTERN OF A WOMAN.

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WE had a young, newly married couple at the Famous Players studios while I was working there. He was a grace, rather serious-minded young fellow, who had been educated for the ministry, but had swirled out of the current of religion, into the ocean of human endeavor. He came from a small Kentucky home, where a widowed mother and his two sisters had given up their lives to his proper bringing up for 20 odd years. And from his experience with them, and what he had read at college, he devised the mental pattern of a woman.

She would be sweet tempered and home loving, and long suffering, like his mother. She would be beautiful, but modest and fond of all household duties, like his elder sister. When required, she would be comradely and amusing and full of debutante whimsicalities within bounds, like his younger sister.

With this pattern impressed upon his mind, the world of woman moved about him like "shadow shapes that come and go. He saw them not. In fact to his way of thinking, they were not women. They were strange erotic entities, wierd phantasms, products of the time.

I used to love to perch on a table while we were waiting for the setting of the scenes, and listen to Claude tell me all this sort of thing over and over again. We had known him before his marriage, and he really was naturally addicted to sermonizing. I am quite sure that when he first met Marie, he never suspected the latent possibilities in her nature. She was from Baltimore, a little bit of a girl with curly flaxen hair, big blue eyes, rather thin lips, and the most complete air of self-satisfaction and mental poise I have ever seen.

She would sit and listen to Claude's sermons on women and only smile at him, thoughtfully. When they became engaged, it was his daily delight to tell us all, at the studio, how completely Marie conformed to his pattern and Marie said nothing until they were married.

The first shock came directly after the ceremony. She was engaged on a new picture, and was to go with other members of the company up to the Adirondacks on certain location work. He was sent out on Long Island at the same time, and took it quite for granted that she would throw up her

work and accompany him. Instead of which, when he reached their hotel that night, Marie had taken her suit case, and Dewey, the Boston bull, and was on her way north as a matter of course.

When he discovered it, he was completely non-plussed. I do think his first impulse was to throw up everything and go after her. On second thought he decided he would discipline her instead. She had thought of her work before her duty as a wife. When she returned, he was gentle but firm with her. Hereafter she must consult him and accept his advice—as a wife should, he added. Also, he told her, he did not like Boston bulls.

Marie came to the studio that morning, simply bubbling over with excitement. She was keenly ambitious, and very faithful in her work. Marriage really was to her a secondary thing in life. She was ready right then and there to stop being married any more, if this was all it meant, and the funny part of it was, she had already told Claude so.

He came in late, looking wild eyed, and brooding horribly all the morning in corners. Marie went lightsofly on her way, disregarding him entirely. Not only that, but she accepted an invitation to go to the theatre that evening in a party which one of the gentlemen was making up. While Claude was asked, he replied moodily, he did not care to be included. Marie said smilingly, that he had not been feeling very well, and she hoped that everybody would excuse what she felt sure was merely nervous dyspepsia. I had to turn away to keep from laughing at the expression on Claude's face.

His pattern of woman was going all to pieces like a jig saw puzzle, and he looked like a frightened and rather indignant little boy at the result.

"Oh, I'm not worried about him at all," Marie told us confidentially. "He's really a very nice boy, and as soon as I get him trained, will make a good husband. He wanted to sell Dewey, but I told him if he did, I would sell all of his books that he treasures so. So we compromised right there, and he'll find that he'll have to if he wants to live with me. He's been talking about his pattern of a perfect wife until I'm sick and tired of it. I never had one before I was married, but now I've got a pattern for a perfect husband in my mind and he's going to fit it."

The last I heard of them they had given up the hotel apartment and were living in a tiny bungalow here in Los Angeles.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

BEAUTY'S SPRING CLEAN-UP.

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DOESN'T it seem at this season of the year when all nature is going through her spring cleaning, that Beauty ought to sit up and take notice of her own good points?

Most of us are so busy bemoaning the fact that we have not eyes like Miss Elliott or Miss Bara and hair like Miss Stewart and lips like Miss Clark and a figure like Miss Frederick, that we actually do not know our own stock, so to speak.

In the spring we clean our houses, overhaul all the old trunks, and boxes and bureaus, but we never think for one moment of actually facing the truth about our own personal appearance. One of the loveliest actresses I know is Ethel Barrymore, and she has always been a marvel to me. She's like a human dynamo in her thoroughness for detail. With her family of beautiful children, her splendidly equipped home and her never-ceasing public work, she still manages to keep herself always in perfect form. "How on earth do you do it?" I asked her once.

Miss Barrymore never lets herself get one bit seedy. I have seen her, after long hours of rehearsing, step into her car as spick and span and fresh as if she were just making the run from Mamaroneck. So I asked her how she did it.

"Well, I take inventory, for one thing. I never let myself get run down. It takes too long to build up again. No matter how busy I am, I take at least an hour every day all to myself. I call it my beauty hour."

Wouldn't it be a good idea if everyone did that? No matter how busy you are, either in the home or in business, spare time for yourself and deliberately take inventory of your beauty points. Where you find yourself running down below par, build up on that one phase. I had a letter from a man this week who asked me how he could grow long eye lashes and while at first I felt a quick irritation at any male who could think

of his eyelashes with a world-war raging around him, still we must give him credit for trying to correct his own physical lacks.

That makes me think of something I heard that seemed awfully funny to me. One of the boys in our studio out here had a letter from his brother in the trenches. He wrote of one officer who put on evening dress at 7 every evening regularly.

"I've done it all my life, don't you know," said this typical Londoner, "and I don't see why I should depart from the habit of a lifetime, merely because we are living like moles in this trench."

Doesn't that exactly express what I am trying to tell? Many of us lack that same efficiency in beauty grooming. People often wonder why actresses have such good complexions, considering the cosmetics that they have to use. I am sure that one reason is the necessary wholesome face washing they get daily, and the liberal use of good cold cream to take off make-up. I have never believed in using paint for the street, and doesn't it seem good this year not to see young girls of 15 and 16 with their eyes blackened and lips reddened like a lot of Pierrettes, ready for the pantomime!

Diet and exercise are always the two foundation rocks of beauty, mother says. But the beauty of all is dependent upon the spirit within, for after all, it is character and disposition which change faces for better or worse.

One day on the street car in New York, some years ago, I remember seeing an old man and his son get on at the Ferry. Their features seen in profile were exactly alike, but when they turned around the son's face was coarsened and heavy with deep lines. All of his wrinkles ran down and all of the old gentleman's ran up.

So one looked as if he were perpetually smiling; and the other always seemed to have a frown.

"They just grew that way mother, didn't they?" I asked in a whisper.

"I am thinking it is Love and Hate who have been tracing the lines there," she answered.

Why not smile?

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THE STORY OF ROSE.

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I always love mother when she feels she has a new mission in life. She starts after it with a brass band, and flags flying. Everybody has always loved her and made a confidant of her, wherever we have been. Jack used to say that mother had a nose for secret sorrows in other people, just as a truffle-dog has for those tasty tubers.

There was once a very pretty girl just breaking into the business in one of our companies. I don't want to say which one or give her real name, so let's just call her Rose. She looked like one—one of these little dark red Jack roses that smell so sweet.

She was about eighteen, and had come to us from the Middle West. I remember that the day she applied at the studio for work our director told her there was nothing at present. Standing with us was one of our best actors. He had played in some of the Biograph productions, and was a Russian, I fancy, wonderfully clever in his work, but very absorbed and reticent. He gave the girl one sweeping look that took in every detail of her appearance, and spoke to our director in her behalf. Rose was engaged as an extra, but made herself so agreeable and adaptable that she very speedily was given small parts.

Mother had liked her from the first. She told me she thought it was a shame the way V— had Rose completely dazzled by his personality.

"The child worships the very ground he treads on, and there must be ten years between them. I'm hoping she doesn't make a fool of herself over him."

I used to see her watching them speculatively out of the corner of her eye, and I knew that she gave Mr. V— some pointed advice. After a few months of the usual studio courtship Rose told us that they were engaged to be married, and we would see her sitting, between the taking of pictures, embroidering little dainty things for her wedding outfit, and humming happily to herself. Then when we went back to New York Mr. V— got in with his regular crowd of old friends here, and everyone knew that he was bewitched by one of our loveliest leading actresses.

Mother and I were alone in the hotel when Rose's name was sent up to us. I shall never forget her when she came into the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Pickford, forgive me, but I just had to come to you and tell you," she cried. "Bob's contract expired Saturday, and he's going West, to follow her, and you don't know—"

"Go right out of the room, Mary," said mother, folding her in her arms and patting her, as she sobbed on her shoulder. When I came back, mother was at the telephone, calling up Mr. V— in her cheeriest, bantering way.

"Ah, you needn't worry about it at all, Bobbie. I've arranged the whole thing for you. Rose is here with me, and you'll both have dinner with us afterward. I'll bring her down now in my

car, and we'll pick you up at Forty-second street, and all go right down to the city hall for the license. What? Oh, I attended to that. I just called up Father D— and said I'd have you over at church in a jiffy. Run and buy a ring quick, now, for you'll be needing one this day. Goodby."

She hung up the receiver, and turned around smiling at us both.

"Now, Mary, we'll dress up the bride. Order up a big bunch of violets, and try to keep the red from your eyes, dearie. I only hope it will turn out all right."

That was a year and a half ago, and the last we heard of them they were as happy as could be, with a dear little baby girl just beginning to toddle. Mother was telling me just before we left New York that she met Bob on the street, and he squeezed both her hands fervently in his when he greeted her.

"Blessed mother Pickford," he said. "Thank God you saved me once from being a cad, and I haven't stopped growing since."

Answers to Correspondents.

Shirley—"Natoma" is the name of an opera by Victor Herbert. Why didn't you write to Miss Garden, Goldwyn Studios, New York City. She was the original Natoma. Ramona has been pictured successfully.

Tom K.—I have heard before of your idea. If you have really had experience in the training of animals, I should think it would be very easy to get in touch direct with the various studios and find out their needs.

Mrs. R. M.—I would not attempt to advise you about your family troubles. Everyone must be their own judge in these things, but if you are as you say, self-supporting, surely you can afford to be a little philosophical. Madame Bernhardt is still in this country. I think she is touring in the South at present.

David B.—Frankly, I think what ails you is extreme loneliness. You are too young to become a hermit, even if you do have to ride twenty miles to the nearest camp. Ride it often, and keep in touch and sympathy with the other boys who are putting up the same kind of a wilderness fight you are.

Mrs. Stuart L.—I have not time to personally take part in the splendid work you are doing, but you have my fullest sympathy. The national headquarters of the Red Cross are at Washington. Miss Mabel Boardman is the president, I think.

Fabian—"Cleopatra" was filmed by Vitagraph. The story you refer to is "An Egyptian Princess," by George Ebers. There have been quite a few pictures taken in Egypt, I know, but it is seldom now that a company goes abroad on locations, if the scenery can be devised in this country.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE MISTAKEN IDEA.

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I wonder why it is that so many seem to have the idea that if you are pretty, you can "leap right out of everyday life into the stage world, or the studios, and be an immediate success. I suppose there have been cases where this has happened, and maybe I'm prejudiced, but I have a great respect for the technique which comes from training and experience. You know they say that the greatest art is to conceal art, that is, to be so finished an actor or actress, that you appear to be absolutely natural.

So it must seem to people in the audience as though it were not hard work at all, and yet for nearly every scene there have been hours of careful rehearsing. I often marvel at the patience of my own director, going over and over the same thing, again and again, until it is right. Do people think that we start in to take a picture right from the beginning and go straight to the end, with a camera man running around after us snapping the scenes one after the other? In order to present a production successfully to the public, it means that everyone, from the "extra" or boy who holds the number chart up to those at the top, must work together in harmony.

It means that from the director and star down to the property man there must be enthusiasm, patience, and the everlasting giving of one's strength and faculties. I remember talking one day with Mr. Hugh Ford at the Famous Players' Studio. We were all talking of how much an actress must sacrifice in order to be a success. She must give freely all of her time, her energy, and her brains.

Miss Frederick was working at the moment on a scene, and, as she passed us, she turned and smiled.

"There goes one of the pluckiest, bravest, little women in this business that ever lived," said Mr. Ford, shaking his head as he looked after her. "There's nothing that woman won't attempt. There's nothing she's afraid of. Nobody knows what she's been through."

I confess I was surprised. While I fully realized all of the hardships and sacrifices one goes through, still I had never considered them perilous. The sinking of the boat in "The Pride of the Clan" was a really dangerous scene where I risked my life, but our interest in our work stimulates our desire for hazardous moments. I could not think of any role Miss Frederick had appeared in that was fraught with dire risk.

"What do you mean," I asked. "Just look at her," said Mr. Ford, solemnly. "She keeps herself at a hundred and eighteen pounds at all costs."

I have letters from girls all the way from twelve to eighteen. Girls who are absolutely confident of succeeding, if somebody would only give them a chance. Two girls of fourteen each, in a little lake shore town in Michigan, are willing to run away together, if only I tell them where to run. Another girl of sixteen in a boarding school says she has a rope ladder all ready and money enough for her ticket to New York, and she's sure she'd be a great success as Francis Bushman's leading woman, although she'd much prefer being with Mr. Soth-

ern, because he's so scholarly. Another girl wants to leave home because her step mother doesn't understand her, and has to do the dishes before she goes to school in the morning. She has not enough natural efficiency about her to pitch in and do her share in her own home, yet she is willing to jump into a new field, all un-equipped and untrained.

Of course, there is a constant need of new talent and new faces. A girl who combines beauty with intelligence and real ability, if she has industry and endurance, may climb to the top, but she will tread the trail of tears before she learns the technique of her business.

Whenever such a jewel is discovered by a director, the whole company rejoices.

There is a deep-laid conspiracy to keep little Mary Andersons, and Baby Bernhardts out of the limelight, but if you do intend to make it your life work, then give yourself to it absolutely. Just remember this much—nearly every girl who has made a great success on the stage or in the screen world, has a mother standing right beside her, who has guarded her and pushed her at every step of the way. The right and sensible way to go about it, is to go to your nearest and best studio, and then just sit down and wait, day after day, until everybody in the place has grown to know you, and you are finally either put on the pay roll, or are told that you do not register.

Answers to Correspondents.

Major K. G.—Many thanks for your letter. It is impossible for me to answer all personally, much as I would like to. If you will tell your sister to write me direct, I will send her the address asked for, although I think she is far too young to go alone.

Allison L.—I think the correspondence course would certainly give you a start toward your goal, if you could follow it up with practical experience. I do not think Miss Adams has made any arrangements so far to appear in pictures.

Kato Canno—Your description of the new venture in pictures in Tokio interested me greatly. I have appeared in several Mexican pictures with the old Biograph Company. Write out your plot in synopsis form and submit it. It is very good.

James W.—Since you have a mother of your own and may want her to visit you some day, don't you think it might be tactful of you to extend that courtesy now to your wife's mother?

Vivian—Do not delay having your teeth attended to. If you contemplate going on the stage, it is one of the first essentials. No matter how pretty you may be, white, even teeth are considered now absolutely necessary.

Peter S.—I think your idea of a potato farm in Connecticut is good. I am always very much interested in intensive farming.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

DO YOU BELONG?

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THERE were several of the women in our company in my dressing room the other day, and we were all chatting on various subjects more or less of a personal nature. One of them started to say:

"Well, if I were you—"

"Oh, for pity's sake," laughed another, "don't say that. I never could bear anyone who belonged to the 'if I were you club.' I don't see how any of you girls could ever want to assume the responsibility of deciding other people's affairs for them. I've got troubles of my own."

We all laughed about it at the time, but afterward I had a quiet talk with her alone. Ever since I was a little girl, mother has impressed it on me religiously to keep my fingers right out of other people's pies. I can remember when we first started traveling on the road, she would hear me say over and over to Lottie or Jack:

"If I were you, I'd do it this way—or that way."

Then she would always laugh and tell me to manage my own canoe, and let them paddle theirs.

Miss S—told me she had been studying a great deal of the New Thought principles, especially since Tagore's visit to this country.

"Don't you know, Mary," she said to me, "even when we were taking Less Than the Dust, how interested we all were in this thought wave idea. Just the minute you say to a person, 'If I were you,' you are planting a seed in his mind for good or evil, and morally you are responsible for the consequences. The Brahmin holds this is an active tenet of his faith—that in order to avoid responsibility for your fellow man's actions, you are to ignore his business, and attend to your own."

"But still," I said, "don't you think that they carry it too far? If you get so interested in yourself that you forget everything else in the world, it seems to me that takes away the whole element of charity and our duty to humanity. I saw a picture once of some Hindu priest and two of his disciples who had taken vows not to stir from a sacred spring until they had attained some certain stage of Nirvana. Their finger nails were so long they fairly curled, and they looked dreadfully uncomfortable, with their matted hair and beards and unkempt

clothing, yet there was a perfect mob of admirers around them. I don't like that sort of thing. I don't think we should regard only ourselves at all."

She laughed at my seriousness, but I still think I was right. It is aggravating when you know just what you want to do to have some one come along and begin giving you gratuitous advice, but just the same I would rather have them do that than to feel myself utterly isolated from their interest. It must be terrible to feel that nobody cares what you do or what happens to you.

Why, I had a letter from a boy of 19 the other day that was simply a heartcry for companionship and sympathy. I am sure he would have given anything to have heard some one from his home town say, "If I were you, Jack, old man, I'd do it this way."

The letter was dated from the lower East Side of New York, at an address near Chatham square. He had been in the city five weeks, all alone, looking for work, burying some of his hopes every day, and watching the others die by degrees.

"I rode on the street cars as long as my money held out, hunting for anything that would bring me money to live on. Two weeks ago I used my last cent, but my landlady let me sleep in a little room off the coal cellar as long as I took care of the furnace for her. I don't want to write home for help. There are four kids younger than I am, and I'm not a quitter, but gee, it's lonesome in a big town where you don't know anybody. I've gone without a meal many a time to see you in pictures, little Mary. I've got a little sister home with curls like yours, and besides it's warm in the picture houses when a fellow's feet are most frozen and his stomach's empty. But I don't mind being broke so much, it's just being lonesome."

How many of you who read this could lean over and say to that boy, "If I were you, son, I'd do so and so." And what would you do? I think myself I'd be just as nice to that landlady as I could be until it is really spring and furnaces don't need feeding—and then some balmy morning I'd hike out of New York, and make for the country so quickly it would make your head buzz. And I'd get work along the way at anything I could pick up, just so long as I was on the home trail.

That's what I would do if I were you, Joe.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A BOUQUET OF ROSES.

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SOMETIMES there is a thread of gold running through the gray woof of even the Scotch temperament. I remember when I was playing in the Good Little Devil, such a funny thing happened. You know all of Mr. Belasco's employees are just like a big family, and you all grow to know each other so well, from the office boys out in front, right up to his stars. He has such a wonderful personality himself, such generalship, that he inspires every one who works for him with a fine esprit de corps.

I was up at the office one day while he talked with mother. The office boy was a little Scotch chap named Archie McAvoy, about 15, I think. He would have made a splendid "Sentimental Tommy," with his rough, sandy hair, cajoling eyes, and whimsical smile.

He was filled with skepticism about the ages of favorite actresses.

"The reason I like you, Miss Mary, is because you are just what you are. You're a kid. You look it and you dress it, and you could show your birth certificate any time. But I had an experience that's enough to sour anybody's faith in these footlight beauties. Every Saturday night me and my chum, Bill Peters, go to the theatre. He works over in the K. and E. offices here, across the street, and between us we can generally pull out passes for something, and our tastes are about the same. We both like musical comedy, instead of the Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothern stuff."

"Don't you love Miss Marlowe?" I asked, for I had always thought her lovely.

"Yes, she's pretty," he said calmly. "But I like them blonde. You know if you had shorter curls, and yellower, you'd probably be a success until you were 65 just like Lotta and Maggie Mitchell, but as I was saying, my faith is all gone."

"Well, we went up to see the Bird of Paradise, and the music gets me. I didn't take to Laurette much, though she's some actress and a little too dusky at that, but there was one girl with the Hula dancers, and when Bill

heard me talking about her all that week, he says my taste is getting out of the classical. So he takes me up to hear Robin Hood at the New Amsterdam."

Archie perched on the edge of the table, and looked meditative.

"I don't know whether you've seen the show or not, Miss Mary, but there's a girl in that village scene, the little one on the end, in the Red Ridinghood cloak, and yellow curls. When us boys came out that night, we made up our minds we'd save our lunch money for a week, and buy her one of those cabbage heads of violets with a silk cord, and purple pin, etc."

"The next Saturday night, we waited at the stage door for her with the violets. Bill tried to get me to hang around the corner, and I tried to get him to do the same. We had made up our minds to let her do the choosing. And pretty soon they began to come out. Miss Wickham, that was Alan A. Dale, and Miss Pauline Hall, Maid Marian, and then the little chorus crowd. We watched them all as they came out, but didn't see her. I told Bill probably her mother would be with her, she was so young, and then we argued which one we'd give the violets to. Then all at once we saw her and she's 47 if she's a day."

"What did you do with the violets?" I asked.

Archie grinned and ducked under his desk sheepishly and I give up if he didn't bring out a huge bunch.

"I kept them in water for you, but they should have been on ice," he said, ruefully. "And we ain't giving them to you from any sentiment, mind. Just because you are what you seem to be."

Wasn't that comical, and dear of them, too? And yet I was reading in one of the current magazines this week, of Mme. Bernhardt, and the marvelous way she impersonated a dying young French soldier. Surely she has bewitched even old Father Time with her charm. How paltry the popularity that rests only on youth and beauty seems beside her art. I wonder what I will be doing when I am past 70? I wonder what I would even like to be doing? All I can think of now, is that I want all my loved ones near me, and want to feel that life has been well spent.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

AKIN TO LOVE.

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IS the whole world filled with hidden heartaches? Out of every daily batch of letters, I come across stories from all over the world, each striking its own individual chord in the great scale of life's harmony.

I showed one to mother yesterday, and asked her about what advice I should send. It was from a young man in the middle west. He wrote that he had been engaged to a girl in his home town ever since they had been at high school together. They had been boy and girl sweethearts for years, but had put off marrying from time to time because of her health. One by one he had watched her three eldest sisters pass away with the same inherited disease. They seemed to bloom like early roses, only to fade and die too soon.

"I know," he wrote that there is absolutely no hope for her. We do not try to deceive ourselves. The only question is, have we the right to marry and steal what happiness we may."

I suppose, from what mother says, that 20 or 30 years ago people would have told this pair they had no right to marry, no right to hope, no right to love. But do you know what I think? If I were in her place, I would get married as soon as I could and take up with my husband, one of the big government land claims in the northwest, preferably in Oregon. I wonder if many of you know those wonderful fertile valleys, that lie in that wonderful glorious sunlight, fairly begging to have their treasures unbarred?

There was a girl we know, when we were taking Little Pal. This was at Truckee, Cal. She too, had received her death sentence from the doctors, but she had the fighting spirit, and so much hope that nothing could daunt her. When she was leaving the company, she told mother and me her plans.

"I am going to take up fruit lands in Oregon. My brother will go with me. He is 18, and is giving up his chance of going to college, to stand by me in this. We are going to live out of doors, and raise apples. I'm going to be a new kind of a 'Modern Eve.' Instead of letting the apple spoil my paradise, I intend that it shall support it. We have just got enough to carry us until our first crop, and I believe he has wonderful plans for raising melons in the mean-

time. And I am going to forget every blessed last thing the doctors have told me. I don't believe I'm sick. I think I'm too tired from overwork, and not taking care of myself properly to fight this particular blue devil that has perched on my chest, but I'll lose him up in the woods—you see if I don't."

I remember at the time we only pitied her, and thought how brave and plucky she was to look death in the eye, and tell him to call again tomorrow, but not one of us doubted but what she would pay the penalty. After we came back east, I had several letters from her. She wrote that the next claim to theirs had been taken up by a young stockbroker from New York under the same sentence as herself and they had married. He had deliberately given up everything that life meant to him. He sold his seat on the stock exchange, and had gone west as a last hope.

"Billy is already getting anxious about his studies. It was pretty decent of him, you know, to throw the whole thing up, and come up here with me. I don't quite know what I shall do alone, but I have a good woman to do the heavy work, and it's more fun riding around on horseback looking after things than you can imagine. Hal knows everything about bringing up these big fruit claims to full producing capacity, and he is going to teach me."

Now, do you know, I've always secretly thought that perhaps things might have been a little cosier in the garden of Eden if there had been no Adam, but as these letters came from Hilda, and told of how she and Hal had forgotten all about ever being sick, in their outdoor life up there, I begin to think perhaps the first plan is best. If one does take to a primitive garden, one needs an Adam.

But these two found success and health out there, and I don't see why others can't do the same thing. I know I never listen to what a doctor says without crossing my fingers first, and wishing three times. They are sincere in what they say, but many times they are mistaken, and why should one always take their verdict as final? We are first of all children of Earth. I can remember reading somewhere, and this wasn't about mud baths either—that contact with the earth was needed to keep in perfect health. I am sure that if this boy would take his sweetheart and find a garden of their own all would be well.

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LIFE'S COME BACK.

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THE Japanese have a little proverb that I have always liked. "Thine own heart makes thy world." If we could only apply it to ourselves in everyday existence, what surprises of happiness would come to many of us! We are so prone to blame our little misfortunes and petty miseries on anything but our own doings—on our environment, our families—on anything but our own moods.

I have been hearing for the last year from a young girl in Chicago. She is the youngest in a family of four, with two brothers and one sister. There are eight years between her and the next older child. As she expresses it, she is the unwanted one.

Her mother made it plain to her just exactly what an unexpected nuisance she had been. Instead of being the petted youngest in the family she had always been more or less overlooked. And as she grew older she had realized this, and had widened the breach by being thoroughly unlovable herself, and at odds with the entire family.

"I think it's a perfect shame to blame a child for being born into the world," she wrote in one of her letters. "I never asked to come, never begged to come, and yet they have always treated me like an unwelcome guest. My sister has been the pet. I must give her credit for being the better looking of the two. She has naturally curly auburn hair, big brown eyes, and a perfect complexion, while I look just like my father. My mother divorced him when I was three years old, and, often says she hates even to look at me, or have me around the house. I remind her so much of him. My only happiness is in seeing you in the pictures. You don't know the courage that you give me."

I only wish I could give her more than courage. I think it is the Hindus who say that self-knowledge is the beginning of wisdom, and I suppose that means that until we understand ourselves, we can't expect to understand anybody else, or have them understand us.

Another letter from this girl tells about her work. She started in the mail order department of one of the

big stores, but gave it up because she said nobody understood her. Then she started to work in a dentist's office and gave that up because he asked her to work overtime, and she wouldn't be imposed on. Now she is in a real estate office, trying to pick up stenography and typewriting.

Do you know that this girl stands a very fair chance of ruining her whole life? She scatters her forces. She doesn't take a personal interest in any work that she attempts, she hasn't any natural gifts that she can develop and specialize on, and she doesn't make the slightest attempt to make the world smile back at her.

I am sure that none of us would ever be a success if we took this attitude toward life in general. One of the surest cures is work, such hard work of a kind we like that we haven't time for introspection and rebellion. I can never remember being without work to do, though it never seemed like work to me, for I loved it. Of course, it seems pitiful that the girl's mother herself should visit her resentment on her because she looks like her father, but wouldn't it be fun for her to experiment with her family?

Even if they fail to understand, she would have the satisfaction of knowing that at least she had done her part. I cannot understand how any mother could visit the sins of the father on a child who resembled him. But to a woman of a certain walk in life who has no love of books or of the beautiful in art to fall back on, there comes a certain luxury in brooding over imagined wrongs, and such a type of mother might well keep a household in misery.

"My sister Nell just laughs it off," the girl writes, "she does as she pleases, just pays four dollars a week board and keeps the rest of her salary for herself, while I give over all of mine. I don't think it's fair, do you? Sometimes, I wish I could just walk out of the door, and never see any of them any more."

Do you know I think this would be the best thing she could do! She is 18 now and could very easily find board in some family or girls' club where she could learn the values of life, and get a perspective that all the home training could never give her, and perhaps through separation both she and her family might learn to love each other.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

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HAVE you ever noticed how few people really "see themselves as others see them?" Perhaps if we ever were brought face to face with our true selves, we would not recognize the reflection in the mirror of life. I remember reading somewhere that Queen Elizabeth, good Queen Bess of old merrie England, never allowed real looking glasses around her. She had special mirrors made, cunningly contrived to show her at her best. And did you ever read in Gulliver's travels how the queen and royal ladies of the court of the giants had their magic mirrors which never showed imperfections?

One day Beatrice Herford, who does such delightful monologues, was telling several of us at a hotel in New York of an experience she had while addressing a woman's club near Boston.

One of her monologues that afternoon was a little satire written by herself on the club women. She was almost afraid, she said, to give it, because, as she stood on the platform and faced her audience, she saw so many similar types looking at her.

"There was one particular woman who bayoneted me with a stare through her lorgnette. She was stout, middle aged, dressed with the utmost regard for every good point she had, and with such an air of impregnable self-satisfaction that I dreaded shaking it by my impersonation. Still, they say imitation is the sincerest flattery, you know."

"However, I went on with my monologue, and only met with applause and a smile from the lady herself. Later on, at the tea which was served she came up to me with an air of bland amusement."

"Oh, Miss Herford, I think you are so wonderfully clever," she said, "your humor is so quaint. Are there really any such women left? I suppose in the little western towns you do meet with these weird types, but here in the east we are so advanced, we hardly realize their existence, except as comic caricatures."

"Now she really did not recognize what was an excellent imitation of herself, neither did any of the other women present, and I found myself

asking whether human nature ever gets the real truth itself."

But would it be as well, if we did? You know I told you the other day about the little hunchback who dropped dead when he saw the image of himself in the mirror at the Infanta's court. The mirror of life never flatters, and here we go around from day to day imaging ourselves the person we would like to be.

I know that I, myself read in the paper not long ago of a young Red Cross nurse who had just returned from her post of duty in France, and she is the girl I would like to be. She was put in charge of a small temporary hospital in an old mill. A battle was raging in the vicinity, and she was left alone with a couple of young ambulance orderlies, with the promise of experienced help as soon as it could be rushed from the regular Red Cross supply station. For three days she stood at her post, living through such frightful horrors that they seemed like a Dore dream of the Inferno. Did you ever see the Dore pictures? When I was a little girl I can remember being completely hypnotized by them, and all the war scenes of today remind me of them.

Just think of this girl of 20, without operating appliances, without medicines, without another woman to stand by her, receiving hundreds of wounded, and caring for them until help arrived. She has received two medals and been recommended for the Legion of Honor. I understand. But can all the honors in the world ever banish from her mind the memory of what she has gone through?

Soldiers, they say, become like men in a trance as they go into battle. They are thrilled by the danger and upheld by patriotism. But to the woman waiting for the mangled bodies to come in, surely there is no glamour of war. I think that girl is much braver than any Molly Pitcher shooting cannon balls at the enemy.

Do you ever stop to think what you would find if you looked at yourself in the mirror of life? Are you strong enough to face the real truth about yourself? It is one of the comical phases of moving pictures, that it actually almost stuns you the first time you see yourself doing things. I know of one little English actress who really cried and went out of the theatre when she saw herself on the screen for the first time, and she has gone right back as a headliner in vaudeville. It is a great test.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WHAT MOTHER THINKS.

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IAM sure that girls sometimes sit down and write to me on the impulse of the moment, telling me all of their troubles in their big, intense longing to find some one who will understand, and then, perhaps, regret it afterwards.

I had a long letter from Texas, from a girl who told me the story as if it were the story of a friend, but I am quite sure it was her own. She said that she had been working in a store, and had become engaged to one of the traveling salesmen. Her father and elder sister opposed the match, so she was obliged to meet him outside. All the arrangements for their marriage were made and he was on a western trip and she accidentally made the discovery that wrecked her happiness. One of her duties was to open the morning mail for the firm. Many letters would come addressed to him from out-of-town customers and she always opened them; but, all at once, she found a letter from another girl, a broken-hearted, pitiful letter, showing only too plainly the story of his betrayal of her faith and honor.

When he returned the next week, smiling and happy and ready for his wedding, he was shown this letter. He tried to explain, to deride its import, to tell her that the writer was immoral and common, but the letter witnessed against him and the girl broke their engagement.

The letter to me went on to say that all the world looked dark to the girl who had done the square thing by the other woman, for she still loved him.

And the biggest horror of all is that she may find herself forgiving him, she writes. "If there had not been the child, I am sure she would take him back, but nothing he can say can change that, and I know he ought to go back to her. You don't know how terrible it is, Miss Pickford, to long for him every hour of the day and be afraid of even seeing him for fear he will know by your face how you love him. What shall my friend do?"

That was the first letter that came, several months ago. Now I have another one from New York. He has left her just as he did the first girl,

and she is alone there, simply appalled at the wreck she has made of her life. She ends up her letter by saying that if she only had a mother it never could have happened.

It is awful to be brought face to face with one of life's tragedies like this and not be able to help. Do you remember the scene in Nazimova's War Brides, where she looks from her cottage window and imagines she sees the battle outspread before her? One has the same feeling of helplessness, looking out of the port holes of life at the conflict of human misery. But mother took an entirely different point of view.

"She ought to be ashamed of herself to lay the blame on her dead mother. A girl is never motherless. If she really loved her mother, the memory of her would have kept her on the straight path. There's many a time when the prayers of the mother who has gone before have a stronger effect than any words she might have spoken in everyday life. Probably if this girl's mother had been alive, and had warned her against this type of man, she would have felt that her love blotted out all his evil ways, and would make a new man of him. Which is all wrong, for you can't make them over again. They are just what they are, and I'm afraid it's like a little fishpond we used to have for the children at the church fairs when I was a little girl; you throw your line over and take your chance. Write and tell her to pull her nerves together, and right face about like a good soldier. Don't let him have the satisfaction of seeing her go any lower. Tell her to put the past behind her and forget it. There's plenty of work in the world for her to do. The hospitals are looking for good hands."

Sometimes I get a letter from a man and you can tell by the way he writes that he is over 50, making fun of what he calls the heart throbs in the movies. "This Tess line of business," he mocks, just as if it never happened in real life. And it seems to me that these actual experiences are so much more tragic and heart-breaking than anything in the pictures. At least in the pictures there is always a happy ending. I don't think fate is a good story-teller for she sometimes leaves that out.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MY UNSEEN AUDIENCE.

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WHEN I went into motion pictures, one of the first questions asked me was whether I would not miss my audience, and at first, I must confess, I had the same misgiving. It is such a wonderful thrill to feel the strange current of sympathetic magnetism that flows from your living audience to yourself.

But one of my directors, Hugh Ford, at the Famous Players, told me that, as I grew older and advanced in my creative work, I would visualize my screen audience, even while I worked on a picture. And I find this to be perfectly true. You have no idea how hard it is at first, trying to sweep away the consciousness of everything around you in the ordinary studio, when you want to throw yourself into your part. You come down from your dressing room, and instead of stepping out into the glamour of the footlights, with the great shadowy mass of human faces beyond, there is the terrible cold Cooper-Hewitt lighting, the hammering of the carpenters and the garish reality of everything.

Then, too, there is the discouraging monotony on the "retakes." Ordinary rehearsals for plays are tiresome, too, but at least you know these are only rehearsals, whereas, with the picture, you just try and try, with your director calling at you, only to hear the fatal word, "Out," when it is done.

But that is only in the beginning. After awhile all you think of is your part and your unseen audience.

Two years ago in New York I went to the Hudson theatre to see and hear wonderful Helen Keller. Doesn't it seem strange to be able to say that—and "hear" her? I shall never forget her standing there with her arms full of American Beauty roses, her chin uplifted, her lips parted, and such an eager, happy, intent look on her sightless face. She was telling her audience how she had learned to ar-

ticulate through the untiring love and efforts of her teacher. And then she asked for questions. Some one asked—and the query was repeated to her by lip reading—whether she sensed applause, and how.

She answered, "I feel the vibration through my feet on the floor of the stage."

Doesn't that seem almost miraculous? How the waves of sympathetic magnetism must surely have reached her from that unseen audience!

Now to me, my audience reaches me through my daily letters. I know you would be amazed could you see the hundreds that come to me. But through these letters from people of all ages, and in all walks of life, and from all over the world, I keep in touch with my audience. I know whether or not they approve of my new picture. I know their criticisms, their kindness, their needs.

And another thing, if I were playing at one theatre, I could only reach the people within a certain radius. It gives one the oddest feeling to get in one mail, perhaps, a letter from New Zealand, another from a submarine, one from Alaska, and one from Japan. My submarine boy saw Mistress Nell and the New Zealand girl Cinderella, two of my first pictures that I love dearly. The Japanese boy thinks Madame Butterfly beautiful and has written a scenario of his own around Amatarasu, the Sun Goddess, and the legend of the chrysanthemum.

Surely through these intimate letters I come much closer to you all than I ever possibly could with the footlights between us. And though I am not able to answer all of them personally, as I long to do, still I feel in these little daily chats that at least we keep in touch with each other.

"Never forget," Mr. Ford used to say, waving his hand around the big barren studio, "that there are millions of eyes watching you, right out there. Don't think of me, don't think of the camera man, never mind looking at your mother, concentrate just on the one thing—the part you are playing—and forget all else."

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PAWNING THE BABY.

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THEY joined the company as we were leaving for the west once to take Esmeralda, up in the mountains. He was to help with the properties, while she did extra work.

She was such a pretty pale little mother girl about 19, and her three-months-old baby was just like her. The Japanese have a quaint belief that the pale blue butterflies are the souls of babies that die too soon, and I used to think of that whenever I looked at little Polly. But then that wasn't so at all, because she is well and healthy now, and growing fast.

I am sure they must have had a very hard season, before they joined us. He overdraw his salary right away, and she told mother and myself they hardly had enough to live on, as they had to send money back east each week on old debts.

It never seemed to me as if she were really in love with her husband. He was much older than she, with a low comedy type of face, but all the men had a good word for him. Although she was very often peevish and petulant, I never heard him speak unkindly to her, and when the baby was teething, it was quite a joke in the company that Ted shared the night-walking stunt with his wife.

I love babies. They are so mysterious. They do seem so delightfully helpless and cuddly in your arms. I think that mothers just sit and rock and rock their babies, not for the babies' sake, but in a sort of love's hypnotism.

Later Mrs. W— was given regular parts and they had to find somebody to take care of the baby. A nurse was too expensive, so at each hotel we stopped, there was always a skirmish to find someone to look after Polly.

It was also very hard in those unsettled mountain towns to get any competent washwomen. At one place, the only detached female in the town seemed to be a big Swedish woman. She agreed to do the washing for all the company—that is, for all the women—and take care of Polly into the bargain. Our director sent out

word that we would be through that afternoon and could leave on the midnight train. We were all very, very tired, and had just finished dinner when Mrs. W— came rushing into our room.

"Ted and I haven't enough money to pay for our washing and that terrible woman is holding Polly. She says that we can just pawn our baby until we raise the cash, for she will not give it up until she gets it."

"And what's Ted doing all this time?" asked mother, vigorously. "Is he out hustling, or is he hanging on somebody's neck crying, too?"

"He's out trying to find some place to pawn his overcoat and fountain pen and the suitcase," sobbed the little mother. "I told him I'd even put my wedding ring in, for we've got to have the baby."

"Ah, we can do it quicker than that," said mother. "The 'bus will be waiting for us all, and we've got to make that train. Take this, my dear, and go get the baby."

I'll never forget that final get-away. Ted took the money just as the 'bus called for us all at the hotel. We went on down to the station, while he started after the baby with a couple of other men. The woman had delivered the washing that afternoon, so at least we all had that. We walked up and down the little narrow platform in the cold, trying to comfort Polly's mother. When the train whistle sounded, she burst out crying, but just at that minute, there came a joyous whoop in the distance, and Ted came on a dead run down the street, carrying the baby, the long ends of its shawl fluttering behind him.

"It's all right, it's all right," he called. "I've got the kid."

I suppose some day perhaps she'll be a star, and hate anybody who dares to remind her of the time when she was in pawn for the washing.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE SMOTHERED SELF.

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I WONDER if you will agree with me that everybody has a right to personal happiness, so long as it does not injure or interfere with others? I really think there are more smothered selves, I would call them, in everyday families than anywhere else—people who sacrifice themselves to the wishes or opinions of their families. And surely this is all wrong, because real love is unselfish. If you are truly fond of a person you desire his happiness, not from your point of view, but from his.

I had a letter the other day from a girl whose individuality had been smothered to death years ago. She wrote to me in such a hopeless way, and yet I could see that she took a certain pride in having made her family quite as uncomfortable, as they had her, even while she had done as they wished.

"I was one of a family of six children. My father was a Scotchman and believed that no matter how old his children were, they must obey him. I was the eldest girl. We were not very well off, but my mother wished each of us to have as good an education as possible. The family arrangement was this: Each child in turn was to be sent through school, and given a start in his or her chosen trade or profession. In return for this they were to remain in the home for three years, turning in their earnings for the education of the next younger child.

"I had two older brothers; one was married, the other living at home, but working. After I graduated from high school, I got a clerical position in our local real estate office, and met there a man of whom my parents disapproved. This was solely because we were not of the same religion. I loved him with all my heart, but had been brought up to believe my father's word was law. I broke our engagement, and promised not to see him or write to him again. He went

out west and there my romance ended.

"I am now 29 years old. This happened when I was 19. It crushed all the youth and happiness out of my life. I have stayed at home helping my mother with the three younger children. I feel that I have done my duty toward my family, but in doing so I have lost all my love for them. I could never forgive my father for his severity and unreasonableness. There is not a day goes by that I do not remember my lost love, and resent our forced separation. Do you think I did right? Would you advise any girl to go against her parents' wishes in a case like mine?"

Now, somehow, I can't help but think that she was all wrong. Time is such a healer of wounds. Surely, if she had stayed for the three years and given her money into the home she could have kept faith with her sweetheart just the same, and if they had really loved each other they would have had the strength of character to wait until she was 21.

Then I think if I had been she I'd have just gone to my father and told him frankly that I believed I had the right now to my own happiness and was going to be married whether or no. If he did not approve, then it would have to happen without his consent, but I should have married the man of my choice, and tried my best to wipe out all bitterness between the two families.

Doesn't it seem funny that we are able to argue ourselves into a vindication of our own acts? This girl surely feels that she did absolutely the right thing, but it seems to me as if she takes too much credit and satisfaction out of the sacrifice. While she has suffered, her family has suffered a great deal more from her constant attitude of martyrdom. I don't like martyrs—I suppose I should.

We are all here together in a big common bond of brotherliness, and I shall always believe that each one has the right to happiness. What possible gratification or comfort could this girl's parents get out of spoiling her romance for her? But then it may be a Scotch trait to sacrifice happiness to principle.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

COLOR ENVIRONMENT.

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I've always been a firm believer in having my favorite color around me, and I think everyone who does this feels a sense of harmony. Color environment has a greater effect upon our nerves than we realize. Don't you know how unconsciously sometimes you are affected for better or worse by the decorations of a certain room in which you have to live. As we say, "the colors jar upon one," and it expresses it exactly. They do jar on one. They jar the nerves and the whole mental balance is disturbed.

Personally, I think we owe a distinct duty to those around us to dress harmoniously, because we affect them quite as much as we do ourselves, when we wear colors that clash.

When we were putting on "Hulda From Holland," I remember a really beautiful woman who used to come to the studios, looking for a possible opening. She was slender and dark with wonderful coloring and she always wore black. Probably she thought it enhanced her beauty, as so many women do, and certainly it did make her look more striking. It was the effect upon others, though, that was unpleasant.

After she became a member of the company, I asked her one day why she always wore black in preference to colors. "No, it is not mourning," she said. "But, I don't like colors at all, and black is the most becoming thing I wear. You know, Catherine of Russia always loved black velvet, and if I could afford it, I would wear nothing else. It is truly regal."

Well, it may be truly regal, but I couldn't help getting a mental picture of her ladyship trailing around in black velvet robes on a melting July day, when we were out on a location. And as for Catherine of Russia, I never understood that she was a pleasant, social old body at all, any more than Lucrezia Borgia, who always loved black velvet. Perhaps it was a little tribute to her victims.

I know that this particular lover of black had a fearfully depressing effect upon every one, and the men simply fled from her. One of the boys told me he thought she had a secret sorrow which she was nourishing.

Personally, I like the delicate, neutral shades and pastel tints. It seems to me the complimentary colors are so much more restful and harmonious than the primary ones. I think it was Worth, the great French dressmaker, who declared that he gained all of his inspiration and ideas for color combinations from nature. Some great duchess, I forget who, wanted a dress for a certain ceremonial occasion. Worth said he stayed up all night, trying to think of something original. Finally, just at dawn, he went to

the long French windows, and drew aside the heavy draperies. Day was just breaking over the Tuilleries Gardens. Instantly, he caught the exquisite beauty and glamour of it all, the silvery gray mist, the rose of dawn, and the delicate green of spring foliage, all blending into a marvel of beauty.

"Ha, I have it," he cried. "The duchess' gown is created!"

Would it not be charming if we tried to follow nature in her choice of colors in the different seasons? I love the soft brown of autumn leaves in the winter, and the green of the pines. Is there anything lovelier than the colors of the spring anemones, the little wind flowers that grow so profusely in New England, or the hues of the California poppy, coloring the mountain sides of the great Southwest. It isn't a point of luxury at all, this choice of our color environment. Don't select clothes of a tint that is absolutely unsuited to your temperament, merely because it happens to be fashionable.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. R. G.—I think the company you mean is the "Astra" in Jersey City. It is part of the Pathe Corporation. I hope you liked the last picture as well as the "Pride of the Clan."

Clarence S.—If you have had the circus experience in horsemanship, I should think it would be very easy for you to get in any of the Eastern studios. The easiest way is to follow the new pictures, and see which companies are doing out-of-door stuff. The director has the hiring of extras on his own picture.

Evelyn O.—If you are making a success at your society entertaining, why do you try to give it up for an uncertainty? It is really very hard to gain a footing in a new line where you are not familiar with the technique.

Harry L.—Tacoma. The letter from your brother in the trenches was splendid. I thank you for letting me see it.

Mrs. Steven K.—I have never done a Southern picture of war time. Your little story was charming, but not long enough to consider as a five-reel feature.

Mildred S.—Don't think of giving up your high school work. You will only be seventeen when you finish and nothing can ever make up for the loss of an education in your future life. Many thanks for the photograph.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THESE LITTLE ONES.

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I HAVE just had such a happy surprise that I want to share it with everyone. Do you remember the little story I told you of the orphans' mother I visited while we were in New York? I know I wanted to cuddle them all in my arms and comfort them that day. I think the most pitiful object in the world is the little one who is left motherless at the mercy of strangers. Oh, I know that many foundlings reach secure positions in life. If I remember rightly, Lady Northcliffe was a tiny foundling left on the steps of one of our Canadian churches—but such cases are only the exceptions.

That little story was read by a dear old lady of 80 years. She says in her letter to me, though, "I'm no lady, dearie, but just a common old woman who earns her own living and would like to feel the money I have saved is doing these little ones some good."

"Just a common old woman who sends me \$40 to help the babies with! Isn't that a blessed mite? I think I could have kissed the money thinking of all it means to her in the rich giving of it to such a cause. Common? If more of us had the same quality of commonness that she has in our hearts, wouldn't it be a royal old world? She tells me I may use it as I think best, and if I don't think the orphans need it, let it go for the actors' fund, so that maybe a dear actress may be benefited some day, who has given her health and strength to amuse the public."

There are not many of the public who think like that, are there? To them we are always young and happy princesses of fortune. And she says in another place that she is so crippled with rheumatism she can hardly walk, but still she does her daily work. Oh, you idlers in the golden hive, can you hear that? Crippled and old and brave as any soldier facing the guns of necessity, she sends all her savings for the little ones, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Now, I have been wondering and planning ever since it came, trying to

think what I wanted to do most with it, and an idea has come to me right out of the blue sky, it seems. Wouldn't it be a wonderful and a beautiful thing to take this, and make it the beginning, the nest egg, of a "Mary Pickford Orphan Fund?" It would make me happier than anything I know of to feel that even the thought of me in the smallest way could accomplish such a big thing. I love children. Why, I don't know what I would do for sheer joy in later years if I were to meet a boy and girl who told me they were "Mary Pickford Kiddies."

It wouldn't be hard at all to start it going now that our dear old fairy godmother has pointed out the way. Mother says she will help me in establishing it in the right way, and I am sure it would not be long before the end was in sight and we had enough. Won't you tell me what you think of it and if you will help me? Tell me where you think would be the best place for it, out here in California's golden climate, or east.

Perhaps there would be more than one. Oh, I can shut my eyes and see them, built not as institutions, but beautifully, like Point Loma's lovely school for children—places where children could be sent forth into the world, not with cramped, scarred little souls and minds all molded after one pattern even as their bodies have only known one cut of charity clothing, but winged for the long flight rightly, with a foreknowledge of truth and beauty and happiness.

I suppose the people who run institutions do really mean to do the best they can, but aren't they cheerless places? Have you ever been in an orphan asylum? Would you like to think of one of your little ones going there throughout its childhood? No? Then be pitiful, too, of the other woman's child. Some place—I think it is in George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy"—Fedalma begs her father:

"For the sake of one fair head, when thou seest fair heads, be pitiful."

Don't you think it could be done? I'd love to start it, if I knew you would all help me to make it a success.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

HARLEQUIN'S MILLIONS.

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I am sure that no one ever enjoys the possession of wealth so much as those to whom it comes unexpectedly. The people who inherit it seem to think it is theirs by divine right and those who have to labor hard to accumulate it lose the zest to enjoy it. But to the person who jogs along life's highroad as a happy-go-lucky wayfarer, and suddenly has the golden apples of the Hesperides drop at his feet, there comes an unlimited chance for real fun in the spending.

I have just had such a comical letter from a young man in the East. He says he has been a clerk at some big factory where they make flags and bunting. How much nicer to work in a place like that than a munition factory, and still feel you were providing your country with necessities.

He has been working in this place since he was sixteen, and all at once right out of a blue sky, he received word a fortune had been left him, through the death of an uncle in Argentina, South America. He did not know that this uncle ever knew his name. He had heard of him always as the black sheep of the family, who had left home years before as the result of a youthful scrape. The odd part is, that the boy is worried over his sudden riches.

"I've been saving what little I could from week to week for over a year, so I could lay off and take a special course at Cornell in civil engineering. I can't tell you how good it was for me to have a hope and definite aim ahead. No matter how hard I had to work, I didn't care, just thinking of the day that was sure to come when I could lay off and go up to Ithaca. Now that I've got plenty and can do as I want, somehow the punch seems to have gone out of it. What's the use of success when you can buy it? Here I am at 21 with too much money and no goal to race for."

I wonder if he has never thought at all of the thousands of other boys left in the world, plugging along at the daily grind for a few dollars a week to live on, who may be cherishing just as high hopes as he ever did? Do you know what I would do if I were in his place? I think it would be corking good fun to take that money and put it into scholarships for boys; not only at our big universities, but at the small town colleges that seem to reach the class of boys and girls that can't afford the expenses that are absolutely necessary if you try to take a course at a place like Vassar or Harvard.

Of course, you might say he ought to consider his possible marriage in the future and the obligation to his family. Well, couldn't he put aside a sort of reserve fund, and let it alone to accumulate, while he buckled out into the world just as if he had never inherited a fortune?

I suppose every one has his pet ideas of a charity. The very word "charity," so tender in itself, has been so pitifully misapplied to organized distribution of funds, that one hates to use it now. I always think of the poor little kiddie in "Daddy Long Legs" and the girl "In the Bishop's Carriage" who called the Children's Society Shelter the "Cruelty." I cannot see how any one who is troubled by too much money could remember the little ones of the world left friendless and alone, with only the cloak of charity to cover them, and have any doubt as to its disposal.

After all, what is money? If gold were as plentiful as sand, we would supplant it with something rare—anything from wampum to the tears of Maia. Somewhere I remember reading that pearls were called the tears of Maia, and were used in place of money in the Polynesian Isles.

Why should we hoard these queer things that we call dollars when there are human lives withering in youth for lack of means to study and exist while doing so? So I have told this boy to remember the old story of the young rich man who came seeking the key to the kingdom of heaven.

I wonder what he will do, don't you? Will he throw my letter into his scrap basket and go straight down to Argentina to gather up "The Millions of Harlequins," or will he stand at the crossroads, and choose the path that leads to peace of mind in bringing happiness to others.

Answers to Correspondents.

Dell S. G.—I hesitate to advise you on such an important matter. Have you looked at the question from every angle? It seems to me, that you had better not decide definitely until your mother re-

turns. I feel sure she would be able to see it in the right light.

Mrs. Bessie F. G., Canada—You have my sincerest sympathy in your great loss. Try and be brave, for with your little ones about you, there is much to live for. In planning their futures and helping them you will find solace.

James D. G. It is very nice of you to speak so charmingly of my work. My letters are the connecting cord between myself and my unseen audience. It helps me a great deal to know when my public likes my pictures.

Mrs. M. K. R.—I think "Poor Little Peppina" must be the picture you mean. Miss Farrar appeared in "Maria Rosa."

Lester R. Putnam—Send your scenario to the Universal Company. They make a specialty of two and three reels. We only consider five reels.

Herman S.—The picture you saw was "Hulda from Holland." The little picture of your home is very attractive, and I thank you.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PENNY WISE.

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PENNY WISE—we used to call him that when I was knee high to a toadstool, so to speak, up in Toronto—old Penny Wise, who used to come around the streets, dressed in a long, bottle-green broadcloth frock coat, rusty old silk hat, carrying a cane with the head of a retriever carved on it in old ivory. There would be a flower, too, in his buttonhole, a bit of rose geranium, or sprig of sweet alyssum or mignonette.

People said that he was crazy, but to the children and animals he was far from that, rather an elder brother who understood their language and games, and loved them. I know he would always watch out for the day when the grass in the little square was to be cut, and then gather some of it carefully in his old hat and take it to the line of cab horses along the curb. I used to think that was wonderfully thoughtful of him. Just imagine it yourself, if you were an old tired cab horse, dozing and dreaming of coit days in green pastures, and all at once some one popped a hatful of new mown grass right under your nose.

I don't know all of his story, but this is why he was called "Penny Wise." He lived alone in an old fashioned house standing by itself with a garden around it, where everything grew up as it liked, untended and free.

He had never allowed any women to enter his house, since the day when his wife had left him. The man who cleaned it once a week used to tell how he had ever so many cats there for friends, and kept about 30 clocks all going at once. I know I told Lottie his name ought to be "Father Time" instead of "Penny Wise."

He loved children dearly, and would talk to us, and tell us stories, but he always wound up by telling us never, never to get married when we grew up, but just live alone in a house as he did, and have plenty of dumb animals and children for friends.

It seemed that years before he had gone down into the states on some mission, and had brought back a

young girl wife with him. She was ambitious and eager to make friends, but he was wildly, cruelly jealous of her, and kept her there in the great old house, virtually a prisoner. When she wanted new clothes and pretty things for her home, he would refuse. When her baby came, she never had a carriage for it, but used to carry it around in her arms in the old garden.

"Women should stay at home," he told outside friends who inquired after her welfare. "She's satisfied. You have to teach them to save money and be quiet."

So it went on for about two years and, all at once, Dora was missing with her baby, and also she had taken all of the old miser's money with her. He had kept it in a locked chest under his bed and she had stolen the key while he slept and robbed him. Nobody ever heard what became of her. Somehow I think her neighbors were glad that she got away safely to some other life where she might find happiness.

But they named him Old Penny Wise after that; Penny Wise, the man who had trifled with love and weighed it in the balance with a little money. Still, I don't believe he ever thought he had been wrong. He was Scotch and it takes more than that to bring a Scotchman to any realization of personal shortcomings. But I used to look at him and wonder about that poor little young bride and how he had shut her up to keep her safely, only to lose her. Isn't love a strange thing? If we shackle it and try to hold it, it longs to go, and if it is left free, it remains content. I often think of old Penny Wise even now, when I see some husband or wife striving to imprison love or to take the old-time standard in money matters where the man has all and the wife must ask and beg for her share.

As I remember, there came a day when the caretaker went as usual on Saturday to clean up the house and found him sleeping quietly in his last rest among the ticking clocks. How could he have been so kind to children and animals, I wonder, and never have understood her whom he loved? Or did his great loss teach him tenderness and sympathy? Sometimes a great sorrow is the trip hammer that crushes out our frailties, isn't it?

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LOVE'S SHRINE.

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I WONDER why it is that most young people who are going to be married think that after those few words are said, they are going to turn into entirely different human beings.

We were talking the other evening about a girl friend in the east who expected to be married in the spring. She and her fiancé had tea with us one afternoon, before we left New York, and they spent most of the time telling us and each other how they were going to mold the other one nearer to the heart's desire.

"I have been telling Harry that after he's married I'm not going to allow him to smoke so many cigarettes. He leaves little butts all over the place and drops his old ashes anywhere at all, and I won't have it. Besides, it isn't good for his health to smoke so many. I don't want a husband with a befogged brain, and goodness knows whether or not I can stop him in time now. He's only five feet four and a half and I love tall men."

"Well, that's all right," said Harry. "I won't have my wife going to bridge parties all the time, either. It's only refined gambling, and if I ever catch you out at an afternoon The Dansant, you'll find me looking up time tables for Reno."

"Yes, and I've been telling him that I simply won't move out of town. He thinks just as soon as we are married he's going to pay down on a little bungalow out on Long Island and plant me there to hibernate with the Country club as my chief diversion, and the annual fireman's ball as a real, sporty thrill. I won't do it."

"If you really had any of the finer feelings that my mother had," said Harry, "you'd want to get back to nature, and have a garden of your own."

"I've got a little garden of my own," laughed Nadge. "I like the one on top of the Hotel Vanderbilt, thanks, and if I get tired of that, there are plenty more."

"Never you mind, Harry," mother said. "Just be firm but gentle with her mind on something besides roof gardens. I remember one day talking with Eddie Foy, when he was playing at the Casino about 11 years ago. Everybody knew he had one of the finest growing families in the profession, and a fine little country home called The Foyer, just outside New Rochelle on the Post road. Here there lived seven little Foyes and their mother, at one time a famous beautiful Italian premiere danseuse. Just at the height of her career she married Eddie and I asked him how on earth he had managed to keep her contented all those years. He smiled, that funny one-sided, close-lipped grin of his, and answered, 'If you want to keep a wife at home, keep a fresh kiss on her lips and a new baby in her arms.'"

I believe thoroughly in married people keeping just as much as possible their own individuality. I don't mean to be antagonistic to each other, but thoroughly to respect each other's rights and privileges. When you make love a prisoner you clip his wings and he pines and sulks for his freedom.

Along the shore at Marblehead there are the quaintest little fisherman huts with poultry yards at the back, and in many of these I noticed they had taken wild ducks and clipped their wings to use them as decoys for their mates. Yet when the wings grow out again there comes a day they can fly away never to return. I am sure that love has never been really domesticated.

"Love is a spirit and those who love must purge the soul of self."

It is absurd to imagine that, just because you have been fortunate enough to win the love of your beloved, you have any right to rule over his or her personal freedom. Love has ceased to mean eternal sacrifice for a woman and in her new-found strength and self knowledge she has been able to give to her mate not only devotion and service, but best of all comradeship and co-operation in all that makes life worth while.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE ART OF BEING A GUEST.

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MOTHER and I were talking a little while ago about who our favorite guests were. You see, when you lead a very busy life, it is very hard playing hostess properly. I have to be at the studio every morning by 9 o'clock, and the whole day is taken up in work. Now the usual type of guest expects you to devote yourself to her during their stay with you.

I remember a darling country house just outside New York, where we visited once. In the morning the prettiest breakfast tray came up to my room. It was ivory white willow with Bavarian China. The little chocolate pot was a crowing chantecler, and a little quaint nosegay of golden marigolds lay on the linen serviette. I shall never forget that week-end. You not only felt that you were a guest, but you were the king's guest whom he delighted to honor. There was not a moment of our stay unprovided for in attention and entertainment. The curious part was that when we came away we both felt very much tired out.

I think it was about a month after that when I spent the week-end with a girl friend whose father had a little summer shack on a tiny island near Shinnecock bay, Long Island. Frances was far too busy to entertain any guest. She was out an hour before breakfast sketching and painting and she left me absolutely to myself. I can't tell you what fun it was, and it was really from her I learned the art of being a guest—or slipping into a household so easily that you don't upset the whole thing like a small earthquake.

We are always hearing of the duties of a host or hostess, but it seems to me those of a guest are quite as important. Just think over the places where you have visited. Which one were you the happiest in? Wasn't it where you were left to yourself, where you didn't mind the time of day, where you could sleep when you liked and do as you liked? You probably thought that was all because your host or hostess had the knack of letting you alone. Possibly you had the gift yourself of being let alone. You could amuse and interest yourself. This girl friend of mine on Quasimo

Island told me how she dreaded the usual type of guest. She led a very busy life, earning her own living as illustrator for different magazines, and her time was not her own.

"You don't know," Mary, she said, "how I dread a visit from certain of my friends. I know that's a dreadfully inhospitable thing to say. We should always be like Arabs, bowing our foreheads to the ground before the coming guest and laying all the wealth of the tribe at his feet; but don't you think it is perfectly terrible trying to entertain people who don't try to help you out one bit? I had a mother and two daughters down here last week, cousins of Cousin Amy, in Boston. They had given me a luncheon at the Touraine last year, and another at the Cosmopolitan club in New York. Then the horror of it was they wanted to see me in my native lair. They had heard I had this getaway place on an island with Dad, and they wrote they would be down on the eleven ten. Dad went over in the motor boat and met them, while I madly finished up a cover design that was ordered. They stayed three days and I never did a stroke of work in that time. They were guests and they never let us forget it. I played every record we had over and over again—I mean that figuratively as well as actually. Dad was a nervous wreck when they left, and Mollie gave notice the second night when the mother called her 'my good woman.' Don't talk to me about guests, Mary. I run from them like the plague."

So you see there is really an art in being a guest, and it is well worth while studying it. Now that summer is near you are almost certain to receive invitations somewhere. It doesn't matter whether it is in the country house circle, or up to Aunt Jane's on the farm. Don't expect them to do it all, and don't try to remodel their household for them. That funny little old saying about "speeding the parting guests," I think has more truth than poetry in it. Have a good time, but don't make extra work for everyone.

Mother says a funny old Irish farewell to a guest was this, and I love it:

"Good bye and God bless you; may you be dead and in Paradise before the Divil finds it out."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LOVE ON INSTALLMENT PLAN.

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WHEN I was a little girl, I never liked the pictures that showed love as a sort of baby cupid. I pictured him always as a splendid angel with great strong sheltering wings. People laugh nowadays at ideals and tell us we must learn to face life's facts; but I still think unless marriage is founded upon mutual ideals there is bound to be misunderstanding and useless trouble.

I received a letter last week from a young married woman in the south. She has two little children, one a baby in arms, and the other three years old. Her husband is a letter carrier, receiving ninety dollars a month. He has been seriously ill with pneumonia, due to exposure in bad weather. The only money they have had is from a benefit fund among the postmen themselves. They started their honeymoon life on the installment plan, so to speak. The mutual savings of both were placed in a common fund and paid down on a little home. The interest and taxes and annual payment on this are now due and she wonders how she can ever meet them. Then the furniture and the piano were bought on the installment plan. With his steady salary to depend on, it looked like clear sailing, but sickness has brought the wolf to the door.

It shows how pitifully inadequate just love is in supporting a home, unless there is a reserve fund to fall back on when the rainy day decides to come with a cloudburst of trouble. Just think how many young couples are married on the installment basis, trusting to luck that all would be well.

You know, the letter bothered me awfully, and on my way to the studio I met our postman, and asked him about it. I don't know whether you think so, but ever since I was a little girl, I've loved the postman—any postman at all, no matter where he happened to be. Isn't he the most welcome guest of the day? There is always the charm of the unexpected about him and his whistle brings a never failing thrill of expectancy. It seems to me so strange that Uncle Sam doesn't provide a sick fund for them. They are out in all kinds of weather. Can't you remember seeing your postman plodding through many a snow storm, braving all kinds of weather, exposing himself to all sorts

of illnesses? Why, I don't see how he can keep from being ill, out of doors 365 days in the year.

"Well, I suppose lots of folk would say that ninety dollars was enough to live on and save and bring up a family," mother said. "But for the amount of work he had to do, and the risk he runs, it's my opinion he gets little enough. They shouldn't have started married life on the installment plan, anyway. It's putting yourself in pawn to hope and laying too heavy a little bundle on the knees of the gods. They should have started in easy, and not taken so many obligations on themselves."

I suppose that is the real way to look at it, but it seems so easy to take a bird's eye view of another person's troubles, and tell them what they should have done when it is too late. It seems to me as if young people do go at marriage in such a happy-go-lucky fashion. The greatest lovers in the world are the birds, yet their first instinct is the building a safe nest, which the winds of circumstance cannot blow down. If human lovers were half as careful, there would not be so many nests blown out of trees and scattered on the highway of disaster.

Perhaps the French do seem a little cold blooded to us in their matrimonial alliance methods, but divorces are less frequent there than in our country, where marriage is supposed to be based entirely on the principle of love and free-will choice. I remember asking a dear old French woman once if it wouldn't be quite natural to dislike a husband who was picked out for you. She laughed and said no. At least one had curiosity, and, later, she said, there followed love, through mutual respect and common interests.

So which is best? To invite love in by the front door, and discover him sneaking out the side window when the bills begin to come in, or to refuse him admittance and, later on, find him perched snugly in the inglenook of your heart?

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A MACARONI FEAST.

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A LETTER that came yesterday reminded me that I promised to give a description of one of our macaroni feasts. These took place back east, when we were at work on the Poor Little Rich Girl at Fort Lee. Usually, mother would bring my lunch over to me in the car from New York, fixed just the way she knew I would love it. I really used to feel sometimes like Miss Aladdin when I would take the covers off of some of her delightful surprises in the way of new dishes. She had her own scheme of packing a lunch as the English do, in motor lunch hampers, and everything would be so dainty and enticing after a long morning's work, from 9 o'clock on sometimes till 1.

Along about the middle of the picture, my maid was taken ill suddenly, and a substitute was found that same day for me by Mr. Meyer, our studio manager. She was an Italian woman, who lived in the colony there at Fort Lee—not the usual beautiful Maria Rosa type, but the middle aged contadina, with cookery and service at her finger-tips.

Her name was Assunta Paoli. I think she must have been about 40. She was tall and imposing, a regular grenadier in hearing, but when she spoke you forgot her dignity. I never knew exactly what her story was, but I feel sure she must have had one that was out of the ordinary. She spoke fairly good English and dearly loved the whole atmosphere of the studio.

One very rainy day, mother telephoned about 12 o'clock that she couldn't possibly get out with my lunch herself, but would send it over in the car. There was only one thing that could possibly keep her away. Lottie's baby was showing symptoms of teething and of course Lottie thought there was nobody but mother who could tell her just what to do, if the baby curled its toes even the wrong way.

I'm afraid, perhaps, I did show by my face and voice that I was disap-

pointed, for Assunta spoke up quickly. "You have no worry," Signorina, I fix da lunch fine for you, Italiano way. Righeta here I fix it."

And she surely did. Not only for me but by the time she had finished cooking it on the gas stove downstairs she had a macaroni feast prepared. And this is the way she did it.

She used the fine spaghetti, boiling it in salted water about 20 minutes. While this was cooking, she prepared a sauce. The property man was requisitioned for cooking utensils and supplied her with all she needed. There were plenty of little stores a few blocks from the studio and we sent two of the boys over for supplies. Using a large can of tomatoes she added one small Spanish onion, one green pepper cut very fine, three small sections of garlic, a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of sugar, a dash of salt and pepper. She fried the onions and garlic in four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and added it to the tomatoes, cooking all together in one savory mess. Then in still another pan she took a pound of choice top round steak chopped finely, and as it cooked tossed it with a fork to keep it from browning. Last of all when the spaghetti was ready the water was drained off, the tomatoes and meat added. Sprinkling grated Parmesan cheese over the top, she served it with Italian bread, the long cone shaped loaves that are so delicious and crusty.

I shall never forget how good it tasted. Of course, you are always hungry after a good half day's work in the studio, and the long motor ride over from New York, but this feast was so unexpected and unusual that we all enjoyed it wonderfully.

I made Assunta write out the recipe for me, and we have often had it since served at home. All the boys at the studio tried it out, as they said, fixing it up for themselves, and liked it immensely.

I don't know whether other people enjoy the finding of an entirely new dish as much as I do or not, but I think it is lots of fun to discover something entirely different. In a few days I will tell you of a brigand dinner we had up in one of the canyons of California, one day while we were putting on Little Pal.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

DADDY QUINN'S BABY.

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I WAS reading in the paper the other day, of what seemed to me the most pitiful tragedy. It was just a news item from a New York paper, telling of a waiter who had killed himself, and two little children, because the burden of their support worried him so. The mother had been dead two years, and he had tried to hold the home together, but becoming discouraged when he was out of work, he had decided to end it all.

Just think of those two little ones on the threshold of life, with all its hopes and rights of happiness before them, and he in his selfish cowardice plunged them into eternity. Then look back and think how many women left widows work all their lives gladly for the support of their children. Can you imagine a mother in her right senses committing such an act, when there is always the dawn of a tomorrow to look forward to?

Such an interesting thing happened when we were out on the road, before I went into moving pictures. There was a young girl mother in the company, with her six-months-old baby, and it was wonderful the way she managed to take care of it. It seems she had quarreled with her husband before the baby came, and they had gone separate ways. She had not heard from him in months, she told mother, and added, that while she could forgive all that he had done to her, she never could forgive his neglect of his baby.

When we played Seattle, she was taken suddenly ill with typhoid malaria, and was sent to the hospital there. The company was to lay off Christmas week, and we wanted to do all we could for her, but her main thought was for her baby. Her illness developed very suddenly into pneumonia and she died in a few hours.

There was a dear old gentleman in the company whom we called Daddy Quinn. He fathered every one, and promised Fay before she died that he would keep an eye on the baby, and

find the father for her. When we started off on the road again, Daddy took his baby along with him, and while nearly all the women in the company helped him care for it, he was the one who was responsible. He would warm its milk for it, and if he couldn't find some one to care for it at the hotels, he would take it with him to the theatre, cheerfully, put it to sleep in the till of his trunk, and care for it just as well as a mother could have done.

"The Gerry society will find you out," mother would say to him, laughingly. "Don't you know you're laying yourself liable to a charge of cruelty to children if they find you out?"

"Go on with you, I'm only playing proxy father until I locate his own dad for him."

It was weeks later, as we were on our way back east, Daddy Quinn had been sending letters all around trying to find the father, and finally one sent in care of the Billboard reached him.

He had been doing advance work for one of K. & E.'s shows and wrote that he would join us in Buffalo. Daddy was plunged into gloom at the news. He went about as glum and sad as could be and would not be comforted. The baby had his little hands clasped around his heart and he hated to give it up.

When the father arrived, he was only about 24, a rather good-looking, wild-eyed sort of boy, who cried real tears when mother and daddy told him of Fay's last days in the hospital.

"I'd give all of my life, if I could go back and make it up to her," he cried.

"That's all right," said mother. "You are going to give all of your life, my lad, in making it up to her in taking care of her baby."

"And I'll keep my eye on you," said Daddy, "to see that you do it."

I guess that he kept his word, for whenever we happened to meet him, he would remark wisely.

"The boy's making good, and the baby's well, but I don't go far away from them. I mind my promise to the girl when she was dying, and between the laddie and meself, we are making a man out of him."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

FEET OF CLAY.

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I SUPPOSE it is natural for all girls not only to idealize but to idolize the man whom they really love and intend to marry; but I often think how much better it would be if love were not quite so blind. Miracles do happen and too often Cupid recovers his eyesight soon after the honeymoon.

I knew a young girl from Toronto who came down to New York to try her luck as a scenario writer. She met a really very handsome and talented actor from one of our largest studios. It seemed to be a case of love at first sight. Harold was not a very talkative man. In fact he seemed to have a special genius for smiling beautifully and conveying a marvelous amount of knowledge through silence. His hair had a wonderful wave and showed golden brown tints. He was always splendidly groomed, clean shaven and well tailored.

I never could see just exactly the charm of the Apollo type of man; but Louise seemed to think that she had met her fate out of the old Greek land of beauty.

"Perhaps if I weren't such a little thin brown streak of a girl myself," she would say, "I wouldn't hunger after good looks so. I'm so sick and tired of people telling me how brainy and clever I am. I want dimples and golden hair, and pansy blue eyes. I want to be a charmer. I'm sick of being a capable woman. I want to be an odalisque."

Just the same she captured her Apollo safely. I think that he had been so pursued by pretty women that Louise's cool reticence of manner and never failing reservoir of nerve force allured and interested him as nothing else could have done. I had never seen a bride so much in love with her husband as Louise was when they went away on their wedding trip. As she told me, Harold not only represented to her just himself, but he seemed the embodiment of all the lovers of romance.

"I feel as if I were entertaining Romeo unawares," she laughed. "I didn't say anything but privately I thought she was quite right. She was not only entertaining Romeo but every other hero Harold had played in moving pictures. In wooing a girl—a girl with brains—he had had to use all the tricks of the leading juvenile and the funniest of it all was that Louise had not discovered it."

I did not see her for nearly a year. We had been out west taking several pictures, but on our return to New York I called her up. I shall never forget the amazing change in her. She had never seemed to care as other women do for clothes; that is, she never seemed to study her best points and dress to them. She bought excellent things from the most reputable firms but never looked attractive or strikingly garbed. While she was of a gypsy type, her eyes and coloring were her chief charms. Her skin had a wonderful ivory tint to it and her eyes were a peculiar brown with amber lights in them. Yet she had loved the utility of blue serge suits when I had known her before. I shall never forget her as she walked in at the hotel to see me. She was a symphony in mauve and brown, with touches of strange orchid and dull orange tints that exactly accentuated her best points.

"It's quite all right," she said, happily, answering the look of wonder in my face. "I've only discovered myself, that's all." She smiled amusingly. "I found out before the honeymoon was over that my idol trotted around through life on plain everyday feet of clay. He didn't talk because he couldn't and his beautiful manners were only for parlor use. In his own home he turned into a grumpy, selfish type of man. I cried my heart out at first and then I discovered myself. I've deliberately studied how to dress and how to live and the funny part is that Harold is my most devoted admirer. As soon as I stopped admiring him he began to admire me."

"But don't you admire him any more?" I asked. She smiled.

"He shouldn't have shown me his clay feet," she said enigmatically.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MY APRIL VACATION.

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When we reached California the end of January we found "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" not ready for production, so I began work on another picture. It hasn't been named yet, although I like the title "A Girl of 49."

I can't tell you how much I enjoy looking up all the right costumes and correct data for that period, and we did run across the oddest old things in antiques. I wanted some special pieces of jewelry, just the kind that a girl would wear back in the '40's, and I do hope the ones I finally found will be noticed on the screen because I thought they were so pretty and odd. One was a little old bracelet with a slide set in pearls and garnets, and it has a fringed end that hangs loose. Then there were three brooches. One is an old cameo, another of black enamel with a spray of pearl flowers, and another one is of thin gold and crystal, with the tiniest wreath made of hair underneath.

Mother let me wear a dear old chain and locket of her's that was really made back in that period. I had to laugh because I had always wanted that chain and locket way back when I was a little bit of girl. Somehow jewelry has never meant anything to me just for its own value. I think it is the love and associations behind a gift of jewelry that make it precious.

I told mother, teasingly, that she had never let me wear that chain until I needed it in the picture and I loved it more than any of the really beautiful pieces of jewelry that have been given me of late years. When the picture was finished, the end of March, everyone said I must take a little rest in some quiet place in the mountains, but somehow I didn't want to go there. We had been in the mountains taking some of the picture, and I was tired of them. So I decided all at once to make a flying, unexpected trip back to New York. I called it my week-end vacation, a little jaunt of three thousand miles, to see a few friends whom I cared for.

You don't know what fun I had. I made believe coming on that we were right back in the old days, mother and I. When the conductor would come through and call tickets, I'd slip down in my seat between her and the window, and try to make myself as small as possible. That's the way we always used to do in the old theatrical companies when they'd try to get me through on half fare. It seemed so queer to shut my eyes and make believe.

When we reached New York, there was no one to meet us, for I had planned our arrival as a surprise. When we got to the hotel, I started in calling up different friends, and when they answered, I'd say, "Hello. Why, don't you know who this is? It's Mary."

And how I laughed when they'd ask, "Mary who?"

I really enjoyed my week there with all my work the continent's width away from me, more than any I have ever had, I think. You have to get a long way off from the particular spot where your labor is in order to have a god time, I think. If it is too near you, you feel it calling to you, and you begrudge the time spent in relaxation. I know that I went back with a keener zest, and uplifted spirit. But I did have to laugh at mother all the time we were gone. It

has been so many, many years since I have whisked her away for a little fun all by ourselves, that she couldn't get used to it.

And when we finally were on the train bound for the West again, mother said:

"After all, dear, I'm sure it's work that makes life worth living. For I'm sure I could stand it to work all the time, where I'd be bothered out of my wits if I had to play all the time, just thinking up what I wanted to do next."

"Never mind," I told her. "You can be my 'Poor Little Rich Girl,' and I'll think it up for you."

And yet I knew just exactly what she meant. One grows into the habit of work and if it happens to be work that is congenial, you love it and put all of your heart's best effort into it.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mary K.—I arrange my hair very simply, in a low knot at the back of my neck, letting the curls cluster around the ears. My new picture has not been named yet.

A. H. H.—I am glad you liked the little article on Princess Redfeather. I do not see where the report you speak of came from. I haven't the least intention of retiring; only I did say, in case of war, I would love to go into Red Cross work, and in case my mother had died at the time of her operation, I would have given up my work entirely.

Felix R.—I do not think with your mother depending on you, you have any right to undertake an uncertain quest. I am sure if you would advertise in the personals of the motion picture magazines you would be able to locate your brother through some one who knew him.

Laura K.—The military fashions still seem to prevail. As long as you cannot have several suits, why don't you put your money into one really good light-weight coat?

Cedar Grove.—I hardly ever take what you would call a real vacation—only little lay-offs of a week or two between pictures. I thank you, very, very much for your invitation, nevertheless.

Lester L.—You would have to write direct to Kipling in care of his publishers. Several of Robert W. Service's poems have been screened, including "My Madonna" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

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Why is it that most of us are dissatisfied with our looks in one way or another? Those of us who are blondes wish that we were brunettes and vice versa. Those who are tall want to be short. Those who are petite would give anything to be statuesque. The stout want to be thin, and the thin would give anything to be just a little bit plumper.

I had a letter that was almost comical, if it had not been pathetic, from a young girl in New York. I do think, secretly, from the letter, that she probably had nothing else to do except worry over her personal appearance. She wanted curly hair instead of straight. She wants to make her mouth smaller and have it turn up at the corners. She wants some good fairy to give her dimples, and, above all, beautiful eyes.

"Dear Miss Pickford," she says; "do please tell me what I shall do to have beautiful, expressive eyes like the stars in motion pictures. Of course, I am a movie fan, and I simply adore the wonderful eyes of certain of the stars. How do they ever get that soulful expression? They look so dreamy and appealing. I would give anything if I knew that I had it in my eyes. Won't you please tell me if there is any way I could get it. My mother had one friend who paid over three thousand dollars to a beauty doctor, and, among other things, he lengthened the outer opening of the eye, and set in thicker eyelashes. Don't think I am silly, please, but tell me just what to do."

I think that, first of all, I would tell her that smiles are prettier than dimples, and that straight hair, if it is kept in the right condition, is quite as beautiful as curly.

Now, about the eyes, the windows of the soul. I feel like telling some of the secrets of make-up. An actress either in the movies or on the stage depends for heavy shadowing around the eyes, most of all to accentuate their size, but all the shadowing in the world, all the beauty doctoring in the world, cannot give the right expression to eyes, unless the person who is looking out of those windows has the soul expression, the heart feeling.

I do not mean to say, of course, that all of the actresses who are fortunate enough to possess unusually expressive eyes, have exceptional souls behind them. Someone, I forgot who it is, has said that the beauty of the eyes was merely a question of the size of the opening, and the varying curves in certain eyelids. Eyes, just plain every-day eyes, if taken out of their sockets would all look about the same except for coloring.

Surely, then, this proves they are only the windows of the soul. A woman in one of our companies was very much interested in Vedanta philosophy. I know it quite fascinated me when she told me all about my Atman, my self, the person who looks out of my eyes. I went right away to my dressing room, and got my

hand mirror to look at him—or should I say her? Have you ever done that? There was a little baby girl playing around the studio about three years old, who used to climb up on my lap and say: "Maymy dear, let me see the baby in your eyes."

Wasn't that dear?

I believe with all my heart that it is our thoughts and acts which mould our character and so it must be our thoughts which give beauty to that Self looking out of the eyes at the world. If you are tender and compassionate, then your expression will be beautiful. If you are optimistic and cheery you will find unconscious smiles turning up the corners of your mouth.

I remember once when I was a little girl about nine, there was another girl in the same hotel where I was stopping, who had a very deep dimple in her chin. It was not merely a little cleft place. It was a real, round, deep dimple, and oh, how I wanted one like it. Then I got an idea how to have one, and mother caught me at it—my first experience in beauty doctoring. I took the rubber out of the end of a lead pencil, and set in front of a looking glass, pressing the little round metal end into my chin as hard as I could. Oh, dear, how I cried because mother wouldn't let me get a dimple that way; but now as I look back on it, it seems to me as if all the worrying over beauty doctors and their cures is just as childish. It isn't your clothes that make you beautiful, it is the way you wear them. It is your face that makes you beautiful, it is the character expressed by your face. I don't think beauty is only skin, but soul deep.

Answers to Correspondents.

Vancouver—I am glad you liked "The Eternal Grind." Lottie has been working on "The Reward of Patience." Jack is the youngest in the family.

M. E. D.—Won't you tell your dear old father how much I thank him for all he said of "Peppina"? It is letters like yours that spur one on.

Mrs. Arthur F.—I read your scenario carefully. You have a beautiful sentiment behind it on mother love and how the woman pays, but no technique. Study the form of the elaborated synopsis and try again.

Elizabeth H.—You don't know how I laughed over your letter, and yet it was absolutely true. Candy is very bad for the complexion if you eat too much of it, and I have always been very careful about my diet. Just be sure to eat only the best, or, better yet, the home-made, in which you are sure of the purity of the ingredients.

Mrs. Clifford W. J.—If you will write to the Moving Picture World, Mr. Sargent's department, I am sure you will get full information on how to write a photoplay.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MOTHER O' MINE.

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We were talking the other day about the Lincoln Cycle pictures which Mr. Chapin is producing, and especially of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's wonderful mother. What a heroine of the old pioneer times she was, the girl bride of the wilderness, bearing her baby alone in the little cabin in the clearing, teaching him his first letters at her knee, protecting him from the Indians, planting in his heart all of the great principles of right over might that carried him through triumphant to the end.

Somewhere, I think it is in "Ben-Hur," it says that mothers are surely the very deputies of God Himself, and I think they are, don't you? A letter that came to me from the East told how the writer, a traveling man for some big London firm, was in the smoker of a Pullman when the talk centered around the personality of people who had become famous.

Some of his fellow-travelers declared success came from "stick-to-it-iveness," some wonderful talent for success, some gift of personality, but one little fellow in the group shook his head seriously and said:

"No, nothing like it. There's only one answer. They all had wonderful mothers. Look at Mary Pickford for instance."

You know that made me just want to see him and shake hands with him once, for it is so true, oh, so true. Only those whose mothers have gone through the fiery furnace for their sake, know the full reality of it. Mother always tells me that I must be careful in my talks not to put too much of the family into them, to keep them impersonal, but when I find a letter like that, I want to stand right up before the world as they do in old-time testimony meetings, and bear witness for her who is the bravest, dearest guide and mother that three children ever had.

I would love to write a "Mother Book," just about wonderful mothers of the world's history, and not altogether the famous ones. Once when we were going through a State penitentiary as visitors, I remember the warden told us a story of a young man who was condemned to death there. He was only in the early twenties, but had got into bad company, tried house breaking, and shot the owner as he was trying to get away with his pals.

The warden said that so far as he could tell the boy had a splendid nature. He was overcome with horror and penitence at his deed and did everything he could while he was an inmate of the death house to help the other men who were there too.

Just before the day of execution, a little woman in black came timidly to the prison and asked to see the warden. She told him she had read of the case in the papers and was certain the boy was her son who had run away from home years before and had never been heard of. She thought she had recognized him from his picture.

The boy was brought to see her in the warden's office, and met her eyes fear-

lessly. She fell on his neck and sobbed, crying that she had found him at the last moment of his life. And the boy told her gently that she had made a great mistake. He was not her son. He knew the boy she meant, and had met him out West where he was working in a mine and doing well.

"You ought to be thankful, ma'am," he said, "that he's straight and right, and not going where I am in the morning. I know we look alike, but I am not your boy, thank God."

She left the prison, happy in her belief, and as he saw her go out, the boy turned to the warden and smiled grimly. "Well, she'll never know the truth, will she, Mr. G.?" he said. "That's my little old mother."

I've often wondered since I heard the story which the mother would have wanted—the truth or the lie to save her happiness. Do you remember that wonderful poem, "Mother o' Mine?" I think the real mother heart almost demands as its right the privilege of comforting its own, no matter when and where they need help that only the mother can give.

When we were children, Lottie and I used to wonder why mothers never seemed to grow tired out. No matter how weary ours was at night, by the next morning she was happy and strong again, ready to take up the fight for another day. I shall never forget that morning when we knelt in the little dimly lighted church while she lay on the operating table. It didn't seem as if anything in the whole world mattered any more. I knew if they told us it was all over that the sun would just go out from my life without my mother. I laid my head on my hands and cried, and do what I could, those awful lines would run through my head:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

And then, when we came out of the church to go back to the hospital there was Jack, fighting angry because Lottie had made a mistake in the time of the operation, and he had arrived too late. But they told us she was all right, and oh, what a burden rolled away from my heart. I wish I could hold out my arms to the whole world and plead for tenderness and love for mothers, God's deputies to all of us children.

Answers to Correspondents.

Rue—"The Poor Little Rich Girl" was released the first week in March.

Mrs. Gina D.—I will try to have the little baby picture traced for you. Your own experience in coming from France and finding your father and mother was very interesting.

Interested Reader—I am so glad you liked the story of "Little January." I had to smile over your criticism of my articles. I have always told my mother that her name should go on them as co-author because she helps me with so much mature advice.

Martha B. N.—Many thanks for your lovely letter and wishes for success. In what magazine did you find the picture

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

LOST—A GIRL.

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I really feel puzzled over two letters that came at the same time. One was from a man in Chicago. He tells me that he likes my pictures and enjoys the little daily articles, but the only thing he doesn't like about me is that I seem to discourage young girls from taking up the stage or picture work as a profession. He says:

"Don't you realize, my dear Miss Pickford, if your mother had taken that course with you, you would never have been where you are today. Don't you think it is right that others should have the same chance that you did?"

I wish I could make him understand how it was that I went on the stage at all. How, when my father died, my mother was left with herself, three little children and an invalid mother to support. It happened that a child was needed in a production in one of the local theaters just for one week, and someone who knew us suggested that I might fit the part. That was the beginning, but never since that day have I ever been left to stand alone, to face the worries and uncertainties which beset those in the profession. All through my stage experience it has been my mother who has braved the storms and shouldered the burden for us three.

When I have given advice to young girls it has always been to those who were inexperienced and unprotected. I wonder if this man would really like to see a little sister of his step out of her school work alone, into the maelstrom of theatrical life. The field is already overcrowded with people who have no knowledge whatever of the technique of their business, who think that success depends on a sort of hit-or-miss libation laid on the altar of the great god Luck.

They have no conception of the patience, the tireless effort, the terrific strain, and above all practical knowledge of what is required of you, that are needed by those who would attain success. The non-professional person can never understand what it all means until he has had actual experience.

The other letter is from a boy in Chicago. He has recently come on to this country from Copenhagen, Denmark, and is seeking for some trace of his lost sister. Her name is Alfrede; he has heard that when she came to this country as a little girl twelve years ago, she tried to find various kinds of employment. He received letters from her every once in a while, but all of them have the same strain of longing. She was never satisfied with any position which she succeeded in obtaining. She wanted to go on the stage, like so many hundreds of other girls. He writes:

"I have not heard from her in several years, excepting one postcard saying she had got work in a picture company in New York. Can't you help me find her, please, Miss Pickford? Of course, she may be married, and that makes it so much harder to find her. Please help me."

I wonder how many other brothers

have sought in vain for lost little sisters. It is strange what a lure the stage holds out to girls in their teens. I think that Love is the great counteracting influence. There seems to come a mighty yearning in adolescence for self expression. You long to find some one who will understand you, who will appreciate you. Then, again, the chance of making a quick success, a "hit" as it is termed, is so enticing. It is the everlasting instinct of gambling in people. Only in this it is yourself which you place on the "Rouge et Noir" and wait for Fate to play croupier.

So, I think I am quite right in advising girls not to leap into the unknown unless, at least, they have a mother who can go with them. I think I shall write an article just on mothers of successful girls, and tell a few things about them and their sacrifices. You will find out that nearly every one of our young actresses who are successful has a mother, not at her elbow, but standing right in front of her, to shield her from everything unpleasant, and take the brunt of trouble on herself.

I can think of no experience more fraught with danger, more perilous in every way, more miserably discouraging, than to be a girl of fifteen or sixteen, going the rounds of the studios and theaters alone looking for work. It isn't right at all, and even if the man in Chicago disapproves of what I say, I shall not care, if I manage to place any guiding light in the path of youth.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. C. I. A.—I enjoyed your lovely letter so much. You may assure your husband that those were real tears in "Less Than the Dust."

Lillian K.—Miss Talmadge is appearing now in the "Law of Compensation." You may write her in care of Selznick Pictures, New York City.

Margaret W.—Mary Pickford, jr., is my sister's baby.

Rosalie P.—Alice Brady is under her father's management, I think. "The Dancer's Peril" is her last picture. It was directed by Travers Vail.

Bertha May B.—I do not wonder that you were thrilled over the scene in "The Pride of the Clan." You know in the taking of the picture, we miscalculated the coming of the tide, and I was very nearly drowned. You write a charming letter for just a little girl. May I blow back a kiss in return?

Clara W.—If you are determined to enter the motion picture field, prepare yourself just as thoroughly as you would for any other career. If you have real talent you are bound to succeed, but remember the field is already overcrowded with incompetent novices who cannot get work.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A DAY IN THE STUDIO.

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I have had several letters lately asking me what I do all day—just what it is like to work in a motion picture studio. It is really funny what curious ideas people seem to have about it, as if it were something like dropping in casually to have your picture taken at an ordinary photographic studio. They do not seem to realize the long, steady hours of patient, actual labor.

I know of no other business in which co-operation and mutual helpfulness are so valued and necessary as they are in our studios. Somehow, after you have worked a long while together on many pictures, it becomes like a big family, where everyone is willing to help everyone else.

I think that right in line with this I would like to speak of the great value of harmony. Just one person who is selfish will cause discord in an entire studio of several hundred people. You know, I told you once about my old director who used to swear so dreadfully. Well, once we had one woman in the company who never realized that the sun was shining. With just a few words here and there, she seemed to have the faculty of making everyone awfully uncomfortable. Personally, I love to avoid and forget everything unpleasant that happens. What is the good of harboring the little, unhappy things that are bound to occur in everyday life? But this woman would start in the first thing reminding you of something that had happened a few days before.

We start work at nine o'clock. I am always up at seven, and breakfast at seven-thirty, go out for a little exercise, and have half an hour for my morning mail. If there is too much, I generally try to take some of it over with me to my dressing room to look at and answer while we are waiting for certain scenes to be set up.

The work of the day is always planned ahead by the director, and there is a big effort being made now, not only in our studio but in all the large ones, I think, to enforce efficiency. One of the greatest troubles producers have had in the past have been the "leaks"—lapses of time when the actors had to sit around and wait, because some little detail had been overlooked or neglected.

I remember one picture that we took long ago, where two kittens were used. They were dear little things, just old enough to run around and have a perfectly gorgeous time getting entangled and mixed up in everything. When the scenes in which they were used came to be taken they were nowhere to be found. I think we waited fully an hour and a half that night sitting around patiently, while the director and the assistant director, the property man, and several scene shifters hunted kittens. It was the funniest thing you ever saw. I couldn't help laugh to see big men chasing these flying Maltese dots. With their tails perfectly straight in the air, they seemed to bound like little puff balls, all the men trying to be gentlemen and not say what they thought. They hid behind stacks of

scenery leaning up against the wall, they dodged up and down the stairs, into dark hallways, and even out into the carpenter's shop. I know, when it was all over, I said to our director, as he mopped his fevered brow and sank into a chair beside me.

"Why on earth, Mr. W., didn't you have them in a little kitten coop somewhere, so they'd be ready when you wanted them?"

Well, nowadays when we use kittens or puppies we have one person who looks out for them, and has them ready when it is their turn to go on in the pictures. We used two beautiful doves in our last one here. I named them Romeo and Juliet. They were in a large cage and all during the first scenes they rather seemed to mope. I petted them and fed them, but they never seemed to notice anything until just at the very last, where there were some love scenes. Then my manager drew my attention to them. They were snuggled up lovingly on one perch, cooling away to each other as affectionate as could be and they kept it up until the picture was over, just as if they understood.

While there is not much time for relaxation, still most of the women have some kind of embroidery or knitting. Mother was laughing about it the other day, saying that it looked like the Busy Bee Dorcas Society with all the knitting needles clicking.

Answers to Correspondents.

Florence C.—Lillian Gish has left the Triangle. Marguerite Clarke is with Famous Player-Lasky. Write to the company for the name of the girl who played in "Silas Marner."

Doris G.—I was only 5 when I first went on the stage. My first motion picture work was with the old Biograph Company. I loved your letter, for I had to be the little mother for years to Jack and Lottie. I am sure if you write to Mr. Fairbanks direct you will get all the needed information.

Carmela G.—I think you are wonderfully brave. Couldn't you possibly get into any other line of work? I think it is the fearful monotony of your life that is breaking down your nerves. Write to me again.

Mrs. Anna N.—I have been East for a little vacation between the taking of pictures, but your scenario will be read and passed on.

Ruth H.—I am glad you liked the "Poor Little Rich Girl." It was a part that appealed to me very much. Do you really like the little articles so much? I think that ideals, as you say, are the real things of life.

Jessie V.—We had to postpone "Rebecca," but will surely do it. Indeed, I do remember "Eight Cousins" and "Timothy's Quest."

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

KEEPING UP WITH YOURSELF.

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I don't remember ever heaving real stage fright, but I must confess that always just before we start a new picture, I get a little case of it. It isn't that I'm afraid that the picture won't be a success, but I always wonder whether I'll be able to do as well in it as I have done in others.

I know that other motion picture actors and actresses have this same thought. You see, you set yourself a certain pace, and you are always wondering whether you will be able to keep up to it. In a way it is like a person who has set a certain high mark in any kind of endeavor and sport. If he runs under that record, he shows himself to be below par.

It is a worry, but at the same time it is a spur. You know that you have just got to make good. If you don't, there is always some one waiting to step into your shoes. I remember reading a charming book by Clara Morris, not the "Pasteboard Crown," but her own reminiscences as an actress. She said in it that whenever she was rehearsing for a new play, the one thought that made her try with all her heart to do her best was the knowledge that somewhere there was always some one waiting to step into her shoes, that girl of the future who was to be a success when she had missed her own mark.

Still, it seems to me that this should not be the reason for one's high endeavor. I love to see anyone else succeed. Nobody knows better than I do that road that leads from the foot of the hill of ambition to the pinnacle of success—every lonely by-path that we stray into by mistake, every crossroad of indecision, every signpost of doubt, every barbed wire barricade of disaster.

You know this is rather comical, but I once knew a dear old actor who used to delight in reciting numerous old famous poems like "Woodman spare that tree" and "Excelsior."

I used to love to listen to him, but really and truly I always thought that that boy climbing the Alpine heights meant plain excelsior, the curly stuff you pack things in, and I wondered why on earth he shouted it so loudly. But just the same, that banner with the strange device is what we should all be carrying as our own soul's heraldry.

All through my own career, it has always been my mother who has spurred me on to try and do better in each play or picture I was in than I had done last time. She said it was a duty which we not only owed to ourselves, but to those we worked for and those who believed in us. We are apt to be self-satisfied, to pat ourselves on the back, over what you

have already accomplished; and yet it is not true, that every artist should be possessed by a divine dissatisfaction in his own achievement? I think it was Browning who said, "Ah, but a man's aim should outreach his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?"

I have so many friends in motion picture work, and it is somewhat of a joke among us keeping up our own pace. Just suppose you earned your living jumping from railroad trains, and each picture had to be more perilous than the last one. Think if you were the funniest comedian in moving pictures, and it became a mad hunt trying to make yourself funnier than you were in your last picture. Think, if you were the most popular sporting hero, and you were everlastingly trying to do greater feats and rescue your heroine in a more thrilling manner than you had ever done before. Don't you think it would be rather hard? Wouldn't you find yourself crying out "Excelsior!" in your sleep.

Mother says, that where there is contentment there is no progress. After every picture, when we see it on the screen, and I'm just aching for her to praise me, and say she likes it, there will always be a little twinkle in her eyes, and she nearly, nearly always says the same thing to me:

"Now Mary, dear, don't let it be going to your head. You know yourself you can do much better than that if you half try."

Isn't that a spur to greater effort? I think so.

Answers to Correspondents.

June C., Portland—I received the birthday card you painted. It is very sweet and thoughtful of you. No indeed, the baby did not really die.

Ethel, Boston—Miss Nelson is with the Metro Company, No. 3 West Sixty-first street, New York City. You can address Miss Stewart, care of the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn.

Harry J.—If you really think that your forte lies in picture work, it is best to apply to the nearest studio, personally, if possible. If you have natural ability, perseverance is bound to win.

Evelyn J.—I would not follow the styles too closely. Remember, the exact mode is always somewhat exaggerated. A girl of sixteen should dress very simply, I think. Youth needs but little adornment.

Frances M.—A poor complexion is usually the result of improper food assimilation. Try leaving out all sweets and food containing fats for a while. Eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables and drink at least three pints of water a day. I do not believe in any cosmetics for this.

Margaret F.—The dear little four-leaved clover reached me safely. I hope it brings as much luck as your happy wishes. I love "Madame Butterfly," too. The end is sad, as you say, but so is life sometimes.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MILK AND ROSES.

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I've never been able to understand why young girls should ever want to use cosmetics. So many write to me asking me if this formula is harmless and that formula has white lead in it and whether skinning the face is the only cure for freckles.

It is so wonderful just to be young and yet girls, especially in their early teens, seem perfectly possessed with the idea of looking as grown-up as possible, and when they're thirty they go just the opposite way and try to look as young as possible. Why is it, I wonder, that we always want what we haven't got?

Out here in California I met a poet who is a friend of a very well known writer. He was telling me that two years ago he spent several weeks at a friend's home up in Westchester County, New York. It was the most charming place possible, a beautiful rambling bungalow in a big grove on a hilltop.

They had something entirely new, a guest house. I had heard of Joaquin Miller's little individual room houses, up at the Heights overlooking Oakland, California. We visited it once, and I thought it such a splendid idea. Each bedroom was a little separate house by itself, and so were his kitchen, dining-room and living room. Looking at them scattered around among the trees, you felt as if all the rooms in some house had had a family quarrel and decided to live by themselves.

The little guest house was out in the apple orchard, and as it happened to be in May, the poet said it was like a dream of enchantment to step out at dawn, and see the silver gray of the old mossy trunks and, above, the great mass of pink and white bloom in the golden haze.

But this is drifting a long way from complexion and freckles. I must confess I like the apples blossoms best. Anyway, he told me that the writer's wife had the most beautiful complexion he had ever seen—real milk and roses.

"And do you know, Miss Pickford," he said, "I ventured to ask her how on earth she managed it. She told me that she had been on a milk diet for a long while on account of her health, and had been herself amazed to see what it had done for her complexion."

I thought that over, and now I remember reading that some of the old Roman empresses who were famous for their beauty did take milk baths. I don't know whether that goes with a milk diet or not, but mother says that when she was a girl, she was always fighting freckles. Now I like freckles, myself. There was a little girl in the company at Fort Lee who played in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" the one that sat down in

the tart—and she had the most attractive little fine sprinkling of freckles.

"I know I used to wash my face in buttermilk, often and often, to keep the tan and freckles away," mother said, "and it does keep the skin clear and fair, without any of these new creams and things with heaven knows what all mixed up in them. Don't you be worrying, Mary, about a freckle or two. Your grandmother used to tell me they were fairy favors, and she'd prove it by Shakespeare himself. Just look in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and you'll find where Titania used to send the elves hunting the brown spots in cowslips to sprinkle on the noses of sleeping children who were their favorites." Isn't that pretty? I know it used to satisfy me and I do feel as though I must warn all these girl friends at once to beware of using too many preparations unless they know just what they are made of. If you must have some healing cream, make it up yourselves. You can do it so easily, and be perfectly sure that all your ingredients are pure, and if all else fails, stop eating candy and ice cream and rich pastries. Try the milk diet, if you can, and see if you can't get a complexion like roses.

Answers to Correspondents.

Leona H.—I am so glad you liked the picture. I loved the little one you sent to me. "The Foundling" is one of my favorite pictures, too.

Marie K.—"Tess of the Storm Country" was written as the story sequel to my Tess. My sister Lottie was in "The Diamond from the Sky." No, I think you mean Los Angeles. Nearly all the motion picture studios are situated around there.

Tom W.—I have not been measured lately, but think I'm about five feet in height. I'm so glad you enjoyed "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Margaret W.—Of course, it requires a good deal of technique to turn out a motion-picture play, but after all, a big, dramatic, basic idea is the most valuable, and the rarest, in original scripts.

Andrew L.—Trained dogs are always in demand in the pictures. I should think your Belgian war dog might be very valuable.

X. Y. Z.—I have always understood that Miss Bara was born in either Algeria or Arabia. You could probably verify it by writing directly to her, in care of the Fox Pictures.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MY LITTLE SANTA FE GIRL.

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Most of the letters that I receive are from boys and girls anywhere between ten and twenty. Then there seems to come a gap. Perhaps people haven't time even to ask questions until they're past fifty.

I met a queer old mountaineer once, when we were climbing up mountains near Truckee in California. It was an awfully long, hard trail, and we were tired out before we reached the top. He had a little shack, perched like an eagle's eyrie against the mountain side and we stopped to drink from a wonderful natural spring there.

"Just keep on a-climbing," he said, cheerfully. "When you once hit the other side, it's just a gentle slide."

That's the way I'd like life to be after the fifties, just a gentle slide down the other side of the mountain, facing life's sunset.

But I do really love the letters from children. One of the great reasons why I believe moving pictures should be kept clean and optimistic in their uplift message, is because I feel sure that at least half of the nickles and dimes are paid by children under sixteen.

Whenever we travel from coast to coast, I like to take the old Santa Fe trail route. All over this country you will find how closely the white man has followed the paths made by his red brother. I was told not long ago that the Northern Pacific was an old-time trail and also the Boston and Maine and the Pere Marquette. I do not know whether there are any others or not, but it interested me ever so much to find out even about these. We were down somewhere in Arizona, I think it was. The train had stopped at a little wayside station, hardly more than a water tank and an express office. I don't know why we were delayed there. Mother and I sat facing each other in our section, and she noticed a group of people staring in at the windows. So without saying anything to me, she quietly pulled the shade.

A few minutes afterwards my manager came into the car, and with him was a little girl about nine or ten years old.

"Here's a little friend of yours, Miss Pickford, who got up around four o'clock this morning and walked five miles just for the chance of seeing you on the train. Her father's with her out on the platform. I knew you'd like to see her, so I brought her in."

I put my arm around her and said: "Hello, honey, what's your name?"

But the little thing couldn't even speak. She just kept looking and looking at me for all the world like some wide-eyed squirrel. I petted her and kissed her, and gave her her choice of some of my pictures. She just managed to whisper, "Thank you," when it was time to go, and our train moved on.

I raised the curtain to wave good-bye to her and saw her held high in the arms of a big, stalwart man who swung off his hat with one hand as I waved to them both. My manager told me afterwards that he had been standing on the platform when mother pulled the window curtain down. This man, who seemed to be a miner, was just coming along the platform, hunting all the windows of the train to find me, so that his little girl could wave her hand to me. Mr. Hemmer, heard her cry, "There she is," and then a long drawn "Oh-oh-oh-h" as the curtain went down.

"Never you mind, honey," said her father. "She didn't mean to do it. She didn't know you'd walked five miles just to get a peek at her."

Well, when the manager heard that, he never stopped to ask permission but just took the little girl in his arms, and brought her to me. He said when he gave her back to her father, that he was all smiles and happiness, and he said:

"There, Elnory, I told you she didn't mean to, didn't I?"

Wasn't that dear? I can't tell you how it made me feel, to think that that little child should get up at dawn and walk miles on a mere chance of catching a glimpse of me. It is those little things that surely play melodies on our heartstrings. I would rather have had that little brief visit with Elnory than have faced some vast cosmopolitan audience. I suppose you all know from reading it in the papers that once last year when they did get me out on the stage at the Hippodrome, all I could do was just bob my head. You lose your perspective in a crowd, but not on the old Santa Fe trail.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss V. McD.—"The Pride of the Clan" was taken at Marblehead, Mass. I was born in Toronto, Canada. Yes, I have Irish blood in me, and am very proud of it. I love the ancient legends and stories of the little home island my grandmother used to tell me.

L. C. B.—It was very kind of you to send me the poetry. It makes me very proud to think that you boys who are going to the front really do care for any of my little articles or pictures.

Mary L.—I have not heard that Mr. Castle has been killed. Mrs. Castle's picture is called "Patria." I did not have an operation. It was my mother.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE GREEN HANDS.

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I often wonder about forgiveness. When I was a child we used to laugh at Jack because he had a trick of always saying comical things at just the place where they would fit in best. And he would pick up expressions from other people in the company that sounded so funny from his lips.

He had been teasing for something one day and Mother had said no, he simply could not have it. So he took his own toy bank, a tumbling clown through a hoop, and opened it, took ten cents, and just bought what he wanted, anyway. Then, when it was found out, Jack decided he would always come and tell when he had done anything, so as to forestall the chance of discovery. And next time he said:

"Mother, you know what Mr. B— says, don't you? A fault confessed, is a new virtue added."

"That's all right, too," Mother said, promptly. "But don't go on with your faults just for the virtue of confessing them, Jackie boy."

I must say I do feel indignant at the type of persons who deliberately do something they know is going to make trouble, and then slip off the burden of responsibility with a casual, "Oh, well, I didn't mean anything by it." I think we are very much our brother's keeper, and especially the keeper of his happiness. You do not realize how the little haphazard word you drop may affect the person who is with you. I remember once, when I was playing in "The Good Little Devil," we were invited to a dinner where there were several professional people, and wine was served with the different courses. Next to me sat a little niece of our hostess, a girl who, I knew, had only arrived recently from the country. She looked at the array of different sized glasses at her plate anxiously.

"Just don't notice them," I whispered to her, "then nobody notices you."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said, thankfully. "I thought I had to or it might look queer."

We sat away in a corner by ourselves afterwards and talked, as girls will. And I told her just as Mother had always told me, not to let things worry or rattle you, and not to do what everybody else does when you knew it was all wrong. It's mighty hard, though, especially when you are just in your first teens and feel self-conscious and that everybody is watching you. But I started in to talk of forgiveness, didn't I? These chats are just like ordinary conversation, I think. Before you know it, you're rambling away on some other subject.

I know when Lottie and I were little we quarreled, of course, like all other children, and sometimes we'd say "I'll never speak to you again!" Haven't you done that, too, often? Well, we'd have to laugh even at ourselves, because we never could remember to stay angry. First thing I knew Lottie would poke her head in the door and ask me where something was, or I would begin talking to her. We found out we couldn't stay cross with each other long. And Mother taught us that at the very first asking for forgiveness we must always forgive. She showed me a line from Stevenson, too, that I loved:

"The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life."

Isn't that wonderful? While we were at Marblehead, I met a girl from up in Vermont who was waiting on table there in the hotel. She told me she just couldn't stand it at home because her mother and father hadn't spoken to each other in six years, and said they never would.

"Oh, but maybe they'll forget and speak," I said.

"No, they won't," she told me. "I know. Mother had a sister that vowed she wouldn't speak to her own father because he wouldn't let her get married, and she didn't, not to the day of her death. You don't know Vermonters, Miss Pickford. They set a store by their word."

Isn't that sad? I'm sure that Emerson was exactly right about consistency being the hobgoblin of little minds. Never mind what promise you have made yourself. Isn't there somebody you know whom you could forgive?

Answers to Correspondents.

Edith E. W.—My hair is the deeper blond and I think that my eyes would be called hazel instead of blue. A letter in care of the "Pickford Studio," Hollywood, California, will always reach me.

"Thirteen."—I am so sorry you haven't received an answer. We have been very busy with the last picture. Riding horseback is one of my favorite sports. I know we would have a splendid time if I were only able to accept your invitation.

Florence B.—I liked "Hulda from Holland," too. No, the goat did not die. It was only chloroformed.

Mrs. H. J. T.—Yes, Miss Joyce is married to Tom Moore. I used to love to play a bride, just for make believe, when I was a little bit of a girl, so I'm sure I would in a picture, too. Straight hair can be made quite as beautiful as curly if it is luxuriant and well cared for.

Lucy P. R.—Why don't you have your picture taken at some good professional photographer and put it on file in the motion picture studios?

Grace C.—Yes, Mr. Moore sends pictures sometimes, I believe. Try again. You know we are all very busy people, and oftentimes a letter is overlooked, when an important picture is being filmed.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MEASLES AND MONEY.

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You know the problems of fourteen are sometimes quite as heart-breaking and puzzling as those of forty. I think they are almost more so; in fact, because at forty I should think a person would have so much—well, precedent I guess you would call it—to fall back on. But at fourteen there just doesn't seem any way out. So I sympathize more with fourteen, either the girl or the boy who is just beginning to look up into the face of life's great silent Sphinx and ask it questions.

A letter came yesterday that was so natural and real I felt as if I knew the girl and understood just exactly how she felt. She wrote:

"Do you think money ought to make any difference with folks in families? My aunt married a man with lots of money, but I don't mind it, because he's quite nice, even, if he is rich. And I like to go and visit them. They live in the country at a lovely place. The house and garage and walls are all built out of the reddish-gray field-stone you find out there, and there is ivy growing all over it and woodbine. It looks like a castle. I have got two cousins younger than I am, but my father and mother don't like to have me go there to visit because we haven't a lot of money, and we live in a flat. Mother says we should not accept hospitality we can't return, even from relatives. I think it's horrid. It's just as if they had the measles and I couldn't go, and they can't help it any more than they could measles, either. They keep asking me and asking me, and I want to go."

I am sure I would let her go, wouldn't you? I have found out that some of the very loneliest people in the world are those who have money and nothing else. When we were poor, I used to look at people who could ride in their own cars and live at beautiful hotels, and wish with all my heart that I could be one of them. Haven't you seen people coming out of the opera all in evening dress, waiting for the numbers of their cars to be called, and envied them with all your heart? I used to, I know. Or haven't you walked along the street when it was awfully cold, and you'd been hunting work through a lot of theatrical agencies, and then you pass a lovely window like Sherry's on Broadway, with crinkly silk curtains and lace ones beyond, and rows of winter window greens, and still beyond these vague glimpses of little tables and shaded lights and good things to eat! Why, it makes you ravenous and cross and indignant at life, and you think the people who can eat in there must be so happy.

Well, I have found out one thing since good luck came to us. The blue bird of happiness doesn't like gold cages one bit. I have found more people who were miserable and discontented among those who, I thought, had everything, than I ever did in the dear old crowd of happy-go-lucky actors and actresses in the old days. Even if one of them only had a dollar, he would give half and more to a friend who needed it more than he did. One of the men in the company out here was telling about Dan Daly the other day, how he would hold up his arms when a friend needed a loan and say comfortably,

"Leave me carfare, old man."

But it seems as if most people imagine that money is a thorny hedge separating one class from another. And it isn't at all. We ought to be sorry for the aunts and their families and do all we can to make them happy, even if they are rich. Their money is no reason why we should cut them off our visiting lists. If they did have the measles, we'd send them little remembrances and do all we could for them. Why not treat them lovingly and overlook their money? The loneliest woman I ever knew had \$20,000.00 left her by her father and husband. She wrote to me when I was in New York and I saw her several times. She had a large suite at one of the best hotels, three maids, a secretary, a major domo, who seemed to manage everything from her dogs to her estates; a French chef, who prepared her meals specially, and goodness knows what all. And she used to tell me she was so lonely she didn't know what to do with herself. I told

her to adopt a lot of children—two or three hundred, and really look after them, and she'd have loads of fun. I must tell you soon about the rich bachelor in New York who really did adopt fifty little orphans. There was a "Daddy-Long-Legs" who did the thing up right.

Answer to Correspondents.

Eleanor S.—Many thanks for your congratulations. I received the little remembrance, and indeed appreciate the thought behind it. I think you have the right spirit. Keep up your pluck. We girls need all of it now.

Gladys DeM.—I love "Butterfly," too. Hardly any of the pictures with foreign settings are taken out of the State now. No, indeed, I do not care for vampire plays, nor have any ambition to play them. Besides, I am not suited to the type.

Jane C.—Miss Farrar's address, care of the Fox Film Company, New York City. Marguerite Clarke is with the Famous Player-Lasky. "Less Than the Dust" was taken on Long Island.

Charles B. G.—If you send on the little scenario of the fairy story, I promise you it will receive the fairest attention possible.

Mrs. Lewie McB.—Many thanks for your little card of remembrance. I think Hazelcrest is a very pretty and attractive name for a country home.

"A Friend." S. Bend.—Indeed, I could never write anything that would do justice to all my mother has been to me and is still. Sometimes, I almost feel sure that every one who has ever succeeded must have had a wonderful mother behind her.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE GIRLDE.

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When I was a very little girl there was one woman in the world who seemed to me truly royal in her genius. That was Sarah Bernhardt. I know I saw a poster of her, the famous one by Alphonse Mucha, when she was playing "Princess Lointaine." It was the really, truly fairy princess type that every girl has read of in her childhood, and longed to be.

Her head was thrown back with that wonderful sudden grace all those who have seen her know well. On either side of her face were white lilies, and you could tell by the shape of her dress even as it showed above the waist that it was just like those all the princesses wear in the old fairy tale books, embroidered in pearls, with those long close sleeves, and the angel wings falling back from them, and the dress made long and close even to the tiny slippered feet. You know the kind.

I used to try and dress up like that picture. We were playing out West, I know, and the only flowers I could find in Kansas were wild sunflowers that grew along the fence in the back yard of the hotel where we were stopping. But I got some of them, and put them over my ears. Mother had a little dressing saccie I always loved. It had been a deep rose once upon a time, and was made of the Filipino "pina cloth," like a very heavy-wale silk. We got it once when we were in San Francisco, and she had worn it lots, but it just made a nice princess gown for me.

Then how I hunted for a girdle! I knew all princesses wore beautiful slinky girdles of jewels. The only thing I could find was the long brass chain that looped back the curtains in our room at the hotel, so I "cribbed" that for them, and it did very well. I didn't like the yellow sunflowers with the old rose silk, but you can't have everything, so I tried to be content, making believe I was Sarah Bernhardt playing "Princess Lointaine."

And now I have been reading of her desperate illness in New York, that she is seventy-three years old, and of all her plans ahead. Is it not an inspiration to hear of a woman who has reached such an age, and still presents to the world that same dauntless energy and courage that have always been hers?

I can't believe that she is dying. Somewhere in "Pippa Passes" it tells of an old king who ruled the world so wisely and so well, sitting in the sun.

It did not seem the king could die. It did not seem the king could ever die.

A newspaper woman writer in New York told me once of having an interview with Bernhardt. She likes to

When I was a very little girl there was one woman in the world who seemed to me truly royal in her genius. That was Sarah Bernhardt. I know I saw a poster of her, the famous one by Alphonse Mucha, when she was playing "Princess Lointaine." It was the really, truly fairy princess type that every girl has read of in her childhood, and longed to be.

When we read awhile ago of her operation in France, and the amputation of her leg, we said we knew it wouldn't make a bit of difference to her, she would go just the same like all the rest of life's best soldiers.

"As long as her voice and smile are left, they are enough."

But she will leave more than that behind her. To me just the memory of such a life as hers is an inspiration to others not to falter or turn back, but to press on, and "run the race that is set before us."

Answers to Correspondents.

Florence E. T.—The little sketch your sister drew is very good, I think. Did you really like "The Poor Little Rich Girl" so well? She was supposed to be just about as old as you are.

Dorothy P.—I should not allow anything the other girls might say to interfere with my friendship with my teacher. They are certain to call you "Teacher's Pet," and that is hard to stand, but try and be a good chum to them and they may forget the other.

Irene G.—I am so sorry for you. Won't you write again and tell me just what you want to be after you graduate. Don't be discouraged. You have health and youth, the best riches life can give after all.

Miss Julia D.—I will give the information you ask for in a talk this week.

Mrs. A. C. C.—The two trade magazines to which I referred are the Motion Picture World, and the Motion Picture News. Both can be secured at any large newsdealer. In New York "Wid's Magazine" is an authority, too, on new pictures.

Marion L. De B.—Your writing is splendid for your age. The name of the picture you saw is "The Pride of the Clan." It was taken at Marblehead, Mass.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MORALITY IN STUDIOS.

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Every one, I suppose, feels a certain amount of loyalty towards his own calling. I always liked that word, "calling," as though we really did obey some inner call of our nature for our life work. So it makes me indignant when I find the attitude outsiders hold toward the inner life of the studios. One letter from a mother says:

"No matter what her talent might be, I could never consent to letting my daughter enter into moving picture work. I have heard that the studios are very dangerous for the young."

Now perhaps I am all wrong, but I do firmly believe that morality and plain, everyday goodness must lie in your own heart, and be strong enough to overcome the influence of any environment. Of course that sounds like the motive of all our best pictures—the triumph of virtue over evil—but I do believe in it. A boy or girl, man or woman, who has an evil nature, or one in which bad rules, will do wrong in any place where fate may cast him, and a boy or girl, man or woman, who has a strong will and firm character, will resist and throw off evil in any environment he may be placed in.

The motion picture studios were among the first organizations to adopt a strict rule of conduct for their workers. Profanity and intemperance have discharged more men than any incompetency. And there is a powerful esprit de corps, that indefinable "spirit of the regiment," that binds all together for the common uplift and weal. You feel it when you go into any of the big places. And there is always some older woman who literally "mothers" the young girls and chaperones them.

I know, too, that the personality of the different women stars has helped to raise the standards of morality in the various studios. I remember hearing of one little place up in the Bronx, in New York City, a branch of one of our larger firms. Five years ago during the taking of a picture there, I heard an actor who was in it tell of how they would all send out after beer and lunches, and have a generally jolly time. He, with his wife, was stopping at the same boarding house as some friends of ours, and she would wait until 2 and 3 in the morning for him, sometimes, only to have him come half or fully intoxicated, and give as his excuse the terrible strain it was to work in pictures.

Today that studio is one of the strictest and best run. And talking it over with a man who had been a director there, I heard him say:

"Well, I tell you, it used to be a pretty happy-go-lucky crowd there, but the leaks began to tell, and the efficiency squad got busy and cleaned it up. Then little Miss Grey came up and she did the rest."

I can imagine any place putting on its best front where Jane Gray would be

playing, for she is the gentlest, nicest girl imaginable. And a studio takes its cue, gets its keynote, from its head.

Then again, every studio today has several mothers on guard in it. I know that sounds very comical, but it is just that. Nearly every child actress has a guardian mother, and many of the younger stars have their mothers with them constantly. You go into a studio during the taking of a picture, and just watch the mothers sitting around for all the world as they used to do at some old Southern dance, when there was a special platform for the chaperones. And you may be sure that these mothers keep just as sharp an eye over other girls as they do over their own.

Last of all, I am sure that Satan is an inveterate idler, for work always seems to scare him away. And of all places in the world, a motion picture studio is where you are worked to your full capacity hour after hour. But I will say this for them. They may not be the traps that the outside world imagines them to be, but they are surely Cupid's favorite hunting ground. You hear of more romances and marriages in studios than any place else, and the life is so different from the old wandering, unsettled stage careers, that it does make weddings popular.

Answers to Correspondents.

Jean N. G.—I was intensely interested in your letter, and the account of the dear old Biograph picture. Please give the kind old actor my best love and wishes for all the nice things he said. You don't know what a spur such a letter is.

Mrs. D.—I am sure it would be best to place your husband's property claim in the hands of a good lawyer in Toronto. If it is all as you say, it should be easy to establish his rights, I should think.

Gladys M.—Indeed, I shall be proud to be a member of your club of girls, and I think it splendid of you to elect me. Write me again about the times you have. I'd love to have had the fun of college life, too.

G. Conlon—Thank you for your letter and enclosures. It is very kind of you to take so much thought for me, and I will treasure them.

Grace H.—I think you had better wait until you have more experience. Just being a good elocutionist is not enough to warrant you in leaving your home, especially as you are so young.

Mildred M.—Dark blond. Rather hazel. Yes, when I was five years old. I could not say. I liked "Tess" and "Hearts Adrift," and many others besides. I have no real favorite.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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TEARS—IDLE TEARS.

A letter came the other day from such a nice old lady. She asked me to settle an argument between herself and her husband. He was quite sure after seeing "Less Than the Dust," that my tears were surely caused by either onion juice or water from an eye dropper. But she, bless her heart, championed the tears' cause, and was sure that they were real.

Tears are very often required in a scene, and surely it is hard to keep them on tap, especially in motion pictures where one scene may be taken several times before it is right. For my own part I always throw myself heart and soul into whatever character I am playing at the time, and it really is quite easy to cry when you feel very sorry for yourself.

A comical thing happened once when I was a little girl. I was playing Willie in "East Lynne," and there was a very lovely emotional actress in the part of Lady Isabel. In Willie's death scene, I always suffered fearfully, and one night in a little town in Pennsylvania where the audience was made up mostly of miners I spoiled the death scene entirely. After Willie dies in his little crib, Lady Isabel used to lift me in her arms, pull off her Madame Vine disguise and cry over me. As I remember, the lines are:

"Willie, Willie, my boy, speak to me. Don't you know your own mother? Speak to me, dear."

As I felt her warm tears fall upon my face, I started to sob in sympathy and put my arms up around her neck, a very lively little corpse, as I assured her quite audibly:

"Oh, Miss M—I'm not dead, truly I'm not dead. I'm all right."

I shall never forget mother's face in the wings as the curtain went down very hastily. She took me into our dressing room, and gave me a lecture on letting my emotions get the best of me, and spoiling a good scene. But I can remember, even now, how I said, brokenly:

"But she cried real tears mother."

Very often in the studios there are people who cannot cry to order, or just because the director tells them to. And, unromantic as it may seem, the eye dropper is frequently called into use in these cases. I remember one comical thing that happened at the Biograph in the old days. Try as she would the actress who was playing the part of my foster mother could not weep to order.

All of the urging of the director and the pleading of the company at large only made her so mirthful that tears were the farthest from her thoughts. Nobody had any eye droppers around in those days. You were supposed to register sobs at will. Finally the director called out in desperation:

"Somebody get an onion for the lady!"

She cried.

I am sure it is not a test of dramatic ability, this being able to cry at will. It is not at all hard on the stage. There you have all of the building up to the supreme moment of intensity. It is said that Rachel,

the great French tragedienne, was the most perfect weeper of her time. Mother says Clara Morris was the most appealing that she ever saw. I do not think there would have to be a tear dropper used with Madame Bernhardt, or even the effect of tears on the screen needed. I shall never forget the utter suppressed agony registered in her mobile face in Jeanne Dorre when she stands by the window watching the execution of her son.

That to me is the supreme effect, when the soul looking from the eyes is able to convey to thousands on the screen all of the variations and depths of sorrow.

I know that when we were children we had a secret understanding among ourselves that we were not to run and tell mother on each other. I could always cry silently, whereas Jack bawled, and Lottie would sob indignantly.

"But Mary'll just sit and drizzle at us," Jack used to say, "and that's a mean trick."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Arthur L.—I am so sorry I cannot do as you ask, but as I get all of my dresses and costumes at various professional dressmaking establishments, it would be quite impossible.

Elizabeth C. N.—I appreciate your writing to me so fully, and wish with all my heart I were able to help you. It is hard to obtain an engagement at any of the studios unless you can apply personally. You should also have some good professional photographs taken. If you are a good type and have had the experience you say it should not be hard for you to procure an opening.

H. L. B.—I think your record as a family is very interesting. "Two brothers, four uncles and twenty-two cousins in the army and navy" is surely something to be proud of. If you are only nineteen and a girl don't you think your particular war duty lies at home with your mother?

Norma S.—I am sorry I did not meet you personally while we were at Marblehead. Why didn't you come right up and speak to me? I love to meet anyone who has written to me.

M. E.—Ernest Truex played opposite me in "The Good Little Devil." I am glad you liked "Hulda from Holland" and the others. The new one is "A Romance of the Redwoods."

Mrs. C. C. R.—Give my love to Baby Clifford and Violet. Tell her yes, I did get her letter.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

I think it takes a special gift to be able to turn our troubles into other people's joys. I am sure that sounds like a paradox, but I am thinking of something that happened out here, just recently. You know we have a good many children acting in the various studios around Hollywood. One of them is Joe—a boy about thirteen. He is such a genial, lovable little chap, and when a birthday loomed ahead of him, he planned to have a big party.

Instead, just two days beforehand, he was taken ill with measles, and landed in the hospital in Los Angeles. We all of us felt so sorry for him, although, as Joe said, it was just his luck to catch only measles instead of something heroic. He was not allowed to write to any one, of course, but his mother brought back word that Joe wanted the other children to have a birthday party, just the same. It was surely the oddest affair. They had a big picture of Joe decorated with flowers, and underneath in large letters it said:

"I wish you all many happy returns of my birthday."

The children had a wonderful time, and one of the things they did to show their appreciation was to send a sort of Round Robin to the measles patient. I saw a copy of it, just as the children drew it up themselves, and it was delightfully sympathetic. This is how it read:

"To Joe in the Hospital—We all want to write and tell you what a fine time we've had at your party. Every game we played we chose you first. Then in the forfeits the girls had to kiss your picture. We're sorry you have the measles, but we wish you many happy returns of your birthday."

Then underneath, each one of the children signed his or her name, and Joe said it was the nicest present he had received while in the hospital.

When he came out they all had a surprise for him. I mean the older ones. When he ran up the steps of the bungalow the first one to greet him was a thoroughbred Boston bull. We had not named him, but Joe did the moment he saw him. He grabbed the puppy up in his arms and laughed as he said:

"Hello, old Scout. Are you mine?" So Scout has become a member of the Bungalow Colony for keeps. I had to laugh at Joe. He said, casually, that he'd been wondering how old he would have to be before he could own a whole dog of his own.

There seems to be such a close affinity between boys and dogs. I can remember when Jack begged and begged for a dog, and mother wouldn't let him have one while he was traveling on the road. She never had much use for pet dogs, anyway, and she was always telling us that we must not do anything that would annoy the older members of the company.

We were playing in Buffalo, stopping at a small hotel there, that was frequented by professional people.

We only stayed one week, but Jack had the happy faculty of getting acquainted with every one in a short time. The head waiter was colored, a big, genial Louisiana dandy. Jack must have confided to him his longing for a dog all his own, for Ferdinand took us all out in the back yard and showed us a water spaniel mother with a lot of little curly wiggle puppies, just little balls of brown and white curls. Jack pleaded and begged mother to let him have one, but she said no.

The very last day, as the ladies in the company were getting into the hotel bus to go to the station, we children were the last to get in. I always loved goings and comings and still do. This time Jack was nowhere in sight, and just as we were getting ready to go and hunt him he rushed out of the hotel, holding something behind him. Just as he stepped up into the bus mother spied it, a little round, covered basket. Inside was a puppy and Jack begged desperately to be allowed to keep it.

"Ferdinand says he's a mascot, mama," he declared. "A real mascot. Can't I keep him? Please."

But the puppy went back to Ferdinand. When mother said a thing she really did mean it. I don't think it's giving away any family secrets to say that Jack has a whole dog of his own now.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Harry G.—Don't you think you ought to wait until your children are older? Unless you have somebody whom you could leave to care for them, I do not see how you could arrange an entire course of summer study.

Robert R.—Your ability to ride well would be a great advantage to you. I should think. Probably the best way is to camp on the trail of the directors who are putting out Western pictures and try to get into one of them.

Maisie, Louisville—I think the styles of this year are keeping closely to the military models. I should prefer the dark blue serge to the white sport coat if I were you. It is more serviceable and looks better for mountain wear.

Mrs. W. W.—I am sorry, but I must say no to your first question. The picture of the baby is dear. I am so glad you liked "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Sylvia—If you cannot choose between three you certainly are not in love with any of them. If I were you I'd forget them all and devote myself to my studies.

Curtis P.—Are you sure you directed your manuscript correctly? I know that each one is entered in an index file as soon as received and carefully accounted for until returned or accepted.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

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I had such a comical letter some time ago from a young girl in a well-known town on Long Island Sound. She was only nineteen, and had married a neighbor's son and schoolmate. Full of ambition, they bought a farm in Connecticut, nine miles from a railroad.

Her description of the old farmhouse, her efforts to make all her wedding presents harmonize with her surroundings was delicious. The only trouble was that they tried to do too much. They sank their capital in farm implements and stock without leaving any margin over for the right kind of help, and they were both inexperienced.

"I know it cannot last much longer," she wrote me. "Will thinks it is my fault, and I know it is his. He hangs around the house criticizing me instead of going out and attending to his part of the work. I am horribly lonely up here in these backwoods, and we haven't been able to afford a car yet. Will says I'm extravagant and discontented. He tells me just to look at all the farmers' wives around us who take this life as a matter of course. But when I do, I get more discouraged than ever. They seem so hopelessly enslaved. Their lives are as gray as the old granite walls. I know that I'm going to run away, because he doesn't love me any more."

I did not pay very much attention to that first letter. I just told her to cheer up and try not to quarrel. Now there comes a letter telling the whole climax. She ran away from the farm and went back home. It seems that she was blessed with a sensible type of father. He left her with her mother, and went straight up to the farm, getting there just in time to stop the boy from selling everything at auction, wedding presents and all.

"She doesn't love me," he said, bitterly. "If she had loved me, she wouldn't have minded anything up here."

"You big chump, that's just what she's telling her mother down home. Throw some things into a suitcase and we'll catch the next express down. You both need a vacation."

And the last letter from her tells how they have gone back to the farm in apple-blossom time. It's all very well to say that love lightens labor. But in order to be good yoke-fellows a man and his wife must have more than love to strengthen them. I think that mutual consideration and tolerance with each other's little mistakes and peculiarities should be included in the marriage vow.

A girl I know in Toronto was college bred and had traveled abroad as well. When she was about twenty-eight, she met with one of those swift romances that sweep a girl off her feet.

He was a young ranchman from Alberta, without much capital and only unbounded hope and good nature in his bank. I know that after they were married she went out there away from all her family and friends, and helped him; practically, I mean, riding in the saddle with him and herd-

ing. She was older than he was, but such a brilliant woman that mother and I never thought it would last. While we were East, we met an old friend who had seen them while on a trip out West. To appreciate what he said, one needs a mental picture of Helen. She was a regular Diana type of girl, tall and vital and very athletic, whereas her husband was the slender, dreamer type.

"How on earth," I asked, "has Ralph ever been able to hold the love of such a woman as Helen, and keep her contented and interested?"

"He calls her girlie," smiled our friend. And really that tells the whole story.

If the little Connecticut honeymoon pair had only used the magic leaven of love to lighten their labor instead of constant criticism and bickering, there would have been no runaway bride. I believe so much in the gospel of the smile. As mother said once to a little fiery tempered Irish maid she had, who had married a policeman:

"Don't lose your temper with the brute, Annie. When you feel like breaking the meat platter over his head, just give him a winning smile, and he'll be bringing you roses on Saturday night."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. R. U. I. Z.—Your letter was wonderfully interesting. I think you were extremely lucky to get away safely, even though you have lost your home. From your photograph I should think you would find no trouble in getting work at any of the New York studios as an extra.

James F.—Follow the plow until you are called. You boys on the farms are the backbone of the nation. As long as you have given your name and are drilling, you can afford to wait.

Mrs. Julius T.—I do not believe in professional spiritualism. Do you really think, if your husband could have communicated with you, he would have told you anything so hopeless and depressing? I believe that earth troubles seem very small to those who have passed on.

Alma N.—You certainly ought not to be discouraged at your age. Life at twenty-three should be brimful of hopes and endeavor. Write to me again.

Ellis S.—I do not know what the rules would be in a case like yours. It seems to me you would have to apply to the naval board of inquiry. You should have told the truth about your age in the first place, I think.

Marjorie T.—Fillet crocheting is very much in vogue still for lace, but it seems to me the most popular and helpful occupation for a woman who is handy with such things, is knitting sweaters, etc. You ought to get information on prices at any woman's exchange.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

THE MOON HUNGER.

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So many of the letters that I receive from men are filled with utter hopelessness. Why, I don't see how anybody can give up entirely so long as there is breath in the body.

I'll never forget once, just as a little lesson in persistent optimism, seeing a funny, stout little old woman in a county hospital. We had gone there to visit one Sunday afternoon, with a few other professional people, and give a little program to the inmates. There was a rollicking comedian, Barney, along with the party, and as we came down the hall, somebody started to play a jig on the piano in the assembly hall. Two by two they came down the stairs, lone old mothers of somebodies who didn't care. I cannot tell you how pitiful and helpless they looked, with their gray hair drawn tightly back in little knots at the back of their heads, and their shoulders bent beneath heavy, unseen burdens.

Barney could not resist, for the life of him, doing a few neat little steps as they came along and we were all of us delighted when this one old lady suddenly dropped her cane, stepped out of the line, and started to jig. She picked up her heavy petticoats, showing white stockings above her felt hospital slippers. And I am sure that no gallant swain at Donnybrook Fair ever stepped a lighter measure with his colleen than Barney did that day. When she stopped laughing, out of breath, her dear old face aglow with happiness, she said to us:

"I may be only a poor lone, lorn widdy, living on the county, but thank God my heart and my feet can dance a jig still."

There is a girl I know who plays at the different studios for special types, what are called the hungry types, grown-up waifs, cast-away sisters and the starved wife that the villain always beats up before the sheriff gets him. On the wall over her trunk in the dressing room at one studio I noticed she always had a little framed colored picture. It was a night scene in Paris with snow, moonlight, high stone walls, an old iron-barred gateway and distant towers, a perfect stage setting for the last exterior in Boheme.

Sitting on a bench side by side in the falling snow are Pierrot and Columbine. They are hugging up closely to keep warm, her head resting on his shoulder, a lute lies beside him, and a large black cat rubs itself on Columbine's fluffy skirts.

"I don't see how those two ever loved like that, and kept up their courage," Miss M— used to say to me, dismally. "I found that picture in an old shop in London, one day while I was browsing around. It's the only thing that ever cheers me up. You'll never know, Miss Pickford, how perfectly awful it is to feel yourself sliding in the avalanche of years, without having ever had what you wanted. You're all right. You've won out while you're still a kid and I'm still eating my heart out, wishing for all the things I never had."

"You won't like them when you get them," I told her. "They're not nearly as important as you think they are. It's like looking at distant mountains that are purple and gold and rose, and when you get right up to them, they're just plain rocks and sand like all the rest."

"Well, I suppose I'll always cry for the moon as long as I live," she told me mournfully.

And I think that crying for the moon is the very best metaphor for that awful soul hunger for the unattainable. A very buoyant and beautiful young actress back in New York used to assure me we would all find peace of mind and contentment if we would follow the old Hindoo rule; that is, to reduce our wants to a minimum.

"Fewer needs, fewer creeds, and a book in the sun, somewhere." I forget who said that, but I always liked it, and another splendid one to inscribe on the lintels of your doorway, is Horace's couplet, on his little Sabine farm,

"Give me again my hollow tree, a crust of bread and liberty."

Wouldn't that make a better motto with a squirrel on your crest, instead of a large moon rampant, and a futile telescope?

Answers to Correspondents.

Ruth L.—I think there are so many girls gifted with prettiness, that one must have more than mere beauty in order to succeed on the stage or in the pictures. Genius, they say, is inherent, where talent can be acquired and trained. Personally, I think the natural gift is the greater.

James K.—I am sure if you apply to the Woman's Red Cross committee in your home town, you can make arrangements to extend the aid you desire.

Mrs. M. K. G.—It is very kind of you to offer to help with my little orphan home. I only hope it may become a reality. As you say, California is a perfect climate.

Marjorie W.—I think you are altogether too young to leave home for professional work unless your mother can accompany you. I will not be in New York for some time.

MARY PICKFORD.

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SECRET MARRIAGES.

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A letter comes out of the Middle West from a young girl who has worried herself almost sick over a secret she promised to keep. They say no woman can keep a secret, I believe, but this one has evidently kept one. Two years ago, she says, she went to a college football match with a party of boy and girl friends. One of the young fellows had been her sweetheart at school and they had a quarrel on the trip over another friend who paid her too much attention.

The end of it was, she took a dare and married the one she liked best, the first, because she said if she really cared for him more than the other, she would be willing to marry him then and there. And she did.

They had gone back home to the little town, and neither had told. But it was a hard argument against secret marriages, the way it turned out.

"I can see how he has gradually got over his love for me," she writes. "He has left town now to work down in St. Louis, and I don't know what to do. I am only eighteen now. I know my family would never forgive me for deceiving them, and the worst of it is that I, too, have met some one that I like better. If girls would only realize the man they fall in love with at sixteen, they would never look at twice when they are older. I know I thought more of his smile and long eyelashes than I ever did of his real character or temperament. It seems so awful being tied to some one you don't love. I would give anything to be free, and I am sure he would, too. What can we do?"

Love's young dream can be a nightmare, you see. Probably if she had consulted with her parents in the first place, she would never have drifted into the unhappy marriage, and yet she might have. But how very true it is, that one's standard of love varies with age. I think that is why there are so many more late marriages than there used to be. Girls who are financially independent, do not look on a man as a possible payer of bills and provider of a home any longer. They can do that themselves.

Nor do they want just a good comrade. The conventional barriers have been let down to some extent, and comradeship is permitted and encouraged between young people, but in a different way. When you belong to the same camp club it is different from the dancing club. You are paid first. Familiarity breeds today, not

contempt, but a better understanding between boys and girls. There is not the old-time lure of mystery when you meet each other in everyday business life, and see each other without the glamour.

But this girl is right. They both did wrong unthinkingly. I think the first thing for them to do is 'less up, as we used to say. Lay the whole truth frankly before their parents. The worst of it is, she has not told the other man yet of her first marriage. It seems to me as if she had woven a web of deceit all about her, and it is the most dangerous weapon of defense, as it has a little way of entangling the weaver as well as others. It is best to tell all and see what happens. Truth may be the surgeon's knife, but it is best in the end. I would rather know the real truth about anything at all, no matter how much it hurt me, than to live along in a fool's paradise, wouldn't you? And one untruth always needs so many more to prop it up, too. You are always putting in fresh shoring where there has been a cave-in. Better come out with the whole thing, and, after the crash is over, see what has been strong enough to stand the shock.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. J. R.—Tell Ruth and Dolph I liked "The Poor Little Rich Girl," too, and thank them for all the nice things they said about it. The girl in "A Double Interest" lived in the East.

Lois S.—Your earnestness and pluck should carry you far on your chosen road. Don't you think self-reliance is needed very much, as well? We all have to be patient and work hard when we are just making a beginning.

Josephine M.—"The Poor Little Rich Girl" interiors were taken at the Fort Lee studio, "A Romance of the Redwoods," in California, and "The Little American," there also.

J. G. F.—Your card of congratulation is encouraging. "Lady Snowflake" was a very real sort of a personage to me. Actresses are quite as womanly as women in other professions of life, don't you think so?

Martha Miller—Never you mind just being ten years old. It's perfectly wonderful to be ten years old. There are lots of things in life more worth having than naturally curly hair.

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THE SOUL'S SLOUCH.

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I wonder if any of you happened to see in the papers some time ago a statement made by a prominent Englishman on what the war had accomplished in making men out of "silly asses"—how college youngsters whose sole aim in life had been to drive "bits of fluff" around in high-powered cars, had somehow straightened up under military discipline and found their manhood?

Surely it is not the body alone that needs setting-up exercises to strengthen it and make it straight and springy and ready to answer any strain put upon it. There is such a thing as a soul slouch as well as a shoulder slouch, I think.

I heard about a boy in Los Angeles, the son of a wealthy munition manufacturer in the Middle West. He came out to the coast after a little motion-picture actress he was in love with. People generally think of pretty girls in the pictures as idlers, I think. No one seems to understand what hard work it is, so much harder in every way than stage work.

Anyway, this girl was a fine, clean-cut type, brimful of common sense and certain ideals, too, on what kind of man she admired. Somehow she managed to smash down some of the boy's smug self-assurance and confidence in his father's millions. I think he found out for the first time that there were many things that made life worth living that did not bear any price tag. I know she refused to marry him plain blank, and he went back East, driving his car. It was one of those underslung gray racers, with a pointed nose like the prow on a high-powered motor boat, I remember. He used to slouch far down on the seat with a cigarette in his mouth and a cap pulled low over his eyes, and "let her buzz," as he expressed it.

That was nearly two years ago, and when we were East the last time, we were standing talking with some friends in the lobby of the hotel, when one of the girls smiled and bowed. I just caught a glimpse of the man she had recognized. He was broad shouldered, erect of carriage, with a fearless, cheerful expression on his face that made you look at him twice. And he seemed familiar to me.

"Why, you must remember him," said my friend. "It's Dud. He went over two years ago with the ambulance corps from his town, doing Red Cross work in France. He's a survivor. I think, out of several hundred ambulance doctors and drivers that were sent at that time, and he has several decorations for valor."

Dud? A fleeting picture of him in

his gray racer came back to me, with all his idle nonchalance, and air of cynical amusement at those who really had to labor and earn their living. It seemed strange that he should be in the Red Cross work among the leaders and restorers, when his father was adding to his millions selling munitions.

I met him later and talked with him about his work on the other side. It was wonderful to see the change in him, not only in his figure, but in his soul. The slouch had gone. He had learned out there in that dim borderland between life and death the lesson of unselfishness, of fearless devotion to duty, and care for the other fellow's fate.

"I think it's what we all need," he told me, seriously. "I'm not the only one that has gone thinking it was a lark and found himself face to face with his own soul for the first time. You forget everything except what is expected of you the next minute and hoping to God you'll be able to do it right. I'll never go back to the old life again." He stopped and thought a few minutes, before he asked, "What's become of Grace?"

"She's with ——" I told him. "Still working and doing awfully well."

"Married?" he looked straight ahead of him, bracing his soul. I knew, for the possible answer.

But I told him no, she was not married, and there came a slow, glad smile over his face.

"I'm going back next week, but I think I'll see her first," he said. "Perhaps she'll say 'yes' this time."

I haven't heard yet whether she did or not, but I hope she did. His soul had lost its slouch, and he was a man.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel B.—My sister Lottie's little girl is named after me, Mary, Jr. It was she who played in "The Diamond from the Sky."

Mrs. J. H. M.—Have you tried pure olive oil? It is said to promote the growth of eyelashes. Don't you think that singeing them is dangerous?

Laurence F.—You seem young for ambulance work, but I need not tell you how deeply interested I am in this branch of the service. You know "my" ambulance, as I called it in "The Little American," has gone over, too.

Evelyn E.—The simpler you dress at your age, the better it will be. No school girl should wear a lot of jewelry, and certainly not make up her face. Try a good massage and then see.

Willis W.—I don't know. Write to the Naval Reserve Bureau, Washington, D. C. You must have both parents' consent. I think, at that age, "Nell of the Navy" was produced some time ago. William H. Osborne wrote the story.

Connie T.—Perhaps if you write to Miss Kearney personally, she will answer. My mother is with me here in California. I will give her the flower you pressed.

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OLD SOCKS.

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People often ask me what becomes of animals used in the motion picture studios, our goat in "Hulda from Holland," the camel in "Less Than the Dust," the rabbits in "Tess," and ever so many more.

They seem to think there is no personal interest shown in these lesser folk of the pictures, but, indeed, there is. And I think the story of old Socks is one of the very nicest I ever heard. Socks' real name was Socrates. He was a large, handsome roan horse that had been used a good deal in the old Biograph days. I know there were several "stunts" he put over that were specially remarkable in those times before the pictures were perfected. Once he had to approach a precipice at full gallop with the heroine on his back, and was lassoed by the hero. It was not a pleasant experience for any horse to think he was going over a precipice and then be yanked back on the brink.

The men around the studio said we'd have to get a circus pony to do it right, but Socks was "put to it," and never faltered. He was about three or four years old then, and he seemed really to enjoy his work.

Another time he was supposed to be in a burning stable, when, pushing his way out, he was to ring the alarm by pulling a bell rope. Something went wrong at the last minute, and the door wouldn't push out easily, but Socks jammed his way through, breaking hinges and all, and rang the bell just the same.

In another picture of the plains, his master is a scout, and leaves the horse while he crawls along the ground to a ridge. He is taken prisoner and bound and the robbers hide a bag of gold in a tree. Socks has to find his master, undo his bonds, and find the gold in the hollow tree. Perhaps some of you may remember seeing this picture. I forget the name of it now.

Well, somehow, after the old studio closed, Socks was sold and landed out here on the Coast with another company. Perhaps younger favorites took his place. He dropped out of the list of animal stars, anyway, and was forgotten. Just a little while ago I was standing waiting to be called for a scene, and talking with a man who used to be with the Biograph. Now he is a successful producer himself, and worth millions, probably. As we were talking a team passed us bearing a load of scenic effects, and drawn by a tall roan horse. Mr. G's eyes narrowed with quick interest.

"Excuse me, Miss Pickford," he said, hastily. "I think I know that horse."

He was gone in an instant, asking questions of the boy driver, patting the horse's nose, and speaking to it familiarly. The horse's ears pointed expectantly, and he rubbed his head up and down Mr. G's arm as if he really did know him. I wonder if he did?

When he came back he was smiling. "That's old Socks all right, I thought it was. He's still on duty, but he won't be long. I'm going to buy him and ship him out to Broad Meadows, my place up the valley. He deserves a pension and a golden stall for the things he did for me years ago. Maybe he'll understand, too."

I hope he did, for within a day or two he was bought back by his old owner, and sent up to Broad Meadows to spend his last days in a happy retreat. He's about 16 years old now, but his strenuous life has told on him, and he's ready to settle down. It made me feel happy because I am fond of all animals, and see no reason why they should not be pensioned as well as human actors and actresses.

Answers to Correspondents.

John B. N.—I would not advise your bringing your family so far west until you have made the trip yourself first, and found a position. Try writing to one of the western railroads. I do not think your age is against you at all, as younger men will be at the front.

Rose C.—If you have a good home, why do you want to leave it just because of a family quarrel? They always blow over. Remember the old-time motto of the king, "This too shall pass away." And be sure that you can forgive, too.

Fred MacD.—Try writing to Jack himself. I don't feel as if I could give advice on baseball.

Peggie D.—You should have thought of your mother first. I think you are old enough to take care of yourself and her too. She has given the best years of her life to raising you, and if you do marry you ought to provide for her.

Lee K.—What was the name of your script? You did not give it in your letter.

Bertha D. H.—If you will write to the nearest headquarters of the Army and Navy League they will tell you, I think. "A Romance of the Redwoods" was the '19 picture.

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THE CASE OF COSTANZA.

I wish I knew what had become of Costanza. One bitterly cold day last winter as I stepped from the car at the entrance to the studio at Fort Lee, a girl came up to me. She was perhaps nineteen, maybe younger, a slender, vivid, Italian type, but dressed in good style, black with a touch of scarlet in her hat, and lovely fox furs. Her smile was vivid and infectious, the smile of the peasant girl who hands you a glass of goat's milk on a side road in Palermo.

She wanted to get into picture work, something requiring an Italian type if she could. And she was a professional, too; ah, yes, indeed, for three years she had been in vaudeville in a little sketch, herself and her dancing partner. She would do anything, anything at all, she protested. I introduced her to our director and she left her photographs and address, as they all do. But she was different. Every morning she was there, no matter what the weather, and always with that flashing, hopeful smile that nothing could daunt. I think she did get a little extra work, but nothing regular, as our company was all made up for "The Poor Little Rich Girl." But I always looked for her, and she told me she had two very little children. She had their pictures in a flat locket and her big brown eyes filled with tears as she showed it to me one day.

"Their father he is no good," she said half defiantly. "He has never seen the baby, born. He left me alone before she was born. Now he has a new girl in the sketch, so I hear, and I must take care of his children. The men, they are no good once they marry you."

Another time she stopped Mother and me and asked our advice. Her husband was in the city, she knew. He was booked at a certain theater, booked there with another woman in their old act.

"Ah, but I will get him," she said softly. "I will have him arrested and locked up. They do that in New York to men who run away from the wife and children, yes? His brother come to me one time last week and say, 'Costanza, you not lock Joe up. You love your husband too much, and the father of your children.' Then she leaned back her head and laughed happily. 'Love him? Yes, I love him. I love to see his face when he gets locked up. You know what he tell me last time I see him? He snap his finger in my face and say, 'You go as far as you like, see.' Now I go."

"Well, if you were alone, I think I'd tell you to keep out of trouble, and go on with your own work," mother told her. "But with kiddies to think of, you are justified in making him support them. That isn't revenge,

that is plain justice."

"Oh, I no take revenge," she cried. "I am American girl, born in Danbury, Conn. I would look nice running after him with a stiletto like in pictures, yes? When I do that I get paid for it in the studio, not for real. I like to see him in jail better."

She did not come to the studio again, but I found a card among my mail about two weeks later signed "Costanza." It surely told what had happened to Joe.

"I served the court notice myself, and he got six months. I guess that act don't open as advertised. Joe has to play a special date for me. I got work, too, now. I sing in Italian table d'hôte place up town, all grand opera. The ladies are well, thanks."

And that was all. I wonder if other people love these little flashes from every-day romance as I do. I do wish I knew how they end, though. I wonder if Joe is penitent. Maybe he broods revenge once he gets out of jail. Or will he respect her more for what she has done, and try to start the old sketch all over again under promise of good behavior? I hope it does some good, but I'm afraid not. It hasn't helped her to support her children any, or brought back his love. He is only in the department of correction, but he leaves in July, and I wonder what he will do.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. A., Nashville—Perhaps if you write to Mr. Wise personally, he will answer. He is starring in "Pals First."

Anna C.—It is very kind of you to offer, but please wait until I get my orphans' home, and give it to them.

Mrs. L. W.—Try once more. If you really love each other, don't allow any other member of the family to separate you. Just smile at them and hold fast.

Dorothy G.—Better have a thorough test made of your voice before you spend a lot of money on it. If you are not strong, you could hardly stand a grand opera career.

Mrs. Allen K.—The little curl from baby Dick was dear, and so was his picture. Tell him in my next picture I am going to smile right at him.

Emma W.—Even if your aunt is unkind, her home is a protection to you. Be patient and helpful until you are eighteen.

MARY PICKFORD.

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THE GIRL WHO WENT BACK.

You know, one of the most appalling things in our everyday life to me is the waste of young lives. I remember back in New York at a dinner one night, I heard some man who was connected with the city government telling Mother of the thousands of young girls who disappear completely every year—not hundreds, but thousands, all over the country. I spoke of this, I think, in an article a few weeks ago, when I received a letter from a boy asking for news of his sister. And I have thought about it so much, wondering why they never go back. It seems to me, no matter what had happened to me, I would go back to my Mother, feeling sure of open arms and understanding. And more than that, I would want to go back more than anything in the world.

It is just as natural for girls and boys when they reach fifteen or sixteen to want more freedom as it is for the bird to stretch its wings in new-tried flight, or the chicken to get up courage enough to cross the road without its mother. I think mothers and fathers understand this, but instead of encouraging and aiding their children so they choose a straight course, they try to keep them childish and immature. A splendid old man who is a director out here with another company told me once that, as a matter of course, he read over Emerson's essay on "Self-reliance" once a year.

"It makes me remember that nobody is answerable for my mistakes and follies but myself," he said, happily, "and makes me remember that nature provided me with a moral backbone as well as a bodily one."

There was a young girl in a company I was with when I was young. I can remember her well because then I thought she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen, and children are natural hero-worshippers.

She was small, with exquisitely formed features, and wide dark eyes, a low sweet voice, and the most lovable manners. Yet one night about seven, Mrs. S., who was playing heaves, burst into our room and cried out to Mother that Louise had taken an overdose of aconite.

"I don't know whether she meant to or not," I heard her tell Mother as they went out, and I wondered what she meant. She was very ill all night long, and after the play Mother wrote a message on paper and told me to take it down stairs to the office of the hotel where we were staying, and ask them to send it by wire at once. It was to her mother up in Minneapolis, telling her to come at once.

I knew that Mother stayed with her all through the night while the doctors worked trying to save her, and in her delirium she called constantly for her mother, clinging to mine just like a child, and thinking she was her very own mother. And towards noon the next day, while she lay weak and still and weak, her mother came.

I was sitting in the hotel parlor, watching for her, and I thought she would be a nice, tender-eyed, rather stout little old lady, but instead she was a slender, well-groomed, tailor-made mother, very aristocratic, very much out of place in that little Middle West town, with a traveling road company. I went up and told her who I was, and took her to Louise's room. Then Mother and I came out and shut the door, when Louise held her arms out and cried to her.

I don't think I ever quite understood the story of that night until I was much older. Then Mother told me that there had been a runaway match, and when they were on a train bound for California, the man she loved told her he was already married, and there was no turning back for her. She had gone on the stage, and a letter from home had come after she had written, telling all, a letter that I don't see how any mother could have written. That gentle, aristocratic little woman had told her child never to come back, that she had disgraced her name and family, and must follow the path she had chosen.

Then had come gradual disillusionment and loneliness, and at last the "overdose" of aconite. It did me good even as a little girl, to see the change that came over that mother, how she learned love's humility, and finally took her daughter back with

her. I don't believe that any life is wrecked so long as there is love to save it.

Answers to Correspondents.

Albert W.—Write to the World Film Company. I will have the script read carefully. Frederick Warde is the star in The Vicar of Wakefield.

Mrs. E. S.—The ambulance I gave was used in "The Little American." You can get all information from the Red Cross headquarters, and here's hoping you send another.

Lucy C.—The scenario was taken from "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I do not like the policy of changing a book's name just because it graduates into pictures.

Reader, Salem—Why don't you try taking the motion picture trade magazines? They will keep you posted on all current events.

France—Your letter was simply splendid. You women of France are teaching the world the gift of love and healing. Give my love to your little orphans.

Miss T. V. A.—I think you must be mistaken. Try writing to Miss Farrar direct here. Books can only be pictured upon consent of author and publisher unless copyright has run out.

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THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

I heard someone say the other day that one of the things that would surely happen in the loss of so many men laborers going to war, would be the resumption of child slavery. Not openly or flagrantly, of course, but in evasion of the law. And in my mail this morning is a letter, a very small letter on one sheet of paper about three by five inches, from a friend of mine who signs himself "Pete." In fact he goes farther than that. He says he's "just Pete." But to me Pete is a very important person. He should be made a captain of hundreds right now, hundreds of boys who are under age, and working in factories.

"I work in the brass finishing department," he says in his letter. "I run an emery wheel. The boys next to me got his face all smashed in when his wheel burst, but I ain't had any accidents yet. What I'm kicking about is I don't get no fun and I don't see daylight enough, and I've got a bad cough, and the doctor says I've got old con, and anyhow if you breathe emery dust in your lungs too long, you're a goner."

So, please, Mary, tell people about this in your paper, and it will help boys and girls a lot. I'll be watching for it.

That's all he wrote, no address or anything, and it had no date. But it came from Chicago by the postmark. I wonder just where in that city Pete is, just what factory swallows him and others like him up in its great maw at seven every morning.

I don't know anything about emery wheels, do you? I didn't know they burst, but I know I'd give anything if I could help lift that ladder up out of his surroundings and put him out in the country where they need every able-bodied boy they can get to help till the land these days. It seems to me he would be helping in the labor world better if he were harvesting than if he were just putting a high polish on brass fixtures, and perhaps he'd lose that cough.

Once back in New York, quite awhile ago, we happened to meet a woman who was on the factory commission. I think they called it. She was a factory inspector, and a friend of Miss Kelley, who has done such wonderful work there for the child labor cause. She told us that often when an inspector was in the buildings children under age were known to have been smuggled out into the yards and hidden in barrels and empty boilers until the inspector had gone.

Another time she said she noticed a very little fellow at work, but he wore long trousers, so long, in fact, that they were hitched up to his armpits.

"How old are you?" she asked him. "If I tell me father'll taken me long pants away from me," he told her stoutly, and he wouldn't tell for the sake of those "long pants."

How could we help Pete and all the other boys like him? If it were New York, one could send a Big Brother

to make friends with him and straighten out his tangled skein of fate. I don't know whether they have the Big Brothers in Illinois even. Maybe, if they have, most of them have gone to war, or are getting ready to go. But I know what I should do if I were Pete. I'd talk it all out with myself, and some bright summer morning along about now when that factory whistle blew, I wouldn't answer it. I'd wait until it had finished, and all the other boys had gone inside the big gate in the high board fence, and then I'd cut and run for the country so fast, just as fast as my feet would take me. I remember when I was a little girl and we were traveling. When we reached a new town I always had to watch and watch up and down the streets to see if any of them looked green at the far end. Then I knew there was country out there if I could only get to it.

So I know if I were Pete, I'd link arms with Luck and Youth and away I'd go along those factory streets somewhere in Chicago until the green showed way off ahead of me, and I could find some place where they wanted a boy to work out in the open air.

You don't know of any such place, do you? Because if you did, perhaps if I said in one of my talks later on that we had a splendid place for him, maybe Pete would let me know where he lived.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mildred R.—William Hart is with the Triangle Company, Los Angeles, Cal. Pearl White, care Pathe, Jersey City, N. J. "Less Than the Dust" was taken on Long Island.

Margaret W.—I do not know the two you speak of. What pictures did you see them in?

Mary Boland—Violet Dana and Harold Lockwood are both with the Metro Company, 3 West Sixty-first street, New York City. Madame Petrova is with the Famous Players-Lasky Company, New York.

Minnie S.—I wouldn't worry at all, if I were you. We can only do our very best after all, you know. I suppose there are more heartaches caused by idle gossip than any other way, and girls are especially thoughtless in this respect. Live your own life and don't let them bother you.

Winifred—I sympathize with you, especially if you love your husband. But it is selfish of him to want to keep you where you are unhappy. If you are independent financially, why don't you make your own home away from his people and try again?

Jimmie K.—Tell Pete I will answer his letter. He ought not to be in a factory at his age. He needs fresh air and out-of-door employment. Why not try the A. D. T. service?

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

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THE LINK.

The motion picture world of players is not so large as one might imagine. You are constantly meeting or hearing about people in the same line as yourself, and it is hard for an actor to "lose himself," so to speak.

When we lived in New York while I was playing in "The Good Little Devil," there was an old professional friend of the family who often visited us. "Old Frank," everyone called him because he had a young son about Jack's age, called "Young Frank." The old gentleman was a delightfully whimsical character. I remember, brimful of stories of old time barnstorming days, and I loved to listen to him.

But "Young Frank" was, as mother expressed it, a "case." He had made a success in several good juvenile parts, but was too unsettled to make good at anything very long. Then after we went out to California, I heard he had been married for a couple of years secretly, and there was a little baby boy. That was all, and in the rush of the new life out here I really had forgotten about him. We heard in a vague sort of a way that the old gentleman was directing for one of the smaller eastern concerns, but that was all.

Last year a girl came into the company and made good as an extra right away. She had brought her little boy with her, the dearest chap about three; Bobbie, he said his name was. He was so adorably pretty that he was used, I know, in several pictures at the studio, and she was getting along splendidly when one day we were all sitting chatting, and she came up to ask mother about Bobbie's earache, as he had been sick through the night and was still fussing and half crying. She carried him in her arms, and, as she talked, he was opening and shutting a locket she always wore. Finally, he bent down to show it to mother, and said proudly:

"That's my papa."

I remember mother patted him, and answered, but did not look at the picture. A few days later word came to me in my room that the girl mother had fainted out in the studio. I hurried out and met a little procession in the hallway that led to the dressing rooms, the assistant director, two of the women, and a stranger carrying the girl in his arms. And trotting after them hugging his mother's scarf and handbag in his arms was Bobbie.

"That is him, Maywy," he said happily. "That's my papa."

It seemed that Frank—I mean "Young Frank"—had secured a position there without knowing his wife was working in the same place and on the same picture. They had quarreled and separated as so many do, over trifles, and had lost complete track of each

other, until he had stood that afternoon waiting to speak to the director when he had finished taking a scene, and little Bobbie had suddenly spied him.

"I didn't know who he was," Frank told me, proudly. "And there he came up to me big as life, and asked my name. So I told him, and he said that was his name too, and I took him up to my arms. Gee, this business is great, isn't it, when you can pick up your own kid and not know him?"

"You should be ashamed to say it," retorted Mother in her dear, champagne way. "The idea of not keeping track of a boy like that and such a girl for your wife, too."

"All right now, Mrs. Pickford," he answered, and you know he meant it by the look in his eyes. "Nan's forgiven me and we're going to try it over once more. It would be wicked to stay apart with a link like this to bind you, wouldn't it?"

"I kissed you every night when Mamma did," Bobbie told him gravely. "Every single night we bofe kissed you goodnight in Mamma's locket."

There was a suspicious lustre in Frank's eyes and he bent his head lower over Bobbie's head. But Mother said cheerily:

"Brace up and be a man, now, son, and don't let it happen again. There's hundreds just like you and hundreds of kiddies kissing pictures in lockets around their mothers' necks."

Answers to Correspondents.

Doris M.—Miss Barrymore, care the Metro Company; Miss Brady, World Film Company; William Farnum, care Fox Film Company, all New York City. Abbe Joyce, E. H. Sothern, care the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Vernon Castle, care Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

Cora E.—Do you know where he is? I think you are very brave to stand steady and care for your sick father. You know all of the soldiers are not in the trenches. Some of the heroic work is done by the girls and women back home.

Marriet R.—I cannot give you advice in this. The only thing is, don't go off blindly after success in studio work unless you have your mother or some older woman with you.

Kate N.—Your letter was very sweet. I hope you will enjoy "A Romance of the Redwoods" as much. The next picture is "The Little American."

E. E.—I am glad you liked the "Cinderella" picture. Yes, I played "Mme. Butterfly."

Two Dorothys—The poems were funny. I laughed over the potato bug and his adventures. Tell the "other Dorothy" I surely did get the letter.

MARY PICKFORD.

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FEATHERED PHILOSOPHY.

I read something in the newspaper the other day that fits in perfectly with many letters I receive. A young cashier in a mercantile establishment in New York took out weekly funds until the amount ran into thousands through the four years that she had been a trusted employee.

When she was confronted with the falsified accounts, she confessed, but it was a curious confession, a confession, to my mind, of her employer's faults rather than hers. His were the cause, hers the effect.

She said she had received eight dollars a week without any raise since she had been employed there. On this she had to support herself and her mother and two little sisters. In order to secure cheap rent in a decent neighborhood they lived far over in Brooklyn, and she spent three hours a day riding to and from work.

"I asked for a raise several times, but was always refused. A man in my place would have received from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week as a matter of course. Living expenses have gone up terribly in the last year, and my sister has been very ill for weeks past. I simply could not get along. A ways intended putting the money back, and I know it was criminal, but once I had started, I wanted to get even, and, besides, I have never been able to afford pretty clothes like other girls, yet Mr. F. told me if I could not dress better he would have to get some one else, as it reflected on the office."

I think if I had been in her place I should have preferred to start a nice, quiet, independent little home laundry with mother to help me and little sister to turn the wringer, than try the success of such a scheme. It never does you any good when you try to pay another person back in his own coin. You only ruin your own chances for happiness and another girl takes your place at the same old starvation living wage. It is not one employer in a thousand, I think, who realizes the common sense and benefit to himself of keeping those who work for him contented. A contented worker gives a maximum of labor. It is the discontented one who becomes the slacker, don't you think so?

But especially in this case, I felt touched by this young girl's love of pretty clothes. It is so natural to want to look as well as the other girls do, and costs so much if you try to keep up with the styles. One may insist one doesn't give a rap for clothes, but that is foolish. It is self-respect that makes us want to be well dressed, not vanity.

I remember a girl I met when we were doing "The Eternal Grind." I met a lot of the girl workers and got acquainted with them. There was one so much better dressed than any of the rest: her clothes showed not only good material, but good taste and beautiful handiwork. I knew she was making seven dollars a week, and asked her if she made her own clothes.

"I have two sisters older than I am, and we all help each other," she said. "They work here, too, but we clubbed together and got a dress form first on the instalment plan. Then we

saved a dollar a week between us until we had ten for a dressmaking course in a correspondence school. And we help each other at night as we can all dress well. Mother had an old-fashioned sewing machine and we traded that in for \$5 and got a new one for a couple of dollars a month. It isn't hard to manage if you only think and figure out a way."

I wonder if that is really the answer. Isn't it better to stop and think and figure out a way, than to eat out your heart in bitterness and resentment, and then do something criminal that not only ruins your own life but the lives of those around you? Wages are too low to meet the cost of living, but your beating the law won't help any. Study and think and plan ahead, and keep your nerve and courage and faith high above all else.

It said in the clipping that the employer had decided not to prosecute her. Wasn't that kind of him? I wonder what motive prompted him to even that much humanity. Can he give her back all she has lost any more than she can repay him for what she took? Were a few bright feathers worth it?

Answers to Correspondents.

Beatrice A.—I am glad you liked "The Poor Little Rich Girl" so much. "The Little American" was taken out in California. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" follows this.

Vivian McI.—I am sorry, but there are so many letters daily. I cannot answer each one personally, although I do see them all. Do not braid your hair if you want to keep the curl in it. Billie Burke's little girl's name is Florence Patricia, and I don't blame you for loving her.

L. C. F.—I think you must be doing a splendid work among your "boys and girls." Thank you for all your kind wishes.

M. E. Coralie C.—I received the scenario, and have turned it over to the scenario department, so you will hear from it through them. Be assured it is not lost. I hope with all my heart that you may win success in this country.

Harry C.—Don't let jealousy blind you. I am sure you have made a great mistake. You judge from appearances and are ready to ruin all your chances of happiness, just because you are afraid to face the issue and find out the truth. Go back to her.

Madge D.—I think that clipping is good for split hair ends, but if you can, it is better to have them signed by an expert. Don't try doing it yourself.

MARY PICKFORD.

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SPUD THE MASCOT.

This is only the story of a little war dog as I heard it, but I think you will love it as I did. I saw Spud myself while we were in New York. He was an Irish terrier, but that can't begin to describe him. Just the way he would stand in front of you and look up with his head on one side and the most interested, friendly expression in his big eyes, made you want to know him better.

He was with an English girl who was playing in a Broadway production, but she told us he was only lent to her until the war was over. He belonged to a lieutenant in a Sussex regiment, or perhaps it might be truer to say he belonged to the entire regiment, for he had been its mascot.

She had gone out on a recruiting trip in England in a motor car with a recruiting sergeant, Mrs. C.—O.—, and two other girls. They visited villages along the way, and stopped at each recruiting office to get reports and make speeches. At one of these towns one Saturday afternoon, there was quite a large crowd when this girl got up to speak, and she picked out one man as her special work. He was Spud's master. Spud was with him, whining and fretting to get away for a good run, but the young chap held him up in his arms, and listened. He was very good looking in the big, lazy Briton style that deceived the world before the English showed the qualities that lay beneath. Finally he said to her:

"I'll go if you promise to take care of my dog for me if they get me." She promised, and the crowd roared with approval as he went into the recruiting tent. Later on, letters came to her from the front. He was wounded and in a little hospital "out there." The boys were taking care of Spud, but he wanted to let her know in case anything happened. He'd like to feel the dog would reach her. And she wrote back, promising to get Spud. The human interest pull is a strong one. I don't know how it was managed but somehow, just before she sailed for the States, Spud reached her, limping like a soldier, from a slight wound in one leg where a splinter of shrapnel had lodged. His master had been patched up and had gone back to his company as lieutenant.

"I hear from him all the time," the girl told us, stroking Spud's head. "Engaged? Oh, not a bit. You people over here seem to think everything is romance, but you want a good stiff dose as we have had, to wake up. You'll get so that you'll have any number of chaps at the front depending on you for letters and papers and those things. A dog or two won't matter. It's just a matter of palship, you know, and keeping your word. Only I shall miss Spud like crazy when it's over."

Then she told a little story of Spud's bravery, out there in that place they call "No Man's Land." The little fellow had been overworked in the excitement of repelling some rather hot fire, and looking after the wounded, so he was not missed. And he went out alone hunting for his master, not knowing he had been sent to another part of the trench. Instead of finding him he brought back the cap and a message inside the lining from another soldier who had been badly wounded and was lying out there helpless with two others. And he led the relief back to the spot where they were and saved them.

Spud pointed his ears and wagged his stub of a tail while we were talking about him, just as if he understood every word.

"Oh, he's only a bit of a terrier, but he's all right," said his temporary mistress. "We can't all be Belgian war dogs, can we, Spud? Anyway, he's been elected honorary mascot to his regiment. He's done more than some humans, and he isn't barking about it, either."

I have a little snapshot of him she gave me, taken by his master at the front, and maybe you know how much I prize it.

Answers to Correspondents.

O. C. R.—I do not see how I could help you with your invention. Why don't you try and present it to the motion picture promoters in the East? If it is all you say, you should have no trouble.

F. E. C.—I still have your letter, and will be glad to quote the instance in an article if you wish me to. It is indeed a pitiful case.

Mildred W.—Your beautiful letter was mislaid in the rush of daily mail. Thank you for offering to help me with the home for little ones. I know it will come true.

Dorothy L.—I have no copy of the play in scenario form, but you can get it in book form, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates. Miss Gates wrote "We Are Seven," also.

Frances R.—I think your "stunts" are wonderful. No wonder you want to go into the movies, but where would Helen Holmes be then? As long as you are just 13, let's wait and see what happens in two years, until you have finished school.

Eugene N.—I have never read Thomas Nelson Page's story "Folly," but if it is all you say, it surely must be delightful. Write to the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, New York City. Mr. Sothern is with them.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

SCARET LILIES.

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Have any of you been fortunate enough to meet somebody who has come fresh from the battle line, that "far-flung battle line" over in France? Have you sat and listened to them tell quietly stories that thrill and weaken you, and then make you long for strength to do all that may be asked of you?

It seems to me as if the nurses come in contact with the most wonderful instances of heroism, of sacrifice and endurance of any class in the great war.

While we were taking the scenes for "The Little American" I met a good many persons who were interested in the picture and all that it stood for. Among others was a young Canadian girl, Miss R—, who had been in France the past fourteen months. She was very much interested in the ambulance scenes and how true they were to life. But I turned to her and asked a little wearily, I am afraid, it was all so heart sickening even in our mimic world.

"Is it really so bad over there?"

She did not meet my eyes, but looked past me, out at the wonderful sunlight that flooded the whole place with a glory it seems is never so vivid as here in California, and her eyes were very grave, as she answered:

"No one can tell what it is like. It leaves your mind a blank ready to register only pity and aid."

"What was the most tragic thing that you witnessed yourself?" I asked her.

"Oh, I was not at the firing line, you see; I was only at a hospital in the rear, an old chateau that has been turned over to the Red Cross by a woman whose name is blessed by thousands abroad. She was an American girl before her marriage, and has lost her husband this year, but she goes on with her work so bravely that it is known she is to receive the Cross."

"A contingent of girls arrived at our hospital from this side, among them the daughter of a very wealthy New York. She had been a pampered, spoiled, child, I knew, and I expected to find her a hindrance and annoyance. She knew little excepting the very rudiments of first aid, and she seemed to take the whole affair as a sort of huge show, very entertaining and full of thrills."

"Then," her voice lowered, and she paused a minute, "then one night there was an air raid and it took four of our best surgeons and destroyed part of our main wing. The place was filled with a batch of freshly wounded that had come in that afternoon, and not one real surgeon in the place. The nearest place to get any was at a little temporary field hospital just behind the main artillery lines, a very dangerous position."

"And suddenly, while every one was stupefied and stunned at the horror of the devastation, this New York girl came up with a motor cloak thrown around her shoulders over her Red Cross gown."

"I can drive a car well, Dr. L—," she said eagerly. "Let me go to the front for help. Give me one of the boys and I will be all right, I know I will."

"Discipline relaxes in times of great emergency. She selected the young doctor she wanted, a youngster just out of St. Luke's back home, and they started out to make that perilous dash. I don't think any of us realized until she had gone that it was almost hopeless."

"Did she bring back the surgeons?" I asked after waiting a minute, for Miss R— had turned away her head, and when she looked back at me, her eyes were filled with tears.

"Yes, she brought them back, driving the car herself, and smiling as she swept around the drive that led to the chateau. But when they sprang out and offered her assistance, she waved them back. I was looking out of the window with some of the other nurses and we saw her put back her long gray cloak. Her white dress was stained with the red badge of courage, my dear. She had been shot on the way and had stuck to her post just the same, driving her car through the very jaws of hell itself."

"And she died?" I felt a curious hush over the utter hopeless horror of it all.

"Yes, she died," answered Miss R— quietly. "Many of them do. Life over there treads over fields of scarlet lilies daily."

Answers to Correspondents.

Anna L.—Let's hope a mother turns up somewhere. I think you are the pluckiest girl, only 15, and earning your own living for three years. Write to me again and I will let you know if I hear from anyone who wants a daughter.

Mabel C. P.—I loved "Hulda From Holland," too. Thanks for the clipping. It was lots of fun to find some one who remembered the dog in "The Foundling."

Mrs. Kate B.—I shall be very glad to look the book over you speak of sending. Was it Mr. White or Mr. Harriman who suggested it?

Jack T.—Yes, indeed, our Home Guard is a very real organization. It is called the Lasky Home Guard, and made up of volunteers from the studio here at Hollywood. Wallace Reid is color sergeant.

Mrs. F. D. S.—Miss Ferguson is now with the Artcraft Pictures Corporation. Address her at the New York studio. Her first picture is "Barbary Sheep," from Robert Hichens' novel.

Frances D.—I don't know. You would have to write directly to Miss Barrymore and describe the type of play to her. A letter will reach her in care of the Frohman offices, Empire Theater Building, New York City.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

THE SILVER LINING.

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Oh, did you ever hear of the rich little poor girl? Now, not "The Poor Little Rich Girl," mind, but just turned around the other way. I never did until she popped right out of a dark cloud and showed me its silver lining.

You know that nearly everybody wishes they were rich. If all the unfulfilled wishes and hopes deferred could be heaped up like letters to Santa Claus by some wonderful good fairy, what a lot of strange heart yearnings we would find. I can remember well how I planned some day to eat all the chocolate marshmallows I wanted, and wear pink velvet morning, noon and night. Mother laughs even now, sometimes, when Lottie or I remind her how we both wished for a pink sealskin dress.

But if you have ever had all the money you want you find out the queerest truth of all, that it doesn't buy any of the greatest things in the world—love or friendship, loyalty or courage or anything like that. You can just buy things that grow in stores and shops, and not a single flower from the garden of life.

Well, one day back in New York, we went to visit a friend who was ill in the hospital, a very dear old friend of Mother's. While they were talking out on the big upper veranda where the convalescents sit in the sunlight, I saw the dearest little girl brought out by a nurse. She must have been about six years old, and had been a victim of that fearful scourge that swept New York, infantile paralysis. She had recovered after a stay in the isolation hospital, but now, in this one, they were trying to restore the use of her limbs, and it was a long, hard fight uphill.

The nurse was a young English girl, buoyant and rosy cheeked. The minute I caught sight of the child's face I went straight over to get acquainted. She was almost indescribably attractive. Her hair lay in thick, bright, gold-colored curls on her head and her eyes were dark, so dark that you could hardly distinguish between the iris and the pupil. But there was such a look of dauntless happiness, of almost radiant good nature and contentment in her face, that it made one stand and marvel. Mind, she was a helpless little cripple from the waist down.

"She has a beautiful gift," the nurse told me. "She simply makes everybody happier who is around her, nurses, doctors and the other patients. She sings to herself half the other child patients here. We

had a little girl last week who had never been away from home over night, and I don't know what we would have done if it had not been for Fay. She told her the ether was just New York perfume, and not to be afraid of it at all. She just makes believe about everything, and do you know, she was a little foundling. She calls us nurses her first, second and third mothers. I don't see how any woman could desert a baby that looked like her."

I don't see how anyone could desert any kind of baby, not while there was love left in one's heart, and strength to breathe, but when I left Mother and I walked down the side street leading to the car and I waved good-by as long as I could see her out on the open-air porch, such a rich little poor girl, with everyone to love her.

Surely if ever a cloud was lined with silver it was hers. I don't know what ever became of her. The nurse told me her chances of being adopted were slight now on account of her crippled condition, but if anyone wanted to catch a sunbeam for home use, a little mascot of happiness and merriment, I would tell them to find the road to that big red brick hospital and ask for the foundling named Fay.

Answers to Correspondents.

Louise D.—I think you ought to ask Jack and Lottie whether I am an angel or not. They could give you a true report. I'm afraid there is no place just now.

Beulah S.—Your letter was just as cheery and optimistic as it could be. I love to get that kind. When you and Jean are up in the poplar grove, think of me.

Mary Lois B.—Your letter arrived too late to send on the note. I am ever so sorry. Perhaps it isn't too late even now.

Alice W.—I love babies dearly, and some day I'll write an article just about the different kiddies who have played with me, including the little "Hulda From Holland" ones that you loved.

Baby S.—Indeed I do remember you, and am so glad you have found your way into the pictures. I thought you would. I will write to you later.

Esther B.—I do not know of the preparation you speak of for making hair naturally curly. Address to Hollywood, Cal.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

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I wonder how parents dare to be final in their unforgiving. Life is so short even when it extends to its longest span, and love so rare. I don't see how a mother or father can absolutely cut the tie that binds their children to them, no matter what happens. I wonder if personal price, after all, isn't at the bottom of it, the feeling that anything wrong their children do is a direct reflection on their upbringing.

Such a pitiful letter came to me last week from a boy of 17. I felt very proud when I read it, for he said he had been all alone in New York and desperate, and he happened to go in to see the last picture.

"You made me think of my little sister back home," he wrote, "and so I didn't do what I was going to. I've enlisted instead, and maybe if I come back they'll forgive me then."

He stole money from his father. Not much, about \$20, because he wanted to buy himself an equipment for his home company and his father would not give it to him. As he argued it out with himself, he had been working in his father's store just for his board for some time, and that money was rightfully his. Besides, wasn't it in a splendid cause? All of his friends were enlisting and he had begged to be allowed to go, too. And when his father found out the loss and confronted him, he had confessed to the truth and been turned out of doors.

"He called me a thief," he writes, "and said he didn't want me in his family, and if I went into the army I'd be a disgrace to it. It makes me want to stop right now. I don't know why I took it."

I don't suppose he thought any more of taking it than he would have a few years ago "nigging" apples from his father's orchard or doughnuts from the old stone crock on the pantry shelf. It was family money. He was working for the family and getting no pay. Strictly speaking, it was wrong, of course, but did it justify the curse of unforgiveness? I wonder what his mother was doing all that time when his father was turning him out of the home? It seems to me she must have been a frightened little mother to have allowed it. I know my Mother wouldn't have. Mother always says she believes completely in that little funny toast:

"There's so much bad in the best of us,

And so much good in the worst of us."

That is hardly behooves any of us,

To speak against the rest of us."

When anybody is saying unkind things about another, Mother always speaks up and takes their part just on general principles. Just think how that mother and father will feel if some day there comes word of their loss, that awful word that is generally several weeks old, and only tells of another soldier who has given his life for the cause.

I heard not long ago of a little

mother in England who was handed the Victoria Cross by the Mayor of her town, the cross that would have been pinned to her boy's coat had he lived. It thrilled one, but just think if she had sent him out without a farewell kiss, without forgiveness or love if he had done as this boy from Nebraska has. Would she feel she had a right to the Cross?

When I was a little girl traveling around the country, we used to start out in a new town Sunday mornings and look up in the air for a cross to show us the way to the church. You can always find them that way if you are a stranger. And I used to love the old chants and familiar words heard over and over again. A child's memory registers so much unwittingly that seems to come back when you grow older. One offertory anthem I loved had these words,

"He will have mercy and abundantly pardon."

Just think of that, abundantly pardon. That means over and over again, doesn't it? I wonder how human beings dare to refuse forgiveness. I wish I could find that boy. He only gave his first name and said he was going into the Navy, and his home was in Nebraska. The letter was signed "Ted." I hope he writes again.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lavina M.—Miss Burke and Miss Clark, care the Famous Players Lasky Company, also Miss Frederick. Miss Talmadge, care Selznick Corporation, New York City. Miss O'Neill has been playing in "The Wanderer."

L. C.—I will have the script looked up, and you may be sure it will be well cared for. I appreciate your interest in my work very much.

Florence P.—I do not remember the order you speak of. What was the date of the letter? My old home was in Toronto. I am glad you liked "Miss Nell." It is one of my old favorites.

N. Palsen—Your letter was a real tribute to horses, and I love them, too. I think the money could do a great deal of good in that way, but I think he is going to found scholarships with it for boys and young men who wish to follow civil engineering and ship-building.

Leona L.—I'll say the prayer, and hope with all my heart you will pass. Your writing shows a rather nervous temperament, but artistic, I should think. Don't worry about things you cannot help. Do the best you can and keep cheery.

Mrs. J. F.—Many thanks for your criticism and interest over "The Pride of the Clan." The point you bring up may be true. But then I have had some letters saying that no girl could ever be the head of a clan. Don't you think it will have to go at artistic license?"

MARY PICKFORD.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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HIS GIRL OF DREAMS.

So many, many times people write and ask me if I think the stories of the screen world reflect real life. Are they not greatly exaggerated, especially by those which depict the life of persecuted young girls.

I wish those who imagine this to be true could have known Frances. She came to me in New York, a girl of the finest instincts and family. Her father was a wealthy hotel owner, and she was the youngest of his four daughters.

I think they were Russians, or at least the parents were. The girls had inherited the heavy blonde hair and dark eyes with the peculiar grace and allurements that seem the special gift of nature to the higher class Russian women.

Frances, especially, was attractive. She was small and slender, and I don't think I ever knew a girl who took so much happiness out of the selection of her attire. She dressed with beautiful taste, and those who knew her well often said it was merely the reflection of her charming personality.

I never liked the man she chose as her intended husband. He was young and very good looking, of the busy type. I don't believe he ever looked at a child or a flower with love in his life. I don't think he even knew what sweet music was. He had been born and brought up in New York, with success always ahead of him as his goal in life. It seemed as if he merely appraised her youth and beauty as an added asset.

She showed me a letter he wrote her, after her mother had opposed her marriage. It read:

"My girl of dreams—I know you will never allow such a small thing as this to part us forever. We are old enough to realize our own minds." (He was 35, she was 13.) "If you are in earnest, you will meet me at the Boston pier tomorrow night. We can take the run up there and be married without anyone troubling us and you will be my girl of dreams forever."

"Would you go, Miss Pickford?" she asked me, with a little smile on her lips.

"Indeed I wouldn't," I told her. "I'd do as my mother told me to. If he loved me and wanted to marry me, he'd have to win Mother first."

"But you love your husband better than your mother always, don't you?" She asked it so wistfully. "Perhaps your mother has been better to you than mine has. My father and I have always been pals, but mother is different."

"Then tell your father," I urged. "Do anything, but don't go on the

boat up to Boston with a man like that."

The following night about 11, a telephone call came to Jack from one of her brothers. Was Frances with us? He said no, she was not. And I knew then she had put the teachings of her whole home life behind her, and had gone to Boston on the night boat, trusting in the honor of the man who told her to deceive her mother.

Two weeks later her father received a letter from her from a Canadian town. They had travelled up there, every day bringing a postponement of the marriage. Finally, he had desisted, her, told her he had to join his regiment at once, and had left her money to go back home to her own people.

Her father is influential and relentless. Doubtless, in time, the man will be punished, but meantime, can any punishment give back to Frances that faith in life which is youth's own heritage?

I have thought about her so much lately, and wondered what she was going to do now, and why girls follow love so blindly.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. H. M. E.—I will send your letter to little Anna, too. So many have come for her. I wish I could thank everyone in her name.

Mrs. M. R. C.—Your letter made me feel as though I really knew you. Indeed, mothers are wonderful. Yes, I wore my own hair in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Mrs. A. B. H.—The orphan's home is just my own idea. I haven't secured the kind of place I want as yet for it, but the reason I wanted one was because of all the letters I receive from children who are homeless and without love.

Josephine S.—Tell William and Ruth and Harry I thank them for the picture they sent me, and Mugy's, too. What would Anna think if she could ever have such brothers and a little sister all waiting for her. I will tell her.

Laura W. M.—Won't you write again and tell me all about your farm and where it is? I was so interested.

Mrs. Emma K.—It seemed so nice to hear again of my old picture, "Such a Little Queen." I remember the letter from your sister about the Greek play, "The Golden Slipper." Send the script to the Mary Pickford Film Corporation, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARY PICKFORD.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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ONE TOO MANY.

Do you remember how in all the old time fairy tales the step-mother was wicked, and made the life of the little Cinderella girl miserable?

It seemed as if all step-mothers must be like that, didn't it? I know I thought so. And two weeks ago I had a letter from another girl who was just breaking her heart over the interloper in her father's home.

"I can't bear to go home since she came there in my mother's place," she writes. "I almost hate her when I think of her using the same things, living in the same rooms, and taking my own darling mother's place. The worst of it is that she was a friend, and we all loved her so before this happened."

She said she had refused to return home after her school closed. She had gone instead to the home of a girl friend to spend the vacation, nursing her grievance, feeling the injury against herself quite as much as against her mother. And do you know, somehow, after I had read her letter over, I felt as if pride lay at the bottom of it. She was an only child. She had taken her mother's place as head of the home when she was not at school. The coming of this new wife would put her authority to one side, and she would just be the little daughter again, not the mistress.

At any rate, I wrote her a long letter, and told her what I should do if I were she. Be just as nice and charming as I could. Think of my father's happiness as paramount. She said he had been such a splendid, kind father to her all her life. I wonder that she had not considered him just a little bit, before she stayed away and sulked at the time when he needed her smile and sympathy. And yesterday there came back a letter from her in answer to mine. She had gone back home.

"And oh, Miss Pickford," she says, "you don't know how ashamed I felt. Mother was just wonderful to me. I'm going to call her mother because I always called my own precious mother 'Mamma' when I was little. And Dad took me into his room last night and told me how happy I had made him. He said that when she knew she was really passing away, my mother told him she hoped he would marry again to keep the home together, and give me a mother's care. And here I had been selfish and thinking only of myself. I wish you could see how different the whole house seems with Mother here. She

knows how to make everything lovely. And I've got two of the girls staying with me, too. I used to dread coming home before with only Dad here and our housekeeper. It's different now."

And I just hunted up her first letter to read it over again. She said she felt that in the new circle, she was "one too many." If she had not changed her heart and mind, and come back in this new spirit, there might have been the little rift in the lute between herself and her father.

Always, he would have had to stand between the two he loved best, losing a few his daughter, loyal to his wife. I was so glad that she went back and found out her mistake. She sent me a box of flowers from her garden, and every blossom almost told me that they too were glad she was home again.

I wonder how many girls have stayed away for this same cause, the coming of the woman who they feel has taken their mother's place? If only they could realize that sometimes the step-mother is, in reality, the fairy godmother in disguise.

Answers to Correspondents.

Cecile G.—Send your script to the Mary Pickford Film Corp., Los Angeles, Cal. Thank you for the nice letter you sent me.

Mrs. E. A.—I have written one article on jealousy. It is a pitiful fault, and I think almost a mental ailment. I gave Mother your message.

Sylvia M.—Gray hair is often hereditary, and I think it must be in your case, you are so young. I would not try any dye if I were you. Go to the very best hair specialist you can and get expert treatment.

P. Ka.—No, indeed. You do not know how many people write to me, or what very personal troubles they ask me about. I am only too glad to say word of mine can help.

J. M.—I think you are very brave. Won't you write to me again, and tell me just what kind of place you are living in?

Miss M. D.—Why don't you get in touch with the Red Cross and form a little club of girl workers? I am sure you would forget your loneliness if you did this.

MARY PICKFORD.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1917.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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ANOTHER MOTHER.

How strange love is when it wants to govern without any regard at all for the happiness of the one loved.

I remember last winter I wrote a talk on this, but from the angle of sweethearts. But today there came a letter from a girl asking me to write another "Mother" letter.

"I love them, they are such help," she says. "I too, have the dearest mother in the world. I love her better than anything else, and I want, oh, I want so much to make her happy."

"You see, it is like this. Mother has been obliged to break up her home that she might be able to keep together through sixteen sorrowful years, and now she is working as housekeeper. My little sister is boarding at a school, and I am training in a hospital."

"My dearest ambition is to make a home for us three as soon as I can. I can't tell you how it hurts to see Mother working her strength away in another's home, while I sit at night, and so willing, am powerless to do anything to keep her from it."

"She isn't at all well, either, and she won't give up in the least. The training is three years. I've only served eight months, and I have to live on my six dollars a month allowance, which is hardly enough to scrape along with. And mother does so want me to train if I can. I don't like nursing, but I must do it, and your mother talks always help me to remember why I must. Please write lots more of them. Never mind the personal aspect of them. We all think of our own while we read them."

"Why sometimes it just seems to me as if there was nothing happy in the world, even these long, sunny days of late. I smile and try to be cheerful for the sake of my patients, but I can't tell you how aches my heart is."

"Like so many other girls, I'd like to try motion picture work, only I'm not a bit pretty, and I don't think of such ambitions with duty demanding all my strength and attention. I'd love it, hardships and all, though. Nursing has many hardships, too. I have read all I could, and thought, but the half-smothered ambition persists. I'm afraid it will have to wait a long while yet, which at least doesn't mean I must give it up altogether. If ever the chance does come, I'll know the value of good, hard work, won't I?"

"One thing more, I love you because you are another mother's girl."

That was all, but do you know what I wanted to do right away, as soon as I had read it? Go to that

mother and have the nicest, longest talk with her. Surely the mother of a girl like that must be warm-hearted and generous. Isn't you think I could coax her into understanding? She probably believes she is doing absolutely the right thing, working herself out in order to give her daughter the training she doesn't want, and isn't fitted for.

Perhaps, even in later years, she may reproach her for those three years of sacrifice. And those are the girl's best years of endeavor. Nobody but a sensitive, imaginative girl knows what it means to reach sixteen, to be a woman, and then nineteen, and stand on the hilltop of twenty, feeling that, somehow, all unaware, the golden years of romance and wonder have slipped away and left you empty handed.

Oh, you mothers and fathers, try, even when you tell yourself you are acting for the best, try to put yourselves into the place of the boy or girl you are trying to help, willing to help. Help them just a little bit in their way as well as your own. Try to see their vision and dream their dreams, and set their feet in the path for the big race that they would have chosen. The race is there, remember.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. H. S.—I will send you Pete's address. It will be splendid if you can help him. Thank you.

D. M. S.—I think the factory script you describe would make a wonderful picture.

I. S.—Mrs. Castle's first name is Irene. I don't know the answers to your next two questions. You would have to write Marin Sala and Mr. Sala direct. I think Miss White is blonde. I don't know whether she has freckles or not.

Alice E.—Thank you for naming your candy store for me. I would love to see it with all my pictures around, as you describe.

Mrs. G. P. G.—So many offers of love come for both Anna and Peter that I feel overwhelmed with gratitude at the wonderful response. I will tell them both of your letter.

E. R. M.—You seem so little to be real bugler and drummer boy. I enjoyed your letter, and wish you could know Pete, too.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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MUGGSY.

It was the funniest thing about Muggsy. Nobody ever told him that he could stay around the studio, or that he belonged there, but he stayed just the same.

It was when we were taking "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at Fort Lee, N. J. One day in January as the car made the long hill above the ferry, we came within a hairbreadth of running over a dog. It yelped just as we swept by, and I thought it had been run over. Mother said to go ahead or we'd be late, but I wanted to be sure about him, and so we stopped, and the chauffeur ran back. There he was, sitting up in the middle of the road, licking one paw, and eying us reproachfully. There are many dogs, but only one Muggsy. He was a white and tan fox terrier, with a very deep brown spot over one eye that gave him a delightfully rogues look. I told the chauffeur to pick him up, and we took him up to the studio.

Then after he had been around at a week, we tried to get rid of him. I thought there were many people who would appreciate Muggsy, and while I like dogs a little bit, I love horses and birds best. We carried my pet canary on the train each time we went back and forth from coast to coast. It was comical, once when we were changing cars at Chicago, and they said no canaries were allowed in the sleeper or drawing room cars. But the conductor was nice and I promised him faithfully mine wouldn't sing one bit if I just kept the cage covered. He didn't, either, and we came through all right, but I felt sorry for him. I should think they would like canary birds on railroad trains, when there is a long tiresome trip ahead.

But I wanted to finish about Muggsy. We gave him to the electrician's little boy Sammy, and after two days he came back, chipper and friendly. Then I took him myself, and gave him to the little girl who played with me in the picture, and she petted him and said she'd take him over to New York with her that night.

He stayed that time nearly a week, and then one cold morning, he was shivering out in the hall of the studio when I came in, and so glad to see me again, I took him to my dressing room, and let him sleep in a corner all day long.

"You'd better get rid of him, Miss Pickford," one of the carpenters told me. "Dogs aren't good around studios. He ain't anything but a puppy, and he's liable to get something out of kilter. Why don't you send him to the lost home? They kill 'em off with gas there."

I just looked at him when he said that. Muggsy lay beside my chair,

with one ear up, and I know he was listening. Then he looked up at me, and I'm sure he knew I wouldn't let him be killed with gas or anything else. Life to me is such a precious thing. I don't understand the person who takes it lightly. So Muggsy stayed, and I do wish I could tell you that he saved the studio from fire, or some wonderful feat of heroism. He didn't. He was just a dear, cheery, little comrade through those winter days, and when we came West, we brought him with us. I didn't, but one of the boys took care of him for me, and you ought to see him now. He is as sleek and well groomed as a blue ribbonner.

So when I get letters from girls and boys who are out of their proper sphere and miserable, I think of Muggsy. He was only a little tramp when we ran over him there on that hill road, and now he is a petted, thoroughbred fox terrier. Change of environment and loving care and good food gave him self respect and brought out every good point he had. Why on earth, if so much can be done with just a dog, why can't we do it with children? I long to, and what's more, I mean to.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. E. M. S.—I will let Anna know of your offer. It is splendid of you. The only thing that bothers me now is I wish I had a lot of Annas to go round. There must be many such dear girls as lonely as she is.

Mrs. J. P. L.—Do you mind if I use your helpful suggestion about my home for orphans in an article? It coincides so perfectly with just the kind I hope to have that I want others to know of it.

Margaret J.—Thank you so much for the dear little rambler roses. We call them Dorothy Perkins, too, but Mother says she thinks Seven Sisters is a different shade from these. I don't think you are too little at all.

Mrs. Jax, J. T.—Your synopsis will be read carefully. It was nice of you to think of me.

Alice H.—I hope you will be a success. You surely have the big hopefulness and courage that are so essential. Am glad you liked the last picture.

Mrs. P. E. R.—Send me the copy you speak of. I will return it to you. I don't know where you could have your scripts typed free of charge. I wish I did for I know you must be laboring under a heavy handicap.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

THE SILK FLAG.

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When it looked as if we were going into the war, I was out in California, and somehow here in flowerland, it is hard at first to realize all that is happening over the sea.

We were looking for a new picture after "A Romance of the Redwoods," and all at once I thought of the subject. In one of my letters there came one day a little folded silk flag. The letter was from a hospital in France, from a nurse.

"I think you ought to have this," she wrote. "There was a young Canadian boy brought in a week ago. He was badly injured, and marked for amputation. Beside him in the ward was an American from Colorado, and they became close friends before the American died."

"We have newspapers and magazines once in awhile, and one day I found they had cut out a picture of you and pinned it to the wall between their cots. As so often happens the one that seemed to have no chance at all, recovered, and the American boy died. He gave what little personal effects he had to his friend, and when the latter was transferred, he handed me this flag, and asked me to see that it reached you. The American soldier had carried it with him, folded as you see it now, a reminder, I suppose, of the land he loved. His friend said to write you and ask you please to keep it, and do what you could to make the States understand what was going on over here."

I cried over that letter and the little folded silk flag they had sent to me. Then I began to think. What could I do with it to make the States "understand?"

Mr. De Mille is a splendid director. You can go to him with any perplexity and talk it out, so I took him the flag and told him the story. It seems strange to think of it now, how we both stood if his office, looking at that little oblong of striped silk, and all at once he smiled at me.

"That's enough almost to make you a little American, isn't it?" he asked.

"Give me a picture about it, make me a little American in it, please, and let's see if we can do any good. That will be my bit." That's how it happened, right there, and in a week the scenario was under way, and Mr. De

Mille was planning the whole wonderful picture.

I haven't felt as serious in any other one, since "Tess" was produced. And dearly as I loved "Tess," I think I like Angela better. I never cried so many real tears before in a picture as I did in this. It all seemed horribly, fatally real to me. When the Germans swarmed into the chateau and I had to pull off the general's boots, when I found that poor little nurse upstairs where they had left her, when they shot the peasants, and that poor old woman clung to my knees, it just all seemed as if I was right there, and I cried until Mr. De Mille said he hoped to heaven the war would end before the picture did, so as to cheer me up.

But every time I took out that little flag, and many of you know how importantly it figured in the picture, I thought of the American boy who had given up his life over there, and of his pal, one of my own Canadians, bless them, who had gone back with one arm in a sleeve, and I loved the flag they had sent to me, and hoped perhaps they might know how I tried to keep faith with them, and help you all to understand what was going on.

Answers to Correspondents.

Dorothy R.—"A Poor Little Rich Girl" was taken in the Paragon studio at Fort Lee, N. J. "A Romance of the Redwoods," out here in California.

N. B. R.—Jack played in "The Dummy." I have only one brother. Thanks for the three flags. I have them in my own room at the studio.

Laurie—I don't know. You might write to Pathe Studios, and ask them. The Frohman Producing Company, and Chas. Frohman Inc. are separate concerns.

A. L.—I don't think the 101 ranch has been used in one entire picture.

Mrs. R. F. S.—It is always possible to lease a picture from the various companies, for charitable entertainments, or any other. Be sure and have a competent operator.

Nan—Don't do anything of the sort. You are too plucky and generous to be a quitter. Wait until you are old enough to go rightly, then take your little brother with you, if your home is unhappy since your father died. There are stepmothers, and then again, there are others.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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FROM ONE WHO CARES.

Do you remember how I told you of my orphan's home, and all I hoped to do with it when I could get it started? Well, since then I have had ever and ever so many letters offering to co-operate with me and help in any way the writers could.

It seems so sweet and wonderful to me, these answers that come back to me, just as if everyone got the exact idea I had when I wrote of it. One that came last week is so brimful of good suggestion that I want to slip it in here, and I know it will interest you.

"My Dear Miss Pickford—If it has not come to your notice before this, you will be glad to learn that there are, somewhere, orphan's homes managed according to a plan very like yours of 'grandma and ten kiddies.'"

"I think it was in a Chicago Sunday newspaper, several years ago, that I saw the article, together with a portrait of the woman whose kindness and wealth had made the homes possible. Each home had its mother, and, I think, seven children. When an older child left the nest, a new baby was taken in, so keeping the graded ages of the normal family. As I remember the originator was a California woman, and the plan put into operation there."

"I don't know where 'father' comes in. I think he is part of the normal home atmosphere. There must be many a childless couple who have the heart, if not the means, and possibly not the initiative or executive ability, or whatever is required, to organize such a center for child welfare."

"The plan seems to me ideal. In these present times especially it could be multiplied indefinitely with infinite good."

Isn't that splendid? Why, just imagine if all over the country we could have such home groups to care for orphans and those who I feel are much worse off than orphans, the little unloved ones for whom nobody cares, not even the father and mother they belong to!

I always knew that there were any number of homeless children, but until I wrote Petey and Anna, I never dreamed that there were so many many homes where a child was welcome.

One letter for Petey came from a big farm. Just think of jumping out of that brass foundry basement right into the country. You who live here in the restricted sections, and even out in the real country where there are farms, do you ever think of what it might mean to go down a flight of basement steps about seven every morning, and up again at six, with never one good long hike?

I'd like to get a snapshot of Petey after we find his country home for him, perched right up on a fence in a cornfield, in overalls and old straw hat, "galluses" and bare feet, and singing or playing a harmonica. Wouldn't you like to see him the first time he hit a real country road?

driving home some cows in the lazy, dreamy twilight? I would.

And here's another thing, somebody else wrote to me and said we ought to have a motion picture like "Oliver Twist," "only dealing with a life like Petey's. Oh, these little souls that are born in surrounding, and environment that choke and stifle all their longings and aspirations. If only one could take Petey and put him right into a picture. I'd love to have him as my little brother. Wonder how he'd like that? And we'd show just how hard it was to break away from emery wheels once you had been told to stick to one. I can't bear the word 'job.' It seems to imply all of the harsh, imperial side of work. We ought to be able to each one to do the work he or she loves best."

Somebody has said, I know, that work is the expression of ourselves, the soul's output. So in my cottage home idea, I would want the boys and girls to study and fit themselves for just the thing they longed for most.

I know one boy who has made boats all his boyhood days. The first toy he longed for was a boat, and he floated cakes of soap in his bath when he was three years old, with a toothpick and a slip of paper stuck up for a mast and sail.

Just try and think what it would mean for him to have to dig underground in a mine all his days, when his eyes longed and yearned for the sea's wide horizons. Isn't it just as bad for a boy like Petey and others of his age to spend their best boyhood days, their "Huckleberry Finn" days, holding pieces of brass against emery-wheels in the finishing department?

I think so, don't you?

Answers to Correspondents.

G. L. B.—The best way to get into pictures is to go to some well-known director just when he is getting ready to take a new subject, and try for work direct. If you are a good type, you may be taken. My love to your mother.

Katherine McC.—If you address Miss Burke, care of Paramount Pictures, New York, the letter will reach her.

Katherine D.—I will send your letter to Pete, so he can follow the directions in it himself. Thank you so much for your kindness to the little laddie.

Mrs. Wm. E.—I am so sorry for you both, and will write a personal letter as soon as I can.

W. W.—"A Romance of the Redwoods" was taken here in California. I could not imagine it without the real outdoor location.

J. S.—I laughed over the postscript to your letter. Indeed, you are right. Glad you liked "The Pride of the Clan" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WHEN YOU WRITE A SCRIPT.

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So many letters come to me every week asking advice on the writing and submitting of motion-picture scripts. I really think that perhaps I may be able to tell just a few points that will be helpful. It is so hard unless you understand the market we are writing for.

It is all nonsense to say that outsiders have no chance. I have known over and over again of cases where a chance script that held a good story and original situation was accepted, even when the technique of scenario-writing was not understood at all by the author.

"The Soul of Kuri-San," Mr. Sessue Hayakawa's wonderful picture of Japan and San Francisco, was taken from a four-page script written by a young California girl. But in those four pages she had outlined a wonderful plot that fairly gripped you.

Many writers who have taken long courses to master the technique of motion-picture writing can turn out a perfect scenario, but they will not possess the original idea behind it. It is like a perfect body without the soul.

The most valuable thing today is an original idea. So hard is it to find a workable one that can be adapted properly, that we fall back many times on books that have been already published. I feel personally that "The Little American," which Mr. De Mille gave me, is one of the most appealing and inspiring plays I have ever had to work in.

While I love "Rebecca" dearly, and poor little "Sara Crewe" in "The Little Princess," still I cannot tell you how the part of Angela held me. I felt as if she really typified all the young American girls, and all girls who have suffered through this war. Mother still teases me a little because I cried so much when it was being taken.

It is that human appeal that you must get into your work if you want to be a successful writer of motion plays. You must think of four things, your audience, your star, your director and the message you are trying to send out to the public. To succeed you must have a story that holds so much pathos, so much joy, such a mingling of tears and smiles that it is like a page out of real life. It is this sort of story which "gets over," as they say, and holds the people to you.

Now I love to play children's parts. I had more fun out of Gwen in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," than I can tell you. I am having more childhood, right now, playing so-called "kiddie" parts than when I was a child myself. Because then, don't you see, I had to be "big sister" to Lottie and Jack. I often tell mother when she asks me why I want to buy something new, that these are my toys. I told her that when I gave her a ring after she was so ill, and she just held me close to her, and patted me.

"You didn't have all you should have in the old days, dear," she said softly. "If you take pleasure in doing it, it's all right to me, child."

And I do take pleasure in it. But there, I started in to tell you how to write a successful script—and see how far I have rambled. What I really wanted to impress on writers is this, don't be careless and haphazard. Writing is just as much a business as anything else. Given inspiration and ability, you may still fall short unless you know how to send out your work through the right channels.

One of the best scripts I have read, was from a woman who said she took in washing, and her husband was a night watchman. It was poorly spelled and written, but the big idea was there. I could not use it, but I told her where to send it, and hope she sold it.

So be sure, before you start to write that you have a story worth telling, something with the strong human interest and dramatic suspense in it. Without these two elements, the best pictures will fail.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lucile M.—Helen Ware is to play the role of "Dominie" in the "Garden of Allah." Ruth Roland is with Pathe. You would have to write to the Goldwyn Company direct for the other answers.

IS. M.—I have never been in Alaska. Thank you very much for the little nugget.

Robert J.—If you have a regular position why do you think of giving it up for motion picture work? Of course, if there is no one dependent upon you, perhaps just the fun of the experiment is worth while.

Benita.—I believe Madame Nazimova has signed with the Metro Company. Mr. Hart is to be with the Arcraft now. "The Lone Wolf" is Herbert Brenon's.

Talbot—I was sorry to miss the exposition in Chicago, but we were too busy on the new picture. Your letter was forwarded to me with script. I am returning it as we do not use two reel features.

Kate M.—If you are tired to death of your present life, why don't you make up your mind that the fault lies with the environment and not with yourself. I would rent the house if I were you, give up my teaching for the time being and take a good long vacation trip somewhere.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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MOTHERS AND SONS.

Perhaps some of you have had the good fortune to see Miss Ethyl Barrymore in Barrie's tender little war play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." I think the story one of the most pathetic and appealing that has ever been written, in these days of sorrow and carnage.

But in my mail today, I found a letter from a son, a real son, that to me is far more pitiful. He has been a cripple from birth and is an only son. Now, in these days when the other boys in the home town are enlisting under the colors, when all the other mothers are getting ready the home-made outfits and little treasured mementoes for their boys at the front, he must be an onlooker.

Their house, he says, is on the main street. As he works out in the garden, his crutch beside him on the ground, every now and then, some boyhood pal will pass by, and call out a greeting to him.

"Wish you were going, Charlie."

Doesn't he wish he were going, too? Every time there comes the sound of marching feet, don't you think he wonders what his mother is thinking of it all. You can tell from his letter how much they have been to each other all his life, how tender and so-lacing her love has been to the boy who was shut off from the sports and fun of his friends and playmates.

How often over that same little picket fence did she watch for him to come from school. Always a little behind the rest, always a little bit tired from the exertion; but somehow from his letters you can tell that the keenest, sharpest regret has come now.

"I want to tell you how much I enjoy your daily talks," he writes, "They are so practical and inspiring. It was from them I received the impression that you have the dearest of mothers. I want to congratulate you, for I also have such a treasure. My mother has had such a hard road to travel all her life but she has borne the struggles with such courage and good nature that you just cannot help loving her."

"When I was nine years old, my father died and for fifteen years my mother worked for me, protecting me from all hardships and unkind influences. When I tell you that I have been a cripple since birth, you can see that this was no easy task for a woman alone, but we were very happy together all these years comforting each other. I love nature and to please me, mother bought our present home in this little village, where my

childhood had been spent. We had a small income and were very happy together until the call came for men to join the army.

"She never says one word to hurt me, but the other day a neighbor called. She has two sons who are leaving for the front. She sat there crying and telling my mother how thankful and happy she ought to be because her son was exempt."

"And I don't suppose you want to go anyway, do you, Charlie?" the neighbor said. "You've never been the fighting kind."

"No," I told her, "I haven't been but I'd give my whole life this minute if it were possible for me to be straight and strong like those other fellows, and take my place beside them in this cause."

"I thought I would like to tell you this story. It may help to hearten some of the mothers who have had to give up their physically fit boys. I don't know which is worse to be chosen and unwilling to go, or willing to go, and classed by your country and nature among the 'unfit.'"

Answers to Correspondents.

Ida S.—I loved "The Romance of the Redwoods," too, and especially the country it was taken in. Mother has entirely recovered from her operation. I love all flowers, but violets seem to have more sentiment than any others.

E. F. R.—I will write to you later about your South American proposition. I am afraid it would be impossible for me to take any action in the matter.

Louis G.—If your mother is dependent upon your support let your younger brother take your place. The story of "The Little American" is true only in the appeal to every American girl who has suffered from this war.

Leon J.—Dustin is William Farnum's brother. "The Heir to the Hoorah" was a play produced by Kirk La Shelle.

Marjorie L.—I would not try any kind of dye. If your hair was of a gold tint, and turning white, with a young face at your age that ashes of gold tint should be very charming.

Mrs. S. K. G.—I could not possibly give you advice on such a subject. I think we each of us must live our own lives, and just strive to do the best we can. Write again, please.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

A LETTER FROM PETEY.

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The only thing that bothered me about Petey was this: He didn't give me any address in his first letter and another thing, he only buys the paper once in a while on his way home from work, so he missed seeing my daily talk about him.

Ever so many letters have come to me offering a home for Petey out in the country, but, in a way, the writers of these letters got the wrong idea. He doesn't want to be adopted. He only wants a place in the country where he can work on a farm and be somebody's boy, somebody who will really take an interest in a boy. I understand better myself, since I got his second letter today, what kind of a boy he is, and the kind of a life he wants. I wonder if he will mind very much if I print his letter:

"Dear Mary—

"I was waiting for an answer. After work I always bought the paper, and on the way home, I read your daily talks. One day I read a little answer which said for me to be brave and not listen to what doctors say, and maybe something would happen so I could go to the country. So I made up my mind to start life new again, but every day this summer I've longed for the country."

"One day at lunch hour some of the boys caught a little mouse in the factory and they were going to kill it. I heard the poor little thing scream for its life, and I got up and ran to save it, but I was too late. Oh, Mary, believe me, tears came from my eyes. I felt so sorry for the mouse. I'm so glad you want to help me, just as I wanted to help that mouse. 'The Cry of the Children' is a nice name for it. It reminds me of what an old man told me who drives the elevator in our factory. 'You can always make good for stealing and cheating and telling lies, but not for killing.'"

"I am so glad that I didn't miss the paper. When I read it and thought it was for me, I just couldn't help laughing. I feel a little better now. I take a walk every night before I go to bed and then when I wake up, it's always the factory, and the same thing over again. Don't I wish I could get up in the morning, and hear the rooster crowing. Just think of me getting up at five to feed the cows, horses, pigs and chickens. I'd be worthy of something then, instead of looking out of this window, with the machinery buzzing around me, and getting the fresh air from the stockyards. Gee, but I wish everybody that wants to go on a farm could go."

PETEY.

"P. S.—If it's me you mean, Mary, I'll be thankful. I'll be waiting for your answer later on. I'm not quite sure you meant me. I want to tell

you what I look like. Five feet, four inches tall, weigh 113 pounds, curly hair, grayish eyes.

"Yours truly,

"PETEY."

"P. S. again—Best wishes to your mother, Lottie and Jack, and here's a rose I got from a garden I pass on my way to work."

I have all of the letters that came to me about Petey. I don't know whether to send them on to him and let him manage it himself, or to send his address to them. I'm sure Petey wouldn't like me to print his address in the paper. I'm only writing this so he will see it and know that it wasn't a mistake and that I did mean him.

You know, in these daily talks, it isn't as if I were telling what I think to thousands of people. It's just as if I were talking to someone, who was my friend and who cared for me, and who I was sure was interested in all the same things I am. So when I tell you about my friend Petey, I hope you will understand and help me get him out on a farm where he can find out what boyhood really is.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. M. S.—It was awfully nice of you to speak so sweetly of my articles, and you are perfectly right about them. I never could write them, if it wasn't for mother's advice.

Jack C.—Indeed, I should love to receive letters from you when you are in the ambulance service abroad. Good luck to you.

Frank C.—I am afraid I would not be able to get you a position in the studios. It takes patience and perseverance and natural ability for any young man to succeed in this work.

Miss Margaret F.—Mother sends her love to you. I was so interested in your letter. I don't think anyone is ever too old to take any kind of schooling. It keeps you young to have new interests.

May H.—I hope your broken arm is very much better. You have taken up a wonderful work. I think the picture you mean was "Tess of the Storm Country."

Mrs. J. A. D.—If you have a good picture of your little boy, send it on. It is very seldom, though, that a child so young is needed in picture work. Why don't you try for something yourself if you really want to help?

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

"WRITE TO EVELYN."

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A girl in Chicago asks me this:

"And when you complete your home for kids... don't you think it would be glorious for a few individuals to endow a bed, and, regardless of religion or nationality, pick out some little waif, and watch the outcome?"

Indeed I do think it would be glorious, but instead of one bed, there ought to be hundreds of beds, and the more letters I get the more I realize that instead of one home being needed, there ought to be one in every community throughout the country.

I wonder if any of you have ever read "In the Bishop's Carriage," and "Daddy Long-legs." I enjoyed them more than any books I have read lately. The pictures they gave of the little forlorn orphans who are dependent for care and love on charity set me thinking first of the real kind of home that should be provided for such as these.

You see, the trouble is this, in nearly all the written stories, like "The Little Princess" and these other two, the little orphan becomes a sort of glorified Cinderella. There is always the fairy godmother or godfather, who touches the situation with a magic wand and brings riches and freedom to the boy or girl who has only known the brunt of misery.

But with the thousands of orphans dependent upon state or private charity institutions, there probably is not one in twenty-five, to put it broadly, who comes into youth's heritage of happiness. I suppose I will be criticized for saying this because I know that a great earnest effort is made to place these little ones in proper homes, but there are many of them who will never know what it is to be personally loved.

The same girl also said: "When we were children we would close our eyes and make a wish. Now, I have closed my eyes and made a wish. You, of course, could not guess, Mary, so I will tell you. Would you be willing to tell about a girl I know, in one of your daily talks. She doesn't want money. She only wants somebody's love and friendship. Her name is Evelyn Beyse, care Hospital, Oak Forest, Ill. Will you ask someone please to write her. She has been in the hospital for four years, and has no friends. I have written to her once, and had an answer. She said, she didn't mind being ill, but she felt so lonely. You write her one of your dear letters, won't you please."

MAY. What bothers me is, that this is only one of many such cases. There are enough people in the world who are strong and capable to give plenty of friendship and help to those who are wounded in life's battle. It seems to me the big trouble

is that nobody really cares. If you had someone near and dear to you in a hospital or a prison you wouldn't let him feel lonely and friendless. You would drop everything and go to help him, but where it is somebody else's child or brother, you feel you have nothing to do with it.

Some of the girls in the studio were planning the other day to start in this country the godmother movement that has been so successful in France and England, and I approve of it with all my heart. It does seem to me that we ought not to forget these other children. I would like to have you write to me about this. Do you think it would be possible for different communities to have orphan homes? Not institutions, but real homes, where all the children don't wear the same kind of clothes and do the same things at the same moment on the same days until they face the day of their release with all of childhood's dreams behind them unfilled.

Answers to Correspondents.

DAVE R.—I am so glad you enjoyed "The Little American." Yes, it was all taken out in California. My next picture is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Mrs. Clifford W. J.—I hope you understood exactly from my letter which of the trade magazines contained the names and addresses of different producing companies. You must learn to distinguish between the producing and distributing concerns.

Mrs. K. L. F.—Why don't you go in for social service work while your husband is in the army? To be a Red Cross nurse you must have had hospital experience. There are lots of things you can find to do besides knit.

Cecil P.—Your mother is very anxious about you since you left New York. I am slipping this in among my own answers, even if I don't know you, hoping you will see it and write to her. She thinks you are in motion picture work.

E. R. L.—Do not send an ordinary photograph when you make your application. Go to a professional photographer and have a really good picture taken. Sometimes everything depends upon this when types are being selected.

Adele.—A good astringent and a habit of smiling will do more towards toning up the muscles of your face, than undergoing a surgical operation to "lift the sag."

MARY PICKFORD.
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FLORENCE, THE DUCK.

While we were putting on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" there was a scramble after farm pets. I did want something different from rabbits and kittens and puppy dogs, this time, and all at once I remembered a wonderful trained duck, that Silvers, the clown, used to have in the dear old Hippodrome days. I don't suppose that many people think of Silvers now, but I was just old enough then to delight in him, and when we read within the last two or three years that he had committed suicide, I felt as if I had almost lost an old time friend who had been very kind to me.

So I told Mr. De Mille that I thought Rebecca ought to have a pet duck. I thought there were plenty of ducks that would really appreciate a chance to get into studio life. I thought that ducks were docile creatures. They always seemed to look so placid and contented. This was before I became acquainted with Florence, our own special studio duck.

One of the boys said that he knew someone who kept ducks and the assistant director told him to buy the most intelligent one of the lot. I don't think any of us were prepared at all for what followed. The next morning bright and early there was a Chinaman sitting on the steps of my bungalow. I shall never forget how patient he looked. At his feet was a sack tied around the top with a string. I ran down and asked him what he had in it. He just smiled happily at me, untied the string, and took out Florence. "Velly fine duck, Miss Pickford. She velly much know evything. She mebbe sell for five dollar, yes?"

We bought her and sent her over to the studio. Mother laughed and named her Florence after a certain actress we had known long ago in one of the road companies. There was a certain look in the duck's eyes, a certain pensive expectancy that was just exactly like Miss B—.

And as we knew it better we realized how much the name suited it. In the first place Joe, one of the boys around the studio, was made special nurse and attendant to Florence, but he held us responsible for her peace of mind and happiness.

"I tell you, Miss Pickford," he said earnestly, after a few days had elapsed, "I think she needs water. It's just like taking a fish and putting it on a sand pile. We ought to have an artificial pond around her to keep her in real good condition."

So I told him to find a nice large tub, and keep it filled with water for Florence. It lasted for about a day and Joe came to me again.

"That tub's monotonous," Joe told me, scratching his head. "You see Florence is used to having her own way. That Chin that brought her up to you has got a good-sized brook running through his bit of land. Maybe it's an irrigation ditch, but she liked it just the same. Do you s'pose you could get Mr. De Mille to cut a

little ditch 'round the studio somehow, Miss Pickford?"

I had to laugh, but I told him I didn't think I could. He'd have to amuse Florence some other way, to cure her of studio ennui. There were several children used in the picture and in one place one of them used a fishpole with a baited hook. The boy leaned the pole up against some scenery with the line dangling, and I shall never forget the choked squawking that startled the whole studio when Florence met her Waterloo.

She had sauntered in casually as was her wont, and had discovered the tempting tidbit. I suppose it was the very first worm that she had ever found without having to dig and scramble for it.

Joe managed the obsequies. I don't know where Florence rests in peace, and I'm terribly sorry she had to die so suddenly before she saw herself on the screen. But after this I shall always look on ducks with respect. In the short time that she was a member of the company, she created more diversion and more excitement than any pet we had ever used. As Mr. —, one of our actors, said to me:

"I suppose you know, Miss Pickford, that the Chinese have a leaning towards the belief in the transmigration of souls."

I'll bet that duck had a past behind her that would make the old dowager empress turn green with envy.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. M. S.—The boy I referred to in Sunday's Post lives in Indiana. I understood that his home is in Texas. If there is anything I can do to help you, write to me again.

A. B.—Don't think of putting your little sister into the moving pictures unless you or your mother can be with her. You might try the Essanay studio.

Edith C. N.—You may be sure that your motion picture scenario will be read by the Artcraft Studio. I have not selected a place for the Orphan's Home as yet.

May H.—Thank you for the address of the little girl in the hospital. I will tell others about her, and hope she may receive many letters to make her happy.

Nellie E. C.—June Caprice is a Fox star. Alice Brady is with the World Corporation, and Pearl White with Pathé. Mary Miles Minter is with the American Company in Los Angeles, Cal.

John C.—I was so interested in your letter telling me about the little town in Illinois, and the curfew bell. I did not know of the picture of myself at the hotel you speak of. Won't you write and give me the name of the hotel, for I heartily agree with you?

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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FORGET-ME-NOT.

Mother says that probably in every man or woman's life there is the memory of someone whom they might have married. Some boyhood sweetheart or girlhood lover who has passed away with the rest of youth's sweet dreams.

We were talking the other day over a letter that had come from the South. The writer had been married ten years. You could tell that she had done her duty in every sense of the word as a good wife, yet, there was a heartache hidden beneath her loyalty and faithfulness.

"I was married when I was sixteen," she writes. "I had been engaged to another, a boy near my own age, and my family ridiculed it, calling it 'puppy love.' My father made me break the engagement, and I married the other man. He was in business for himself and had a little money in the bank. As he grew more prosperous we moved away to a large town. He has been what the world calls a good husband to me, but he does not 'love, honor and cherish' me, he 'loves, honors and cherishes' his factory. I do not see him from half past six in the morning until long after ten and eleven at night. Perhaps the fault lies with me. While I know he cares for me as much as he is capable of caring for any woman, yet he never has shown any interest in my happiness or tastes."

"Do you think that this is treating a woman right after she has given all? I have had my share of heartache and loneliness. The other man, the boy I loved, has never married. After he had lost me, he went away, up north, and I never heard from him for several years. One birthday I was amazed to receive a letter. He wrote that he had visited our home town and had met my sister. That was all. He merely said he hoped that I was well and if I ever needed any help that he was ready to do anything I asked. Enclosed in the letter were some pressed forget-me-nots, my favorite flower. They grew in the little garden at home, where he first told me that he loved me. That night, I had picked some and kissed them and he had laid them in a little card-case he carried with my picture and a lock of my hair. I suppose all this was only part of 'puppy love.'"

"I supposed I did the wrong thing, but my husband always asked to read my letters so I gave him this one. He laughed at it and threw it in the fire. I did not answer it but I wrote to my sister and told her what had happened. Each birthday since then, and that was five years ago, I have received a letter from him, and then I

I have not shown. I have not answered them, but I have kept them. I know that I shall keep on being what is called a 'good wife.' I will not leave this man for his indifference and coldness. I belong to a church which does not recognize divorce. The vows I took to please my father have been a life sentence to me. The only happiness I have in life is that letter which comes to me once a year on my birthday with a little sprig of forget-me-nots from the garden where we loved."

How few husbands understand that it is the little things that count for most, the little attentions of everyday life, the little thoughtful remembrance in a thousand ways. Doubtless this man believes he is a good husband. He is well to do and generous to his wife so far as money goes. But I do not believe he ever really loved her.

Surely the real blame lies with the father who sent away the boy she really loved and insisted on her marrying the older man. Better far one room and a little one-burner gas stove to cook dinner for two on, with love presiding, than a bank account and your wife saving forget-me-nots from some other man who really cares.

Answers to Correspondents.

Joe A.—Don't you do anything of the sort. You can always make friends wherever you go, if you try. If you really want to take up studio directing, you must study hard and get all the experience possible.

Bertha M.—My mother's first name is Charlotte. I think you must be mistaken about relatives in Tennessee. "Tess" was supposed to have been laid in the Northern mountains.

S. T. D.—I think nearly all of Hall Caine's books have been screened. Derwent Hall Caine is his son.

Kenneth S.—Since your first success was in Chicago, why don't you go back there? It takes much longer to get a footing in the East. My brother Jack is playing with Louise Huff in "The Varmint."

Mrs. P. W.—While your husband is at the front, why don't you try some of the Red Cross relief work? Ann Pennington is appearing in "The Little Boy Scout."

Theodore—Give my love to Nannie and the pony. I wouldn't dare tell you my favorite name for a boy.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

JUST FOR LOVE.

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"We are only just beginning to find out how utterly unsuited we are to each other," writes a wife of nineteen from a ranch in Wyoming. "I'm just sick to death of this lonesome life and he doesn't care a bit. All he knows is cattle, anyhow, and he counts me as less than one good sound yearling. I hadn't known him long when we got married, and I guess it was just for love."

Do you see how lightly she holds the rarest, sweetest bond in human life? "Just for love." As though any sacrifice would be great enough to bother over if love were enough to bind them together.

She doesn't mean love at all, this girl wife. She means the quick flare of mutual attraction that is to love what the flame of natural gas torches is to the light of stars. She probably doesn't even know what love is yet, the real, ennobling, self-sacrificing love that makes the world a place of glory.

Right here, I must tell you something deliciously comical, and such a joke on me. I was writing alone on this, and feeling so fervent over every word, when all at once mother looked over my shoulder and read this. And she said something that I must add:

"Now don't be making them think that self-sacrifice is so wonderful. Mary child. It's one of the most abused qualities. You take a real good man or woman who is self-sacrificing and you'll find a nice, live bunch of human barnacles hanging to them. The best gift you can give anybody is to teach them how to be self-reliant. If there'd be less talk of sacrifice in marriage, and more of partnership and working together for the good of the home and the family, we'd have fewer divorces. All you have to do nowadays is tell a woman she is sacrificing her young life and beauty to some rascal of a husband, and you're starting her little feet straight over to the lawyer who will carry off the bone when the divorce is granted."

Isn't that really right, when you come to think of it? Perhaps if this

girl out on the ranch would stop thinking about her husband, and calmly take inventory of her own life, she would be happy.

Wouldn't it surprise him if he found her ignoring him, even his unpleasantness, and going along in her own way? She ought to take some good magazines, get books to read, keep herself well posted on current events. If she has a pony to ride, she ought to go out on long outings, get acquainted with other lonely women and try to bind them together in some sort of a social organization.

A neighborhood is not bounded by measured miles. I'd get the school teacher to board with me, if I were she, and then have her help me open up the school house one night a week for a good time. The trouble with most married people is this: They see so much of each other that they get on each other's nerves.

Perhaps if she stopped worrying over her husband's neglect of her, and went on with new interests, she would find him renewing his courtship. They say there is one thing a woman never understands—silence. I am sure there is one thing no man understands, and that is how on earth the girl he loves can have any other interest in life besides himself. There are too many Juliets, I think.

"Swear by thy gracious self," she told Romeo. "Which is the god of my idolatry."

I think the man you love and marry should be as near your ideal as you can hope to meet, but it would make life much easier if a girl could only be told in the beginning that most men are overgrown, lovable, unreliable boys, and that it will take all her courage and faith to carry her safely along love's highway.

Answers to Correspondents.

Josephine F.—I enjoyed reading your little fairy tale and have turned it over to our scenario department for them to pass upon. If it does not succeed as a motion picture, why don't you submit it to some of the children's magazines?

Max J.—I think that Mildred Beatrice is a very pretty name, and so it Maxine. I do not quite agree with you about jealousy. It is far from being a compliment to the woman you love to show that you lack faith in her.

Clyde F.—You will have to use your own judgment. It seems to me that a separation between parents ought not to affect the attitude of older children.

Mrs. S. K. G.—I have given the formula for my egg shampoo many times. The number of eggs, I would say, depends on the market price. You can use two if they are well beaten. With the addition of tincture of green soap, bay rum and borax you will find splendid results.

Helen M.—It would depend entirely upon the type of child whether it was suited for stage life or not. Be sure and finish your high school course before you think of trying to enter the motion picture field.

Jennie H.—I have given the recipe for egg shampoo above. You could use it once every ten days. Pure olive oil massage is very good for dandruff and also stimulates the growth of the hair.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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THE GIRL HE LOST.

I heard one of the boys saying the other day that a woman didn't appreciate a good husband when she got one. He was speaking about a case that we all knew of, where a young wife had suddenly left her bungalow home on the coast, and had gone back East to her own people.

I knew this case very well, and the circumstances attending it. They had been married only about a year. She had been much more successful professionally than her husband, but after their marriage he insisted that she appear only before one audience—himself.

About two weeks before she went away she had a talk with mother, telling her that she felt she could not possibly stand the idleness much longer.

"Jack does not realize what a great part my work played in my life. If he would only be content to be my comrade and sweetheart! Friendship is the rarest quality in wedlock, isn't it, Mrs. Pickford? He has never been jealous of me, and he has really given all of his money over to me, as few men care to do. I am sure there must be something fundamentally wrong with me, or I would be satisfied to have my leisure, a good home and a good husband, but as it is I feel like a slacker. Here I am, a capable, experienced worker permitting a man to support me. If we had children I would feel differently about it, but as it is I feel that he is making a mistake in keeping me from my chosen art. I will not be responsible for what may happen."

"Well, don't do anything you'll be sorry for, dearie," mother advised her. "If I were you, I'd just have a plain, straight out-and-out talk with him, and get it over, one way or the other. I don't know anything that will bring on an attack of mental indigestion as quickly as eating one's heart out in silence."

Mother says now that she is sorry that she did not follow this up with a good talk with the husband before it was too late. He threw up his position at the studio where he was working the day after his wife left and took the first train back East. As mother said later, even if she did miss telling him about it when she first heard of it, at least, she had a good long talk with him after his wife had gone, and it must have had the right effect.

I have seen so many cases of this same thing and feel I must speak of it, on the chance that this may be read either by some wife who is longing to earn her own money again, or by some husband who feels that he is all sufficient to fill any woman's horizon.

There are so many avenues of employment open to a girl who has had any business experience, that it seems absurd to say that it takes her away from her home life. Back in New York when we were buying a new car, I remember how astonished I was to have a girl salesman call upon me for a certain firm. In the course of conversation she told me that before her marriage to an automobile salesman, she had worked for an advertising firm.

"I tried so hard to persuade Curtis that I was perfectly capable of helping swing the family expense. Night after night he would come home worried because some sale was dragging along and looked uncertain. We talked it over together. It seemed to me as if I could always see 'the holes' in his proposition. It bothered me terribly because I was not able to get right out and hustle with him."

"Finally, one day, I deliberately got on the train and went out to the country house on Long Island, where I knew he had been trying to make a sale for weeks. I can drive a car myself, and when I got out there and talked with the woman who wanted one, I found that the whole trouble lay in just this: She wanted to drive a car herself. Her husband was away from home all day and they could not afford a chauffeur."

"Before I left, I had sold her the car and promised to come out myself and teach her how to run it. When I say that, I mean from the woman's standpoint. It is not just enough to know how to steer a car. You have got to know what to do when you have a breakdown."

"We have been awfully happy ever since and have been able to have about twice as much, because of my additional salary and commission on sales."

I know in this case that the wife is putting money into the bank with the hope of buying her own home in the near future. If there were more like her who would share the uphill burden in the first years of married life, I am sure there would be far less discontent among brides.

Answers to Correspondents.

Stanley M.—I do not think you ought to leave your home for such a trifling reason, especially with your older brother in the service.

Charlotte M.—Your letter was delightful. I think that you are very brave with all the handicaps you have had from birth. I should think taking up floriculture would be best for you. Specialize in raising certain kinds of flowers for seed and negotiate with the large seed firms.

Ida S.—I do not know how a letter would reach Mr. Hill. What company is he with? I am glad you enjoyed "A Romance of the Redwoods." I love to wear white best, I think, and my favorite flower is the violet.

Julian F.—Miss Caprice is with the William Fox Company, New York City. Miss Stewart is still with the Vitagraph. My sister Lottie is back in the pictures now, here in California.

Julia S.—It is very sweet of you to speak so of my articles. Yes, my birthday is in the springtime.

Mrs. J. A. S.—Thank you with all my heart for your offer. My "little old one" has already found a home in the East, and I hope she will be happy.

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THE INQUISITIVE AGE.

A girl writes to me that she is just at the inquisitive age, between fifteen and sixteen. I laughed when I read her letter. It was so characteristic of the school-girl point of view on life.

"Mary dear—I am sure you will not mind my writing you such a long letter, all about myself. It seems to me after reading your article, every day in the paper that you are the only one who really understands me. My father and my mother both want me to learn dressmaking as soon as I finish school. We live in a small town, but there are some very well-to-do families here, and my aunt has a successful business as a dressmaker."

"I cannot tell you how much it would ruin my whole life if I am compelled to do this. My mother says, even if I don't follow it as a trade, at least I would know how to make my own clothes. What I want to do, though, is to be a singer. I have a beautiful, untrained, lyric soprano voice, and oh, Mary, if you only knew how I feel when I am able to hear a real opera. We live just outside of Chicago, and in the season my father always takes me to hear several of the best productions. I would love to be another Geraldine Farrar. If I could only sing the same roles that she does."

"And yet, when I see you in the pictures, Mary, I think that my only happiness lies in the portrayal of emotional roles on the screen. I have always taken the leading part in every one of our high school entertainments, and people say that I look exactly like you when I have my hair curled."

"Don't you think I would be justified in leaving my home when I have finished high school if my father and mother insist on my learning to be a dressmaker?"

I wonder why it is that it never seems to occur to girls, or boys either, at this age that they owe loyalty and love to the father and mother who have brought them up from babyhood. It would not be such a terrible thing for this girl to learn dressmaking. Really, I think it would be quite a help to her if she did decide later to study for the professional stage. One does not become a Geraldine Farrar overnight. It takes years of study and patience, as well as supremely good health.

I think the right thing for this girl to do, if she is really and truly in earnest, is to sacrifice some of her personal ambition until she is 18 years old. Surely her later years, even if she does win success in her chosen field, will yield her more happiness if she has no shadow of self-reproach or regret.

The end of her letter was full of questions about myself. She wanted

to know how old I was, what my ideal type of man was, if I believed that romance or reason should be a girl's guide in choosing her husband, what my favorite perfume was, and whether my hair was naturally curly.

They were all perfectly harmless questions, but as I read them, I could not help wishing that life had already given her some good hard lessons in responsibility. This came to me when I was such a little girl and I've never been sorry for it. It is a splendid thing to be so busy that you have not time or inclination for idle questions.

That old Irish lady whom I have spoken of before who was our nurse back in Toronto, used to say:

"An ye give a fool or a child his way, Ye can hunt the bog for foot astray."

I wish I could send out a personal appeal to mothers of girls of this age, to be just as patient and sympathetic as they can be, and still hold the reins firmly. From my own experience I know there is nothing on earth so tender and wonderful as the understanding love of a mother. It is too rare and precious a gift to be thrown away lightly for the doubtful lure of ambition.

Answers to Correspondents.

Agnes—If you write to Jack personally, I am sure he would be glad to send you his picture, as "Freckles."

Lucille L.—Don't be afraid of writing me long, chatty letters. You don't know how I prize my correspondence through this column. I hardly ever have time for visiting.

E. F. R.—I don't think it quite a wise experiment to become engaged when you are already under promise of marriage to somebody else. Even if you feel that your love is dead for the first man, at least break the engagement fairly before you accept attentions from another.

Julia S.—Almost any Red Cross unit can give you the information you ask. I do not think they are accepting any nurses for service except those with hospital experience.

Dora S.—You had better write home to your mother before asking assistance from strangers in the town you are in. I feel sure she will be very glad to hear from you.

Mrs. Steven G.—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is taken from Mrs. Wiggins' book of the same name. My next picture after that will be "The Little Princess."

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SKIN DEEP.

Doesn't it seem strange that a girl should wish to be dead just because every one says she is pretty but that is all? I have had so many, many letters from girls who said they were not pretty and who would give everything just to be beautiful. But here is a girl who sent me her photograph, and who is as pretty as a picture.

"I am so tired of people telling me to be careful," she writes. "Doesn't any one give a girl with a pretty face credit for any brains at all? I have been through high school and normal college, but when I tried for a position as teacher, it was always the older plainer girls who were chosen before me. I even tried for a little country school, and the committee said it wouldn't be advisable to trust me with the school."

"Then I tried for a position as private teacher, but I am sure the women thought I had designs on all the men in the family. I dressed as simply as I could, and kept to my own room, but it was made so unpleasant for me that I was glad to leave."

"The worst of it all is, the way that other girls treat me just as if they were afraid I was going to take all their sweethearts away from them. What can I do to help it? It makes me feel as if I would like to try to look as homely as I can."

I think frankly, that this young woman is just a little bit self-conscious. If the pretty girl puts self out of her mind and really gets down to work, there is always plenty for her to do. I think kindergarten work would be splendid for this girl. She would be a delight to the little kiddies. I remember when I went to school, I always loved the pretty teachers, didn't you?

But the very last of her letter made me feel indignant. It said that if she couldn't do any better she supposed she would have to go into moving pictures, where anyone with a pretty face was sure of recognition.

If she only knew the heartaches and disappointments of hundreds of pretty girls who manage to get into the studios as extras, because of their appearance, and then fail to go ahead for lack of possession and brains. The prettiest little girl came to us at Truckee, and asked for a position. She had been born and raised up there in

the mountain region, and was like some rare wildflower herself. I was delighted with her, but mother advised against her leaving her home.

"Child," she said, "you haven't any education to speak of, and you'll be so homesick by the time you're away a week, that you'll be wishing you were dead, and scolding me for encouraging you to leave home. Why do you want to go away?"

Then the girl blushed, and drooped her head.

"Jim and me had some words, and I broke my engagement."

"Well, you just go and smile at Jim, and mend it all up again," laughed Mother. "You can go into the pictures any time, but you'll only find one Jim and that's here at Truckee."

We saw them about seven that night, strolling down the road from the little town, happy as could be.

So I think, if you feel worried because you are too pretty for everyday work, you just ought to forget about it, and try to see life from the plain girl's point of view of efficiency. Mother has often said that the trouble with most girls who are stage struck is they all want to be stars or sou-brettes.

Answers to Correspondents.

Alvera B.—The Essanay Company is in Chicago and so is the Selig Studio. Have some good professional photographs taken of your little sister, and have her registered at the best studios. I think there is always an opportunity for a pretty and talented child.

Mary S.—Indeed I do feel that I have the dearest mother in the world. I was so interested in your letter telling me of your mother and your brother.

Anna McL.—The little girl lives in Chicago. I will send you her address by mail.

Louis J.—You can address Mr. Fairbanks, care Artcraft Studio, Hollywood, Cal. His last picture was "Down to Earth."

Mrs. A. J. N.—I will send your name and address to the girl you speak of and hope that you will hear from her. I think it is wonderfully kind of you to offer her a home.

Florence N. S.—The poem was beautiful, I thought. I'm sure you could easily get it published if you wanted to. What is your sister's first name?

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THE PIPER'S PLUCK.

I wonder if you remember when I told you about our two pigeons, Romeo and Juliet? Just at this time, when we are all working for the Red Cross in spare moments, every war story that comes to me seems more interesting than anything else, and I want to tell about Captain Farnslee's carrier pigeon.

He is the brother of an actress at one of the studios out here, and she has to share all of his letters from the front with us. It seems so good to get the news first hand. She is a little English actress, and I feel sorry for her, away from all her own people on the other side. There seems to be such a splendid spirit of sacrifice, though, amongst all who have given up their nearest and dearest, as if in some way they too shared in the fight.

The letter from the captain read: "I wish I could send the Piper over to you. He's the jolliest little pal you ever saw, and he ought to wear the V. C. this minute around his blessed neck."

"He was sent over with a batch of other carrier pigeons to use experimentally in getting messages back. I understand some were used to good effect in Asia Minor at the last siege. We named him the Piper because he had a way of getting in his word when we were all rather down. We had him in a wicker cage in the trench, and it was particularly cheering to hear him pipe up when the shells were coming thickest, and home seemed a long way behind."

"The special thing he did, though, was just after a rather unpleasant counter attack by the Germans. We had brought in several of our wounded, one of them a boy you know—Waltham, who was with me in India. The order came to fall back. Our artillery was coming up behind to swing the enemy back and let us follow up. In the meantime we thought we had everybody, but Waltham, like a silly ass, had tried to drag himself out and get in a few shots on his own. He was left wounded in a deserted trench, when he tumbled."

"We thought that he was alone, but it appears that the piper was with him, and they kept each other company. Waltham managed to send a message back by the pigeon. Don't ask me how it happened to get caught by our men. I only know that the word reached some of the fellows in the rear and we sent our some volunteers after Waltham. I thought this might interest you as I am keeping the little chap and hope to pull him through the war and hand him over to you."

I do not know why I've always loved pigeons, but I have. Perhaps it is because once when I was a little girl, they took away my fear of an unknown peril. Mother had gone to

the theatre. It happened that Jack and myself were not playing, but Lottie was. We had just got into a new town on the road, playing with a repertoire company. I was half asleep when I heard a really terrible noise, it seemed to me, outside of my windows.

Jack began to cry, and I was awfully frightened myself, it was such a strange, uncanny sound. I can remember I cuddled him down and told him to put the pillow over his head, while I went to the window to look out and I want to say right here, it is a splendid thing to be the big sister and just have to face anything whether you want to or not.

I stole to the window and put aside the curtains. The room faced a lower gable on a wing of the hotel and here were pigeons in little houses, cooling and talking among themselves.

I wonder if you can imagine how I loved those pigeons when I'd expected to see a real hob-goblin, sitting out there hunched up, waiting to catch us. I told the captain's sister, if she did get the Piper, she would have to share him with me.

Answers to Correspondents.

Margaret L.—If you would take up a course of stenography, it would be easy for you to get a good position with some export house with your knowledge of French and Spanish. Write to me again.

Leonie S.—Mme. Nasimova is with the Metro Company now, also Violet Dana and Mr. and Mrs. Drew. There are much pleasanter paths to tread in life than that of fame.

Grace and Vivien—I don't know how old Miss Clara Kimball Young is. My sister Lottie is married and has a little girl. "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was taken at the Fort Lee Studios.

Edna—I am sorry I could not attend the exposition. Perhaps some other time there may be a chance of our meeting.

John C.—I think if you apply to the nearest armory in your home town you would get the information far better than I could tell you. Mr. Reed was already a member of our Home Defense League before he was accepted for regular service.

Connie R.—Thank you very much for the photograph. I am sure you have just as many curls as I have. Tell Beth I hope that she will win her ambition and enter the conservatory this fall.

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HIS MOTHER.

I suppose there must be quite a few people like Hal Lewis. He has an old-fashioned mother tucked away out of sight somewhere, and does his best to keep her there.

That is not his own name, but we call him Hal at the Eastern studio where I was working at the time. He was what the dramatic critics call a promising young actor. I know he had been playing the juvenile lead in several Broadway productions before he tried the pictures and he really was a very likable chap.

He became a favorite at once with the director and his friends. I know that he joined the best theatrical club in the East and lived at the most popular hotel for the younger successful actors. But in all the time that we know him I don't remember him ever mentioning his mother.

He told Jack one day that he expected to marry Ethyl, a favorite young star with one of the more conservative producing firms.

"Of course, I would not ask her to marry me yet," he said. "I want to wait until I can give her all she deserves."

But they were engaged to be married, although he did not hold her strictly to the good faith of the agreement. As he said, a girl in her position was obliged to accept attention from certain men in order to retain her popularity. I couldn't help but think of something mother told me that Mary Garden said once, just before she made her first success as Juliette. She was quietly advised by different people that in order to be a success she must be very nice and courteous to her manager, her stage director, her musical director, all the dramatic critics and several influential backers of the theater. Miss Garden smiled, and asked pleasantly:

"Any more?"

"Don't you mind not having all of her society?" I asked Hal. "If I were you, I'd marry her now."

"I'm not sure that she would have me now," he answered, rather ruefully. "Not until I have made a really big success, you know; besides, I'm a little bit worried. I've had a letter recently from my mother, and I'm afraid she's coming down to visit me."

I just leaned forward and stared at him when he said that. The very idea of anybody being afraid their mother might be coming to see them. "Don't you like her?" I asked him, wonderingly.

"Oh, of course, I like her. I'm only afraid that Ethyl won't understand her. You see they're—move in such different worlds. Mother has hardly ever been away from her home up in Rockland county and to tell the truth I haven't even told her that I was going to be married."

I didn't say any more, but I know I thought that he wasn't acting fairly to either one of them. It was about a week after that, when I saw

mother come into the studio with the dearest little old lady you ever saw. She had brought her up from New York in the car and the ride had brought a tinge of color to her cheeks. Her hair was white and curly and her eyes round and bright as a robin's.

"Yes, I'm Hal's mother," she said, when I had a chance to talk with her. "I've just come from lunch with Ethyl down at the Biltmore; real nice girl, isn't she? Her folks came from up around Birmingham. I used to know her great-aunt who went to school with my mother. I think Hal's a very lucky boy. He didn't seem to think he could afford to get married but I told them I'd rather have them get all I had for him right now than wait until I'm dead. So I guess they'll be married before I go back home. Young folks ought to be married and settled anyhow while they're in the notion of it. And I'm going down to the Biltmore to stay with her too. Hal thought he'd put me in a nice, quiet, secluded place facing Central Park West, with a Museum of Natural History to keep me company, but I never did like fossils."

"They were married before 'Mother' went back home and it has been one of the very happiest matches that I know of in the profession, thanks to his mother."

Answers to Correspondents.

Jorothy R.—It would be hard for me to give you a full list of all the photo plays I have appeared in. There were so many small-reel ones in the old Biograph days. Yes, to your last question. Give my love to all the other girls in your class.

Nellie E. C.—Address Alice Brady, care of the World Film Company, and Pearl White, care Pathé. Mary Miles Minter is with the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Frank K.—Both "Less Than the Dust" and the "Poor Little Rich Girl" were taken at the Eastern studios. I expect to return to New York this fall.

Eugene N.—I think your philosophy of life is splendid. Mother remembered the names of the old time plays very well, and agrees with your judgment.

Lillian C. N.—I would not like to recommend any course in motion picture writing. While, of course, one must have a knowledge of technique, unless you have almost a genius for plot weaving and scenario construction, it is hard to succeed in this field.

Bill S.—The only way that I know for you to get into newspaper work is to take anything you can get at first, and be persevering. Better to try first on your home town paper as you will have some experience.

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THE HERMIT GIRL.

I had heard of her several times. Nobody seemed to know just what her name was, but she had taken possession of a little shack up above the timber line on a mountain side above where we took "The Romance of the Redwoods."

Mother was talking to one of the boys who lived nearby. Nearby out in California means anywhere from twenty to fifty miles, I find. It seemed so comical to me when we first came out here to hear people talk of being near neighbors when they really had to travel as far as from New York to New Rochelle to say hello to each other. Anyway, this ranch boy told about "Miss Teddy," as he called her. "Guess she's an artist, maybe, or something like that," he said. "She don't associate with anybody at all. I go up there to her shack and cut wood for her and carry up her mail and supplies. She ain't even got a horse. The minister's wife from the Bend went up one day to tell her it wasn't safe for her to stay way up there alone, but it didn't do any good at all. She's one of these here nature hermits, I think."

He pointed out to us where her shack was, and I used to wish I could fly over to it and surprise her. One day when we delayed on the picture, I coaxed Mother to start out and find the hermit girl. But we found we could only go part of the way in a car, and it was impossible to drive through the narrow trail that wound up the mountain. It was awfully steep in places, that trail. I told the boy who guided us I'd be afraid of having nightmare some time and rolling down in my sleep.

But, oh, it was wonderful when we got far up. There was a last grove of sparse scrub trees, and then the clear ground with her little shack clinging to the sloping mountain side for all the world like one of the stone martins you find in the east. We heard the sound of chopping, and saw her at work at her woodpile.

She wore khaki knee breeches like a boy, and a flannel shirt. Her hair was cut to her ears, and was curly. But when she came forward to greet us, with keen, half-closed eyes, and close, sunsmiling lips, I saw the record of pain on her face.

"So you're 'Little Mary,'" she said, looking down at me from her five-foot seven. "What have you come way up here for?" "Only star-gazers climb this high."

We sat on a big log bench outside please," I told her. "We're taking a picture down in the redwoods, and couldn't wave to you, so I came up."

"I wanted to say hello to you,

her door way past sunset time, and you could just see her thawing under Mother's treatment. She seemed to feel that talking about one's troubles was a sort of weakness, and I guess she was right, too, but Mother coaxed her story out by degrees.

"I came out here with my husband. The doctors said he had about a year to live, so we thought we'd spend it in the open together. He died about five months ago, farther down on the other side of this mountain. I got four of the men over there to bring him up here. He was crippled, you see, and we used to look up at this peak and he'd wish he could climb it. So I thought he'd like to land here at the last. I'm staying with him for a while until I get so I can go back down yonder and take up everyday life again. It isn't much of a story, is it?" she looked at us quizzically.

"I suppose you thought you'd find a romance, but it's only everyday life."

Do you think it was "only everyday life?" I shall always remember that lonely shack and the peak that faced the sunset, when people tell me stories of unhappy married lives.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. M. V.—I am glad you liked "The Little American." Will see that you have your wish. I hope you will write me again.

J. G.—It is splendid of you to give up so much of your precious spare time to so worthy a cause. In these days there are many things we women can do to help. Let me hear from you again.

Hetty—Be sure and cleanse your face thoroughly before retiring, with pure soap and a good complexion brush. Cleanliness is the first step toward a fair skin.

J. K. Y.—You are very fortunate in having someone to encourage you in your musical studies. Yes, my mother is my close adviser and confidant. Her love and devotion has made my life very happy.

M. H.—I am so sorry I cannot do as you ask. I am glad you enjoy my pictures. Keep up a good heart, and send the two scenarios to the studios that use three reels.

Mrs. M. P.—The Essanay and the Selig Companies are both in Chicago. It would be better to have some good professional photographs made before taking your boy to the studios to be registered.

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HER HERO.

Sometimes I do believe this little corner does some good. I was so happy yesterday over a letter that came from a young girl who had written to me three times before. There were some letters so brimful of heartiness and desperation that you feel as if you must do something to reach out a quick hand of help to the writers before they slip under the waves. I felt just that way over this girl. She wrote to me first from her home town in Michigan.

"You haven't any idea of the dullness of this place," she wrote. "Once a year I go down to Chicago to visit my married sister, and every Christmas we go to Minneapolis to visit my grandparents. Otherwise we abide right here. I did not mind it so much until I wanted to extend my studies in music. But I was not allowed to go away. Mother thought it a sad, anyway, and told me I had better be contented."

"Then he came. It was just as though some wonderful wild bird had alighted in a barnyard of domestic fowls. He is a Pole, and has been traveling through this country lecturing on the devastation of his homeland. And he played the violin as if he had never dreamt it could be played. I knew that life would never be the same dull routine to me again after I had known him."

"I suppose to him I was just one silly girl more who admired his art. He went away to some western coast town last week. I have made up my mind that no matter what happens, I am going to Chicago, and from there to New York. Perhaps I shall see him when he returns."

She gave no address, so I answered it through the daily talks, and told her to be careful before she gave up her home to follow a dream. Then came a second letter from Chicago. She was with her sister there, and decided to wait until the violinist made his return tour.

"I can hardly wait until I see him again," she wrote. "He seems to stand in my life for ambition and all hope of the future. In you could only have seen him, Miss Pickford. There was something so noble about him, so ethereal almost. When he played, you forgot all earthly things. I did not tell you his name because he is so famous you will think me ridiculous to lift my eyes to him in admiration of the master musician."

It went on even further, that second letter, and finally she did tell his name. Then I took the letter to mother to talk it over. He was a great violinist, one who, I was sure, would only smile at this young girl's adoration, but would he be sensible enough to understand that she was really in love with his marvelous art and not with him?

"Let me attend to her," Mother said finally, with her little toss of the head and smile that mean so much. I love to see her when she looks like that, with her eyes fairly dancing.

So a letter went back to her, and I knew it was a case of kill or cure.

If she had any sense of humor, she was safe, but otherwise, she would be dreadfully hurt. We told her just when her violinist would be in Chicago and where he would stay. Also, Mother secured an appointment with him for her to meet him.

And then came back her letter after she had seen him. It was delicious, the way she stood up under the shock. "Well, I found my hero," she said in the letter, "just as I am sure you hoped I would. When I got into the elevator at the apartment hotel, there was a very handsome, stout young woman with me. She carried several parcels that plainly told of a visit to the delicatessen shop, and she smiled at me genially when I enquired the way to the apartment. In fact she said she was going there too."

"And when the maid admitted us, I found him with two half grown boys playing around him, in a velvet coat of the Victorian period, and he introduced his wife as his one inspiration. She was so sweet and encouraging to me, and said she loved to meet all the dear nice little American girls who admired his playing. It was like being patted on the head by some splendid Brunhilda. I feel altogether cured."

Wasn't it a good way? Mother was delighted over the success of her little ruse. I only wish we could do the same to all the hero-worshipping girls of motion-picture actors.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Vera T.—If your daughter is determined to seek a career in the pictures in spite of your wishes, you had best help her all you can. Have some good photographs made at a professional photographer's and have her registered at the best studios.

L. A.—I am sorry I cannot do as you ask. I expect to return to the East very shortly. May you have success in your new enterprise.

Rose—Shampoo your head frequently and wash it thoroughly each night and morning. I would not advise you to try the method you speak of. It is very expensive and does not always last.

Lottie—I enjoyed your little letter so much. I think you must mean "A Romance of the Redwoods," don't you? That is the picture I spoke of recently.

R. G. T.—Miss Jane Cowell's first picture will be "The Spreading Dawn." She starred last season in "Lilac Time." Mr. Hart is now with the Artercraft. No, it is not too much trouble. I enjoy all my letters.

Mrs. Christina F.—Of course, it is hard for you to be separated from your little ones, but be thankful they are well and strong and that you are capable of making a livelihood for them. Thank you for speaking so nicely of my pictures.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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THE LITTLE GRAY DRESS.

A girl wrote me this week and said her heart was breaking because she had no party dress. She even said she wished she was dead just because of that, and, do you know, I almost knew how she felt and sympathized with her!

It is terrible to be only fifteen and not have any party dress. It takes all the sunshine out of life if there is going to be a party at some girl friend's house, and you are invited, and can't go. Of course you could go, and wear your blue serge skirt and a middie, but who wants to do that when all the other girls are in their dainty, frilly party dresses like a bed of gayly colored flowers?

Once, when I was about thirteen—it was before we were successful, and new dresses were not at all plentiful—we were in a road company, so I did not miss party dresses. It was all strictly business, just getting into new towns, and rehearsing and playing, then on to the next until the world seemed just made up of railroad stations and racing telegraph poles. Oh, I have fallen asleep so many, many times, counting telegraph poles as we flew by in the train!

But this particular week we were in quite a fair sized town in Ohio. The hotel was a very nice one, and I got acquainted with several girls my own age whose families were staying there. One, I remember, was the only child of a wealthy politician, and she had a birthday party. She was very pretty, I know I thought, with thick yellow curls, and big blue eyes, and the day before the party she took me up to her room and had her maid show me her new dress. It was pale blue accordion pleated chiffon with a deep point lace collar and tiny golden rosebuds tucked here and there.

"And Alice is going to wear pink silk and Polly has a perfectly lovely hand-embroidered white linen. It was made in Italy in the convent, and you can see through it, it's so fine. What are you going to wear, Mary?"

I sat with my chin on my hand, staring at that fairylake dress, and I wondered, too, what I was going to wear. And then I did a dreadful thing. I made up a story about all the dresses I had back in New York, only I said my mother wouldn't let me take them with me traveling for fear I'd spoil them all. I don't think she quite believed me, so of course then I had to describe them, and I had a splendid time telling her all about those make-believe party dresses of mine. By the time I finished all the details, she was really impressed, and I never said one word to mother.

The party was in the afternoon and there was no matinee, so about three I slipped out of our room and along the corridor, dressed in a little plain gray voile that mother had made over for me from one of her dresses. Every stitch she had put in it herself, and some little touches of hand embroidery that I loved. It was made very

simple, too, high-waisted, with a soft rose pink silk sash, and she banded my curls with satin of the same shade. "Just behave as well as you look, Mary, and you'll be all right," she told me when she kissed me, but I did feel shy when I stood at the top of the long staircase and looked down at the richly dressed children in the parlors below. I had forgotten entirely what I had told Hilda about my costly wardrobe, and you don't know how funny I felt when she gathered around me with some of the other girls and admired my dress.

"Mary's dresses are all imported," she told them, "and she never wears any of them more than twice."

And just then Lottie had to come along and hear them.

"Oh, she does not," she said happily. "Our mother makes everything, and that's Mary's best dress, and it used to be mother's last season."

I'm sure she meant to be very complimentary and, after all, I didn't mind. I just smiled at them, and Hilda's blue eyes opened wider than ever.

"Well, I wish my mother could make me dresses like that," she said. "It's the prettiest one here."

I think it was myself. Somewhere I have it tucked away still, that little gray dress with tiny pink rosebuds on it and French knots.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. B.—I am very sorry that I cannot do as you ask as I have nothing to do with the disposition of the articles you mention. Yes, you write very nicely.

L. V.—I enjoyed your letter very much indeed. Yes, to your first question. I think your two brothers should work so that you could finish your education. You are far too young to stop your studies. I hope your mother will regain her health.

R. B.—I have so many requests like yours that it would be out of the question for me to take time to attend to that particular work as much as I should like to. I am sorry.

P. S.—I am glad you liked "The Romance of the Redwoods." Rhada is the name of the girl in "Less Than the Dust." Your letter interested me very much.

M. D.—Thank you so much for the pressed roses. It was nice of you to send them. No, I was unable to attend the Exposition this year. You must not even think of a career until you are older and have finished your education.

M. S.—It is encouraging to have you speak so nicely of my articles. You must be very proud of your brother. I think it was splendid of you to help your family as you did. Give my love to the baby and write me again.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

TEACHING FATHER.

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I wonder just where the fine line of distinction can be drawn between stinginess and frugality. I know if it were not for Mother's common sense, I should want to spend money all the time just as a tree shakes down leaves, so perhaps I do sympathize with other girls when they long for pretty things.

One girl of seventeen writes to me from Chicago:

"I have been earning ten dollars a week as assistant bookkeeper out in the Deering district for a year and a half, and my father only allows me a dollar and a half a week for myself out of that. He takes out four and a half for my board, and puts the rest in a building and loan association for me. I never have any good times at all, or pretty clothes, and yet I have to work from seven to half past five."

"He says by the time I'm ready to get married I'll own a home of my own, but why should I supply the home? Don't you think the man I marry ought to do that? I wish I could go into moving pictures. Do you think from my picture I would be good in them? I have brown curly hair and blue eyes. Sometimes I think I'll just leave home some morning and never show up there again. I would, too, if it wasn't for my mother and little sister. He's mean to them, too. He never gives my mother a dollar of her own. I'll be eighteen next week, and I wish I dared to go away by myself. What would you do?"

I think I would stay with my mother and do my best to make her happier. Perhaps, if I saw how really impossible it was for my father to be anything but a petty household tyrant, I might do my best to get another home together, and make her independent of his unkindness.

There was a girl in our Eastern studio whose courage I always admired. She was not pretty at all, but she had the best tempered face with such a jolly, infectious smile. And one day she brought with her to the studio her mother from Maine. A slim, rather scared little woman she was, who told me confidentially that Martie didn't take one bit after her side of the house. She was just like her father, all "go aheadness" and pluck.

"And the whole family was against her when she wanted to do anything theatrical. We'd never had any actor folks in our family."

Well, they have now, and Martie is a host in herself. I know that she has bought her mother a home in her own name, and is educating several indigent young cousins. She may not have been pretty, but she seems to have found success through her gift of friendliness. I have not used the name she is known by professionally, but I am sure many of you know her well. She used to say it was right that those who are stronger and more resourceful should help the weaker ones.

So I think that if the first girl who wrote me is only patient and watches the right opportunity, she may be able to go into her chosen field, and be of real help to the overworked, bullied little mother back home.

It might be a way of opening her father's eyes to the petty tyranny he has practised all these years. I am sure there are more homes wherein happiness is a stranger, where the women of the family live in hourly dread of displeasing the king of the castle. There would be no surer way of teaching such a husband and father just what the commonwealth of a true home should be like, than for his wife and daughters just to ignore his domineering and go to work themselves. The argument of a steady salary is a powerful one.

Answers to Correspondents.

V. S.—I am glad you liked "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It is too bad you had to have your curls cut, but you know cutting the hair is good for it, and you will have lovelier and thicker hair than ever when it grows again.

B. T.—I think your idea for a "social service worker" is splendid. Do let me know what success you have. The picture you have in mind is "The Pride of the Clan."

A. L.—"Tess" was one of my favorites, too. Lottie's baby is called Mary Pickford, jr. Write me again and tell me how your little one is getting on.

F. E. D.—I am sorry, but I can't give you the information you wish. It is very thoughtful of you to want to help others. Send me the letter for Pete and I will see that he receives it.

R. H.—I just love to receive letters from my little girl friends. Tell the others I would love to come to the "party." Have you thought of starting a "knitting club?" I know a number of girls who are "doing their bit" in this way.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LEMON VERBENA.

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There is one of the dearest old ladies whom you have seen often on the screen. She is with one of the companies here at Hollywood, and I love to talk with her about the old-time days when she was a young actress.

She still possesses the gentlest charm, and her eyes are as bright and expressive as if she were twenty instead of seventy-four. She has one of the prettiest bungalows out here and it is a rare treat to be invited there for afternoon tea. Her garden is fairly overrun with roses, and she has a few beds of old-fashioned flowers that she raised herself from slips sent on from the east. It seems so queer to see verbenas and mignonettes, alyssum and sweet peas mixed in a California garden with gorgeous magnolias and orange blossoms.

She was telling me one day last week about how she dreaded the time when the war should end. I thought this was so strange, because we all want it to end, but she explained.

"You see, child, I was a girl at the time of the Civil War, in my twenties. The man I was engaged to fell at Gettysburg. I lost an eight-year-old brother, too, and I still have the letters of both of them written during the war. When we go indoors I will show you a few of them. While the war is still raging, and so many are losing their dear ones, you feel a sort of communion of sorrow, but afterwards when the fortunate ones come marching home, and there are the reunions, then the loss is keenest, and you know the full cost of war."

I was anxious to read over the letters, so we went into her little sitting room. It was in a four-room bungalow, but she had managed to make that sitting room look like one back in New England. There was even a little hassock in one corner and a marble-topped black walnut table.

"I wanted to feel at home even if I did have to live way out here in California," she explained. Her treasure box was of inlaid wood, with brass hinges, hand wrought. She put back the cover tenderly and there on top was an old-fashioned blue soldier's cap.

"That belonged to Bennie, my brother," she said, lifting it out. "And here was his testament from our mother. It went through many battles. This is a little silver and leather canteen that belonged to Ashton." She handled it lingeringly. "He was a very noble, admirable man. A few of the old time actors would still remember him. He played with Forrest and Edmund Kean. And these are the letters."

I suppose many of you have seen letters from those old wartime days. The ink was faded and the paper was thin and old. The handwriting was in the old fashioned Spencerian style, with many a flourish and curlicue.

Dear Sister Anne," it read. "We have been in camp here four days. It has rained all that time, but we are enjoying good health, and trust this finds you the same. They brought in some rebel prisoners this morning. Pretty starved looking they were, too. Mighty glad to get some of the Yankee bacon. I don't think they can hold out much longer. Maybe I won't be glad to get home again."

"He was killed in the next battle," she said softly. "This is from Ashley: 'Dearest Anne, I have missed all of your letters while on march. There is some chance that I may be given special duty near Washington, and if so, I shall make an effort to get word to you through the lines there.' " She stopped long enough to add, "He was on the other side."

"Nobody who has not visited these southern homes can realize the horror of invasion. I have been sheltered at several while carrying dispatches, and have found such splendid endurance and courage among the women that my spirit salutes them. Time alone will tell which cause was just, but nothing can tarnish the honor of the South. You are all that the North holds for me. I count the days until this conflict is over and we may be married. The little sprig of lemon verbena still keeps its fragrance. I carry it in my pocket in a little leather folder with your portrait and a curl from your dear head."

Her voice trembled and stopped. She laid in my hand a little old leather folder and in it was the picture of a girl with curls over one shoulder and a rose in her hair. One brown curl besides, and a little, brown, dried sprig of lemon verbena. She put the lid down and wiped her eyes.

"No more today, dearie," she told me. And I was crying, too. I knew now why the verbenas grew in her California garden.

Answers to Correspondents.

Gene—Your scenario was very interesting. I am having it returned to you as we do not produce three reel pictures. Try sending it to some company who makes a specialty of two and three reel pictures.

J. S. R.—Yes, we love California, too. I am sure you must be anxious to return after such a long absence. I am glad you liked "The Little American." Your letter interested me very much.

Maybelle—I am afraid from what you write me that you have been buying shoes too small for you. I can only suggest that you go to a very good chiropodist and be more careful in the future when you select your shoes.

G. T.—You can get the information you require by writing to Washington, D. C., to the Department of Agriculture. I think it is splendid of you to drive your neighbors in to town to see my pictures. That is a real compliment.

Miss S. L. G.—If you are a good milliner, you should have no difficulty in procuring a position in any large city. If your mother's health depends upon a change of climate, you had better make the change first and then send for her.

Bessie—The little snapshots you sent me are charming. Your "Mary Pickford" party was a new idea. All your little friends have beautiful curls. I was very proud to show the pictures of all the girls dressed like the different characters I have played recently.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

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THE BURDEN.

I remember something comical. Mother said one day to a director who was with my very first company. He was quite a self-important young man, and expected others to be absolutely reliable and trustworthy when, as a matter of fact, his own record for these qualities was just a little bit shaky.

He had been very severe with one of the girls, because she had been late several mornings. She told him her mother was still in the hospital and she had to visit her before getting to the studio. But he scolded her before all the company in the loud-voiced, lecturing tone some directors seem to think a part of their professional requirements.

"My dear young woman, do you suppose that this interests me?" he demanded. "You could call to see your mother at night. Your duty lies here. If you had any conception of the value of time or punctuality, you would not introduce your private troubles on these people who have had to wait your convenience."

I could see Mother begin to snap her eyes and shut her mouth firmly. The girl was already beginning to cry, and he was all ready to start off on a new speech.

"I have no grudge against you, Miss K—, but I must stand upon my conscience in this matter."

"Look out, Tommy," said Mother suddenly. "'Tis a fearful frail and delicate thing you're trusting your strength on. 'I'm thinking there'll be a terrible tumble if you don't step right off your conscience, my boy.'"

Everyone laughed at him, and it was such fun to see his utter discomfiture. I love to have Mother give just the finishing touch he is wonderful.

I felt like saying the same thing after reading a letter from a girl whose sweetheart is troubled likewise with a frail conscience. They have been engaged for five years, she says. But she has two married brothers and an invalid mother. The wives of the two brothers refuse to be burdened with an invalid, so this girl has cared for her mother since she herself was seventeen.

"I feel grateful to him for being true to me so long," she writes. "I could never ask him to take mother to live with us, as she is almost helpless now, and I know he could never stand such a burden."

It gives me a shiver to hear a sick mother called a burden. Did you ever hear any mother speak of a sick child as a burden? Don't they love them and care for them with double the love and devotion they give to the well children? Have you ever seen a crippled child who wasn't the Tiny Tim of his family?

And the very idea of this girl feeling grateful to him for being loyal to her! Why, if I had been in her place, I should have told my two brothers long ago that they would have to help me with the

support and care of their mother. And those sweet, self-sacrificing sisters-in-law would have to do their share, too. Do you suppose the man she expects to marry some day would hesitate for one minute about taking his own mother into their home if she were an invalid, and letting his wife take care of her?

I remember hearing a story told at a dinner one night in New York, given by Mr. Zukor. Someone was telling about old Judge Finn, "Battery Dan." He had a man arrested for non support of his old mother, who had been sent to the Island after wandering around the streets. The man was surly, and objected to carrying the full burden of her support, or taking her to his home, as his wife objected. Finally he consented, ungraciously, and told the judge to "send the old woman along." The judge leaned over and spoke to him then, and the court was very quiet.

"Ye can't have her home, my boy. It's too late. I only wanted to see if ye was willing. Your poor old mother's lying down in the Morgue. God rest her soul. Go and give her a decent burial if your wife will let you."

I just wish that message could go out to every man and woman who feels that "Mother" is a burden in her old age.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. J. S.—The poem you refer to is in Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." Mr. William S. Hart is with the Artcraft Pictures Corporation. I do not know, to you last question.

K. O. P., Memphis—Your letter was very charming. Try and study your own style and fit your clothes and style of hairdressing to suit your type. Never overdress.

Mrs. S. F.—By all means have your little girl's teeth cared for at once. It may seem expensive to you now, but will save in the long run. The name of the girl in "Less Than the Dust" is Rhada. I am glad you liked the picture.

Franklyn W.—Do not urge the girl you love to marry you if she really feels her duty lies at home. If she cares for you, she will marry you as soon as the way opens to relieve her of her present burden.

T. C. S.—Your picture is very lovely. Thank you for sending it to me. Your church choir training will help you a great deal in reading music and harmony singing.

R. E. T.—The Artcraft Studios are at Hollywood, California. Miss Viola Dana is with the "Metro." She played the girl in the "Poor Little Rich Girl" in the original production.

MARY PICKFORD

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE LIGHTHOUSE GIRL.

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While we were at Marblehead during the taking of "The Pride of the Clan," I heard about the lighthouse girl. She lives on one of the little islets in the river after you pass Newport and go up to Providence. There are ever so many of these rocky little points, and on each is a lighthouse.

An old sea captain who had retired was talking one day of the bravery of women. He lived all alone in a little rickety house with a "leanto" on one side and a funny makeshift porch across the front. Here he would sit for hours at a time, surveying the landscape quite as if he were on his own deck. Perhaps he made believe he was, too, who knows?

I used to love to hail him when I went by, and wave my hand. He'd always say something comical to me, like:

"How's she blowing this morning, matey?"

Or else it would be:

"There's a craft went by awhile back with the tarriest top lights I ever see. Does she hail from same port as you, I wonder?"

There was a little black-eyed girl who was in the same company, and he always liked her. He was intensely interested in the taking of the picture, but he said it ought to be a real Marblehead one, and not a Scotch story at all.

"Don't see what you want to go overseas for, Mary," he told me crustily. "Better stories around your own shores. From Canada, be ye? Well, Canada ain't so poor off for stories, nuther. Been sailing up around Newfoundland often and Novy Scotia. Pretty fair, decent sort of folks thereabouts, near as I could tell in the offing. But what I'd like to see you do is play a part like Nancy Perkins. Ever hear tell of Perkins' Light? Nor of Nancy, neither? Humph, where you lived all your life, anyhow."

I apologized for not knowing, and sat on his front steps while he told me all about Nancy Perkins.

Nancy was fifteen, and she had been born right there on this little point of rock. Her mother died when she came into the world. She had lived there through all her childhood with her father and one older sister. When she was thirteen this sister married and left her to keep house. Once a week she would go to the mainland with her father in the little rowboat, but what she enjoyed most were the steamers that passed to and from Providence, going to Newport and Narragansett and Block Island, and even New York. She grew to know them all, and would wave to the pilot and captain of each as it went by. The old captain said he had been on one of the boats himself, and declared that Nancy had her own special salute of whistles from every boat on the river.

"Looked just like a little pink flower up on the rock shelf the light stood on, waving to us."

Then came one terrible winter, he said, when all navigation was frozen up, and the little islet was isolated from the rest of the world. Her father started out as usual one day to make the trip to the mainland, but

on the way back a heavy storm came up, and he lost his way.

"Nancy told me afterwards that she waited for him until night; then she started to light up, but there wasn't any oil. Perkins was bringing some with him. First she thought she'd start out and try to find him if he was lost, then she figured the light would guide him if she could fix it up. So what did she do but take the big old cabin lamp they had hanging down in the kitchen and carried it up the stairs. I suppose it looked like a candle beside the big light, but anyhow it was like a beacon star to the man that was lost."

"Yes, he got home all right that time," the old captain finished, lighting up his pipe. "That was just one of the int'restin and unusual things Nancy did. If you ever want a real picture I'll tell you all about her. She won't care. Lord, she's most sixty now, and still tending the light. Married a pilot, too, on a Providence boat, one of those fellers she used to wave to. She's saved lots of lives in her time; ought to be just hung around with medals and decorations from kings and queens and such, but Nancy's American. She wouldn't give a snap of her finger for any of them. Jest keeps on doing her duty tending light on Perkins Rock."

Wasn't that dear of him? I always wish I had time to go and hunt Nancy up and tell her how her fame had spread.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. H. T.—Thank you so much for speaking to your friends about my little suggestion. I am sure a great deal of good will arise from this particular line of work.

Bessie L.—Your letter was very interesting. You must have had a delightful day with all your little friends around you. I think you mean "The Pride of the Clan."

Mrs. J. T.—I would not try any of the "patent" dyes for my hair if I were you. Why do you even think of such a thing when gray hair can be arranged so becomingly, and it softens the lines that will come?

Jimmie—I am glad you liked "The Little American." Your letter about your camping trip with the Boy Scouts interested me more than I can tell you. I have a little friend who did fourteen miles in three hours and he is only thirteen, too.

J.D.—Be very careful to cleanse your material thoroughly before you attempt to dye it. The dyes are not very satisfactory now, and you will have to boil your goods a long time in order to get a good color.

Sally—Of course, I love my work. It is part of my life and I would not know what to do with myself if I gave it up. It takes a great deal of hard work and perseverance to accomplish real results, though. You must be willing to devote your whole time and thought to study should you enter the field.

MARY PICKFORD.

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HER BIG BROTHER.

I think that one of the very worst things that can happen to a boy is to be petted by his mother and sisters until he thinks he really has something to do in making the world go round.

I know with Jack—but he doesn't like me to tell personal things about him in these talks, so I won't. He's just getting to that age, you know, and we have to overlook it until he's about twenty-two.

But a letter came today from a girl of twenty who is so worried over the snice of a boy brother that you just want to hunt him up and hand him over to a crowd of real fellows who would take all the mollycoddle out of him and teach him the standards of men.

"He is only eighteen, and Mother has humored him since he was a baby because she thought he was rather delicate," she writes. "I have two older sisters and all we have done since we can remember is give up our time and toys to Frankie. He's always getting into scrapes, too. We have a rich uncle who has paid for his way through one of the best prep schools in the country, and he has been expelled several times. I am sure if it hadn't been for Mother pleading personally for his reinstatement, he never would have finished."

"Of course he knows that all he has to do is pine and act ill and he can have anything he wants. I have been waiting for two years for a chance to take a Western trip with a party of teachers. We were planning to go through the Northwest clear to the coast and mother had told me she would stand the expense, when Frankie smashed his car to pieces, and wanted a new model at once. When mother and I argued with him, he sulked and refused to speak to either of us. Then he said he didn't care what became of him. He was going to join the navy at once and hoped he'd be killed so we'd all be sorry."

"Then he went away and stayed for three nights with a boy chum who was camping, and we didn't know where he was, and mother simply give up and went to bed, feeling sure he had either enlisted or run away. I wish to goodness he would go in the navy. It would make a man of him and take all that nonsense out of him."

Oh, wouldn't I love to see a lot of our boys of the navy get hold of Frankie and teach him what it means to stand up straight and act like a man. I don't suppose there is any chance of his reading this, but I wish he would. I wish there was some way of making him understand how silly and ridiculous he looks in the eyes of other people.

Perhaps some day there may come along a girl he would give all the world to have for his wife, and she may be the right sort of girl, the kind who would despise this type of man, who had spent his life loitering and living on the

boundary of his mother and sisters.

Do you know, I think his mother is just as much to blame as he is. Instead of letting him sulk, why doesn't she refuse to speak to him, and give him a dose of his own medicine? Why doesn't she say she's tired of his foolishness and she is going away for a vacation? Let him stay at home. Give the servants a vacation, too, and let him do his own cooking for a change. Put him on short rations, too, and keep him down to a few dollars. If that doesn't help, tell him to go to work and support himself. Don't pay him out of his home. Be cheerful and friendly, but make him understand he has exhausted patience, and it is just up to him now to make good. I don't like to be his sister for a little while! I'd have more fun regulating Frankie and making him behave. But at least I can write his sister and try to make her do it. Perhaps in a month she will come back from her trip and find him holding down a real job. For she is going. I feel sure of that. I told her to have a nervous breakdown herself and get the doctor to order an immediate change of scene and climate. Then her mother will have to go with her, and possibly Frankie may have to ride in street cars the rest of the season. I hope so.

Answers to Correspondents.

Annie B.—If I were in your place I would confide in my mother. She is sure to help you. It seems to me you are brooding too much over your brother. Boys should stand on their own feet and not expect to have their families bolster up their courage.

Mrs. H. G.—You will find the new patterns for children's dresses quite simple. Have the material of a good quality but do not make your little daughter's clothes too elaborate. If you are careful with her hair, keeping it trimmed short and shampooing it frequently, it will grow thicker.

Harold—Mr. Fairbanks' latest picture is "Down to Earth." He is with the Artcraft Pictures Corporation. I am glad you liked "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

G. R. D.—Be quite sure you are in earnest before you devote your time to pictures. You must be prepared to work hard and long to attain your goal and not be easily discouraged. Have some good professional photographs made before you go to the studios.

S. W.—Thanks so much for all your good wishes for my "orphans." Everyone is so interested in my idea. I feel sure it will be a success.

Mrs. Charles J.—I think your spirit is splendid. If all our "mothers" would take your stand, the boys would feel cheered and willing to go "somewhere in France." Your "knitting class" is a fine idea.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

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A PROMISE OF LOVE.

I heard such a good story of a Red Cross nurse, and there isn't one thing "weepee" about it. Nearly all the stories that drift back from the front now are of the moist kind, but this was told by Wallace Reid, and, by the way, he was one of the first to be called to the colors, so we feel especially proud to have the Artcraft represented so well.

"He has many friends already in France, and we were always interested and eager to hear bits from the letters. One was from a college boy who had been a year with the foreign legion, but had joined the Americans as soon as they came over."

"You'll be surprised to find how sentimental most of the fellows get when they're convalescent," he wrote. "They invariably get an attack of 'neuritis,' and propose to their special nurse. It seems to be a symptom of recovery, and nearly all the nurses take it in the right spirit. But you know Al—" He named an actor well known. "He was wounded in his third battle. That is, if you can call these attacks battles. You wait for you, then run like the dickens, smash a few poor devils down in their trenches, and crawl in yourself to hide until the next dash forward."

"Al was carted back in an ambulance and found himself in a base hospital at a pretty good place. It was about a week later that I woke up there myself. Nothing serious. You can get fearfully mused up with these bursting beauties and not have any special ailment. Almost the first thing I heard was a harrumph from Al down on the other side of the room where they had me."

"That same night our nurse had a heart-to-heart talk with me about Al. She was a mighty nice, sensible English girl, and she was worried about him. She told me he was desperately in love with her, and she was afraid the hopelessness of it would retard his recovery. Knowing Al as I did, I managed to sleep without worry of his early demise. But next day, the day nurse while she was feeding me some of the slippery elm soup they hand you when you're on a diet, told me about the same thing, that Al was pining of a hopeless passion for her, and she wondered whether she had better speak to the doctor about it. She was awfully pretty, and told me she was engaged to a chap with the Australians. She wanted me to break it gently to Al."

"Well, that was complicated, but still merely symptoms so far as I could see, but when the tall Scotch nurse came to me and asked me how long I had known Mr. S— and

whether he was a man of standing and reliability in his own country, began to worry. She was about thirty, and she looked over at Al with the tender mothering glance that bodes danger. I managed to slip a scrap of paper to him during the day, from cot to cot, and told him to be delicious and rave of his fiancée in Chicago. As between us, we got him out of it and they laid it all to a disordered mind. The wonder of it was to me that he made them all believe in him. I was a bit romantic one day over a rose on the day nurse, and nearly got my head taken off for being an idiot. Take it from me, Wally, it's all in the way you tell a woman that you're dying of love for her. You go back to the trenches."

Now that nearly every girl you meet wants to be a war nurse, it seemed to me as if this story would be enjoyed. I have never met "Al" personally, but he is a friend of Jack's, and one of these thoughtful, brown-eyed boys from Texas with the temperament of a poet and the habits and customs of one of the kind of characters Mr. Fairbanks prefers. So I was just a little bit glad that he found himself outflanked for once.

Answers to Correspondents.

Peter M.—You must have a beautiful garden from the description in your letter. The pressed rose is lovely. Many thanks.

Mrs. K. L.—It was sweet of you to name your first baby for me. May she be a great comfort and joy to you. I am glad you liked "The Pride of the Clan." It was taken at Marblehead.

Eugene—The poem called "The Cremation of Sam McGee," is by Robert W. Service. His new book is "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." You can get the book at any standard book store.

Mrs. F. E. McQ.—Thank you so much for all your good wishes and the beautiful card you sent me. I wish I could have been with you on your errand of mercy. I think you are very brave to attempt such a trying profession.

M. T.—Miss Pearl White is with Pathe. Her new serial is "The Fatal Ring." I am glad you liked "The Little American." Yes, "Tess" was one of my favorites, too.

William D.—I am sorry you are having so much opposition from your family about enlisting; but surely, if you feel that your duty lies there, and you are not needed at home, you should follow your inclination.

MARY PICKFORD.

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THE HEART WELCOME.

Haven't you heard it said that riches seem to freeze the hearts of the childless? I think of all pitiful, lonesome sights the worst of all is some old gentleman or old lady, awathed in the raiment of wealth, and tended by servants, without the laugh of a child around them, or the touch of a little moist hand on their old withered cheeks.

I heard from one of my dear little unseen friends, the big sister in a large family, about a girl cousin who is to make her home with them from now on. They live out in South Dakota on a prairie pony farm, raising Shetland ponies and shipping them all over the country. I am sure they are not wealthy at all, and there are eight children, all under seventeen. Yet there is room for one more.

"She is my Aunt Elsie's little girl, and her mother just died. Her father's been dead a long time, so there is no home for her excepting with us or her father's sister. But they are very wealthy people, and she is an invalid, I guess. Anyhow, she can't bear children because they make her nervous. She lives in Philadelphia, but spends a great deal of time in the South, so of course little Elsie would be awfully in her way. And besides, her uncle doesn't like children one bit."

"Elsie wrote about when she visited them once, and all they did was tell the maid to take her out for a walk, and all her meals were served in her suite of rooms with just the maid there to look out for her. It made me think of you, Mary, in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl.' Elsie just begged father and mother to let her come and live with us, and we are going to have her."

Oh, doesn't it make you just wonder what kind of people there are in the world when you hear about such things? Think of those two frozen hearts, closed to every element and influence of child love, shut up in their own selfish indulgence, thinking only of what will make their poor, narrow lives happier. No, not happier. I don't think there can be any sort of happiness for such people. How can this woman live on in peace of mind, knowing that she had ignored the right of her sister's child to shelter and love and care?

Of course, it is far better for the kiddie herself to go to the pony farm. I guess every child wishes there was a pony farm in their own family. There will be other children for her to play with and unlimited welcome and fun, but, after all, eight children to bring up and feed and clothe means self-sacrifice for the parents.

Even if those two people down in old Philadelphia feel too nervous to stand a child's laughter and running feet, why can't they send a big, substantial check each year as a sort of thank offering that she is well-cared for? That would be something.

On the train coming westward once, I remember seeing a lot of little orphans about three and four

years old sent in the care of the sisters to homes where a child was wanted. I can't tell you how it made me feel. I couldn't keep the tears back, they were so dear and patient and happy over the trip and the expected welcome.

Just think what it would mean if every childless home made room in house and heart for even one little loveless boy or girl? I heard one woman say once,

"Oh, I buried my only baby years ago, and it would break my heart to put a strange child in her place."

Why, for love of that one baby that went away, she ought to love and cherish every helpless baby that came into her way of life. That is the real mother love, I am sure, when you are anxious about the welfare of all children, not just your own. Think of the toys that are packed away untouched by baby hands, little toy dogs, "all covered with dust," and tin soldiers and all the rest of toyland—think if they could be brought out and sent forth to the children who have none in the name of the little ones that have flown away. I think there ought to be toy clearing-houses where all the toys that are not giving joy to living children should be brought and given away to the children who have none.

Answers to Correspondents.

Jane G.—Miss Stevens's last picture was "The Blacker." I think you will like "The Romance of the Redwoods." I enjoyed your letter.

George.—You should be more careful with your eyes and wear smoked glasses if the light is too severe. I am sorry I could not attend the exposition. I am never too busy to read my letters.

H. T. C.—Mr. George M. Cohan's new production through the Artcraft studios is "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Miss Farrar is working on her new picture in California.

Elizabeth.—It seems to me there must be many ways in which you could "do your bit." All over the country there is a big, general movement among girls of your age as well as the older women. Get in touch with your local Red Cross unit.

L. T.—Your wife is perfectly right in taking the stand she does. If she has always been self-supporting and her home duties do not fill her time, you have no right to expect her to give up her profession. Place yourself in her position.

Katherine J.—You should try to control your temper or it will grow worse in time. Smile all you can and you will find your family will do their share towards keeping the smile there. Write me again. We all have our little worries, you know.

MARY PICKFORD.

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THE WIFE OF A STAR.

I was sitting on the veranda talking to the wife of one of our best known stars the other day, when the mail carrier brought up a large batch of letters and gave them to her. She smiled and laid them on a little willow stand at her elbow.

"It takes his secretary and myself nearly all the morning to send off photographs and letters to these girls," she said. "Do you get many from boys and men, Mary?"

"I told her quite truthfully no, that nearly all mine came from young girls asking for advice. And when I do receive letters from boys or grown men, they are splendid ones, manly and right. I have heard from boys at the front, and one in an English submarine. Many Canadians write to me, and some from the colonies, New Zealand and Australia. I have had letters from American boys abroad and way in China and Japan. Several write to be regularly from Alaska, and there was one dear old man up in Vancouver who wrote regularly for several years, but I'm afraid he has gone into the great beyond now. I haven't heard from him in a long while."

I get letters that I am proud of, proud to think that such people ever have time to read these little daily talks of mine and write back to me about them, but I never find among my mail, any letter that I could not show my mother. Not even silly love letters. There was one Canadian ranch boy, I remember, who wrote to me for a long time, and told me he had my picture on the wall of his cabin, but finally he wrote to me from England and told me he had just married the girl he had always loved since he was a little boy, and she had more curls than I did. Isn't that fun?

So I told her all this, and she smiled and shook her head.

"I don't like to think that my own sex is so sentimental, but really, you ought to read some of this mail that comes every day. And it's a very sore point with Bob. He won't even read them over. He says it makes him feel as if the only audience he appealed to was made up of school-girls. Do you think it's because girls reach an age when they crave the romantic side of life, and a motion-picture hero seems to embody all their ideals?"

I told her I didn't know, but after I went home Mother and I were talking it over. I tried to put myself in their place. Supposing I lived in some little town, and had no adventures or change at all, excepting when I could go to see a new picture. And then I shut my eyes, and tried to pick out a favorite hero. You know it's really hard if you sit down deliberately and try to find one.

Of course, I do like Jack in pictures, because, well, he's just all boy and youth. And I love Mr. Mori's pic-

tures of the west, not the desperate type, but like the one he played in the "Dawn Maker." He makes a wonderful Indian, just like Curtis's pictures.

Somehow, the usual handsome hero does not appeal to me a bit. I like the interesting type that does "stunts." I know I wouldn't like Mr. Fairbanks one bit if he only played the usual Romeo romance. I want to see him doing all kinds of unusual things. As one girl friend said to me: "I love to watch Dug kick the stars and stamp the dust and come up smiling at the end."

But it is a wonder to me that an effort is not being made to perpetuate the art of famous actors. Of course Mr. Nothern has appeared on the screen, but only think if we had Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" and Mansfield's "Peer Gynt." I want Jack to play "David Copperfield" so much, because he was all right as Pip, in "Great Expectations."

I wonder if any of you have seen "Mothers of France" with Madame Bernhardt? Of all the women of the stage I love her best. She seems today like the very voice of France. Every time I hear her name spoken, I feel like giving the military salute.

So, after all, I don't think I have any favorite motion picture actor. Mine would have to be a composite portrait of many.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. G.—Your letter about your trip through Maine was very interesting. The county you speak of is noted for its potato crop. The scenery through that territory would be ideal for motion pictures.

Mrs. Kate C.—I am glad you enjoy my pictures. It is one of the great compensations to know I am giving pleasure and happiness to others. Do you mean "Tess of the Storm Country?"

Melville.—It is splendid of you to make such a sacrifice for your sister. I am sure there will be a way for you to study, too. Let me know how you get on.

S. W. F.—Miss Ethel Barrymore is with the "Metro." Mary Miles Minter's last picture is "Melissa of the Hills."

B. T. H.—The Artcraft Studios are at Hollywood, California. Your idea is a splendid one and you ought to work it out carefully. I am sure it would make a good two-reel picture.

J. T.—"The Manxman" is the latest Hall Calne picture. The scenario is taken from the book of that name. The pictures were taken on the "Isle of Man" where the story is laid.

MARY PICKFORD

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MY PARTY.

Of course I wasn't there. They only wrote and told me all about it after it was over, but I felt as though I had been at some sort of an enchanted party where all the other children were a lot of little me's. Doesn't that sound funny?

It was a little California girl who gave the party and originated the whole idea, too. Her name is Viola, but she doesn't want me to tell the rest of it. She lives in a beautiful big bungalow on a mountain side overlooking the sea, and I saw her own room there. It made me wish that all children might have such a place to spend their childhood in. The wall paper designs showed scenes from favorite fairy tales. Cinderella dreamed over the old fireplace, and Snow White rambled through the forest to the house of the seven little dwarfs. Red Rose bent over the log to set the poor brown bear free, and Blar Rose woke in her tower to find the prince bending over her. Oh, it was a darling room. In the little low white bookcases around the wall were all the books a child would love best, and the little double latticed windows were framed in rose vines. I think what made me happiest, though, was this: Viola let me share the room with her, for all around she had pictures of the characters I had played in from "The Good Little Devil" to even "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

But the very best of all was her birthday party the day she was twelve years old. She wrote me all about it, and asked me to come, but I couldn't. Wouldn't it have been funny if I had gone, dressed in everyday clothes and found myself with all my other stories and pictured selves around me. "What do you suppose, Mary," she wrote me, "it is going to be a really, truly Mary Pickford party. Every single one of the girls will be dressed up like you, and the ones that haven't got curls will wear curly wigs. I wanted to be Hulda, but Mother says I am to be the 'Little American.' We're going to have Peppina and Hulda, Cinderella, Tess, Radha, and that poor little girl in the factory picture, and little Gwen, and even the little foundling. Don't you think it's a splendid idea, Mary? Wouldn't you laugh if you could come in and find us all there bowing to you, a lot of your own selves?"

Isn't that a funny party? I don't think anyone would have ever thought it up excepting a child who still lived in the wonderland of infancy. It is one of the prettiest and nicest compliments I ever had.

It made me think of something that happened long, long ago, oh, about ten years ago when I was a little girl, too. We were playing in a company on the road, and my birthday happened when we had to make a long jump on the train. You don't know how I felt, to have a birthday on an old railroad train. Somehow, it seems so long when you are little, to have to wait a whole year for another birthday

to come to you. They are much more precious then.

Anyway I curled up on a seat and fell sound asleep. We had taken a train at five-thirty in the morning, and it was dreary outside, for spring was just beginning to tip toe over the land.

And when I woke up the funniest, nicest thing had happened. I think everyone in the company had planned a gift on the red plush seat back of me. It looked as if I had been playing store. There were handkerchiefs and two bottles of cologne, and a doll, and a little workbox, and a ring in a dear little velvet case from Mother. I've had lots of rings since, but I never loved them as I did those that Mother gave me back in days when dollars were scarce as hen's teeth, as Jack used to say.

The comedian in the company had given me a mechanical parrot that would say "Polly" very stuffily, and even the property boy gave me a key ring that I was awfully proud of. Somehow a key ring for your very own implies dignity, doesn't it?

And last of all when the conductor found out it was a real birthday, he took an old pine tree shilling from his watch chain and gave it to me for good luck. Wasn't that dear of him? I have it still. I think this train party and Viola's are the nicest I ever had.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. H. N. F.—If you would try and arrange a vacation for yourself, even for ten days, and get away from everything connected with your daily life and relax, your nerves would be much better. We all need a change of environment occasionally.

Jean.—It was very thoughtful of you to write me such a nice letter. You must be very proud of your big brother. I am glad you enjoyed "The Little American."

K. McM.—You might have a "fudge party" and give some impromptu tableaux in an informal way. Yes, my curls are real. Arrange your hair simply for the office.

Mary—Miss Beadle Barriscale's new picture is "Wooden Shoes." Yes, Little is back in the pictures again. Her baby is named for me. My mother if with me here in California.

Thomas G.—Good luck to you in France. It is a great honor to be among the first to go. Thank you for writing me. Tell the other boys my heart is with them all.

A. W. W.—Have you thought of being a "Mother's Helper?" From your letter it seems to me you are well equipped for such a position. There are so many mothers who would be glad to have such a girl as you to help them with their tasks and the care of small children.

MARY PICKFORD.

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HIS SECOND WIFE.

"She's actually jealous of her husband's first wife!" I exclaimed.

"What's that?" asked Mother. "Why, Mary, child, what are you talking about?"

I held out to her a letter written me by a girl who had married a widower.

I think he's horrid, too, I told Mother. I don't see how she can love him so much!

Mother's smiling face became serious as she read the letter. "It's a difficult case," she commented, "but I think the girl has failed to assert her rights and make known her wishes, and the man simply doesn't think. He forgets that sweet words and little attentions mean everything to a girl. They are her signposts along the road of happiness, and she doesn't believe she is on the right road unless she sees them."

"The man must be made to realize that he owes his young wife the attentions that are her due, and the girl must be taught that nothing can be won from a husband by sitting back and waiting on his pleasure. Unless he sees her conspicuously before him he is liable to become absorbed in other interests and forget her claims. After the courtship is over, and a man has won the girl he loves, he is too satisfied himself to remember to keep her so."

Here is what the girl-wife said: "I am just a girl married to a widower. I love him devotedly, but I am not happy, Miss Pickford. No one knows the heart-aches, and nights I lie awake thinking of the first love and wondering if I mean as much to him as that first love did. I have never told him of my feelings in this regard. He is good to me, but Miss Pickford, there are those little endearing words, so dear to all young married girls' hearts, and which I have never had. Everything shows his first wife had everything that goes with a home, while I struggle along on almost nothing. There are little things that he made for his first wife, but he never thinks that I love these things also."

"I never speak to him of my feelings in this regard. Never, never would I advise any girl to marry a widower! When my husband speaks to an outsider on the subject of his deceased wife's sisters, and uses the term 'sister-in-law,' it is like a knife-thrust to me. It strikes home, and I realize I was not his first love."

"Miss Pickford, do forgive me for writing so much, but it seems as though I must unburden this weight to some one. Perhaps you can understand."

Mother looked at the end of the letter, and then she said in her sweet way, "Yes, I do understand. Poor girl! She has made a mistake in the beginning and it may be hard to rectify it, now. Men are such blundering creatures, they seldom understand the sentimental side of a wife's nature. If this girl had started right out, from the day of her marriage, demanding loverlike attentions, and the little comforts and pleasures that she knew her husband could afford, her expectations would probably all have been realized. She will find it necessary to use tact, now, but the longer she delays claiming her rights the harder it will be to gain them."

"I suggest that the wife offer and

seek the caresses that she longs for. This will flatter and gratify her husband and train him to be more demonstrative towards her. Men are as easy to train as puppies if you take them in time. And then, I do think it is the most foolish thing in the world for a bride to lie awake making herself miserable, wondering whether she means as much to her husband as his first wife did."

"Of course she does! She means everything to him. And it all depends on herself how much or how often he thinks of his first wife. Men are not given to retrospect and they hate to see the trait exercised by women. Take my word for it, if this girl would only pet and flatter her husband and keep his house cheerful and comfortable for him, he wouldn't exchange her for all the angels in Paradise, and she may count upon it that the memory of his first wife would seldom disturb his mind."

"He married a second wife, first, because he loved her, and next, because he wanted to forget everything except the happy present. Men live in the present. Only women mourn over the past."

"Let this girl stop her foolish moping and bring the love and sunshine to her husband that he married her to obtain. And she must never be backward about asking for what she wants, so long as her wants are reasonable. And she must see that her desires are gratified. The more she demands the more she will get. It is man's nature to value most what costs him most."

This is what Mother says, and I hope the sad young wife will realize how true it is, and how foolish she is to let herself be unhappy when her husband wants to make her happy in any way that will please her. Next time this wife writes to me I hope the story will be one of pure happiness."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. James J. T.—I hope your story has not been lost. It was kind of you to want me to see it. I have been traveling and the story may be traveling around the country after me. I hope it reaches me. Authors tell me that they always keep a duplicate copy of every story so that, if one is lost, the other copy is ready for use.

Mrs. W. J. C.—Thank you for your appreciation of my pictures and articles. It makes one work with so much delight when friends one has never met write as beautifully as you do. That is a dear story about your baby boy. Kiss him for "Mary Pickford." Thank you for your sympathy about Little Anna.

M. B. M.—You are a true patriot and I enjoy, all the more, your praise of my plays. You will find that any Red Cross workman in Chicago will be glad to have your services for what time you can spare them. They have work for all.

Helen L. S.—I am so glad that you like my articles and my plays. I think you will enjoy "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" quite as much as you have done "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and "A Little American." You must write what you think of Rebecca.

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SNAPSHOTTING THE SEA.

One day I was down at the seashore with some friends, snapping pictures with a little camera. "Motion pictures," Lottie called them, because the waves would not stay still, and people on the beach did not seem to realize that every time they wiggled ahead they blurred the picture we were making.

Imagine my astonishment when a man placed his hand on my arm.

"You can't take pictures here," he said.

"Why? Everybody has always taken pictures here!" I exclaimed, pointing myself away.

"I shall have to arrest you, if you do," the man replied.

We just stared at him, with our eyes and mouths wide open. Who ever heard of such conduct? We thought he must be crazy.

The man turned back the lapel of his coat and showed us a badge. "You can take pictures of the land, but not of the sea. The United States government will not allow marine photographs to be taken," explained the interloper.

"Can't take pictures of the sea? Why, everybody does it. We've always taken pictures wherever we pleased," Lottie protested.

"Not any more," said the man. "The government does not object to your making pictures of beach scenes, like this, and in this locality, but Washington cannot regulate the taking of every picture, so they have made a rule that covers all. A picture taken on the shore may accidentally show a battleship or a transport steaming in the distance; or it may show fortifications in some localities; it might even show boats going to and from ships carrying soldiers or marines. Such pictures are absolutely prohibited."

By that time we were very much interested. The man went on, "You see how important it is to safeguard every movement of our troops in this war? That is the reason why no pictures at all of bridges or marching troops, or any kind of vessels—merchant, or other kind—may be taken without a government permit, and the permit must come from the Secretary of War or of the Navy. No other kind will suffice."

"Do you mean I would have to get a permit from Secretary Daniels, just to take that group on the beach?" I asked him. "I do want that picture terribly. The little brown children are so cute!"

The man scanned the horizon. "I think Miss Mary Pickford can safely take her picture of the group on the beach," said he. "But no more pictures after I leave. One never knows when a ship may appear on the horizon, and you cannot run any risks."

I snapped the picture. "We don't want to take any more marine views," I declared. "We are

patriots. We want to do exactly what our government would have us do."

"That's the talk!" agreed the officer, heartily. "If every patriot would remember to help the government by observing all the war measures passed for our country's protection, it would save much expense and trouble in the way of providing special officers to watch over all sorts of petty details."

"Like preventing the taking of marine pictures," I interjected.

"Yes," he admitted. "In localities near ports or fortifications or bridges, this picture-taking would be most strictly prohibited."

When you come to think of it, how easy it is for us to learn the new measures and observe them.

That's one way in which we can all serve our country. The truest patriot, I think, is the one who looks out for his country's welfare at every turn, and does his "bit" gladly, down to the smallest details."

I think the reason everybody expresses such enjoyment in my play, "The Little American," is because it is so patriotic, and every American just fairly thrills with patriotism, now. Don't you?

Answers to Correspondents.

A. L.—You are a noble, splendid girl to keep the home together for your six sisters and brothers. If your playmate will make a good husband, your idea of marrying and keeping the smaller children till they can look out for themselves is a good one. Your brothers should help more than they do.

J. D.—I think that your determination to go through high school is admirable. An education is of the greatest help. Good luck. Glad to hear from you.

J. B.—It is lovely in you to write and tell me how much you like my plays. I enjoyed playing in "The Little American" especially, because it is so patriotic.

M. F.—You write wonderfully well for a girl of eleven years. I am so glad you read all my articles and go to see all my plays. It makes me feel you are a very close friend. So you like "Pride of the Clan" best? I'm sure you will like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" just as much.

M. G. S.—That is a lovely idea of yours to make scrap books for the soldiers, and I'm greatly flattered that you want to make a "Mary Pickford" book, with all my daily talks and pictures in it. It is worth working to win such friends as yourself.

Somewhere in Chicago—You must make up your mind to be successful and happy. This attitude will help you to win. I will write an article on your letter next week. I don't believe in such a thing as "bad luck."

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

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ROSE LEAVES.

Mother one day laid a necklace of rose colored beads around my neck. Each bead formed a small rose. My room was fragrant with the odor of roses.

"Ah, where did they come from?" I exclaimed.

I had seen necklaces made of flowers from California in a small shop in New York, and exhibited for sale in California, but never had one been so close that its delicious breath sweetened the atmosphere about me.

"Would you like to go where this came from?" asked Mother, "and see how the pretty things are made?"

Would it in no time we were standing before the beautiful avenue that leads from Hollywood, which, as you know, is a suburb of Los Angeles.

Have I ever told you about the big pepper trees that shade roadsides out here, and the gorgeous clusters of coral berries that hang from them at this time of the year and give the trees their name? They aren't really pepper trees, you know, but their fruit looks like heavy sprays of little peppers in all the shades of coral and pink.

I wish you might have gone with us under this crimson and green canopy and out into the beautiful California country, all purple and gold with ripe orchards.

We stopped at a small bungalow, snugly in a garden full of roses on the mountain slope. Even in California I have seldom seen roses of one sort massed in such profusion. I just breathed my lungs full of nature's altar of roses as we entered the garden.

More roses covered a wide front porch. This was nearly as big as the bungalow itself. The dwelling was small, but oh, so comfy and sweet!

Mother said that refinement and taste and love just breathed from every nook of it.

A young woman got up from her chair on the porch and came to meet us. She had been sitting at a table heaped with rose petals. Baskets of roses rested beside her chair. Her cheeks were brightly flushed. She looked wonderfully pretty; a slight, graceful creature, with smiling lips and eyes. When she greeted us she coughed.

I saw mother look strangely at the bright color in her cheeks.

Another table stood in the shadow of the vine-draped piazza. It was strewn with little molds of miniature roses, and rose beads, in process of manufacture. I saw, now, where my odorous necklace had come from. A man stood up and was introduced. He was the woman's husband. I thought he seemed very frail. When he explained to us how he made a paste of crushed rose petals, molded it into beads and dried them on long hat pins (the hat pins make the holes through the beads, you know), he, too, coughed.

Mother looked so sorry that I wondered what could be the matter.

Mother is so sympathetic that in a very few minutes they were telling us all about their little rose romance.

He had been ill of consumption, in the East, and had come to California to regain his health. He could not work at much, but he managed to get this plot of land and put up the little

bungalow. He planned it to be all lovely and sweet for her, and she was to come and marry him as soon as he recovered his health.

Meantime she taught school and sent to him everything she could to help make the small home comfortable and pretty.

But his health did not improve. After awhile he was not strong enough to do much more than care for his roses and make chains of their petals for his support. Then she cajoled. He had asked her to. He feared she might contract consumption. He suggested breaking their engagement.

"And I just laughed, and came on and married him," she said.

I wish you had heard her tell me this dream of roses means to me. Did any one ever hear of such a delightful way to make a living? We are never idle, for there are orange blossoms, lemon verbena and lavender to make up into chains when roses are not so plentiful. It is really like living and working in Paradise."

She was not looking at us. Her eyes beamed on her husband. "Isn't that a perfectly ideal existence?" I cried to Mother, as we looked back at the pretty bungalow in its nest of roses.

"Their courage and devotion are beautiful," said Mother.

Answers to Correspondents.

Tona—I am so glad to hear how much you and your little ones enjoy my plays. Thank you for the beautiful copy of Burns, "The Pride of the Clan" has brought me lovely friends.

"Sister"—That is a dear letter of yours, so full of sweet thoughts for me. I enjoyed the flower and shall look forward to receiving your picture. The addresses you ask for are: Hazel Dawn, care Paramount Company; Sherry Mason, care the McClure Pictures; Norma Talmadge, care the Selznick Company; Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman, the Metro Company; Pearl White, Pathe Company; Anita King, Lasky Company, all in New York.

Mary B.—I am so pleased that you think that all my plays are "wonderful." The part of Adam Ladd, in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, will be played by Eugene O'Brien. "The Pride of the Clan" was photographed at Marblehead, Mass. Ann Pennington is with the Paramount Company. I do not know her age.

M. H.—It is so encouraging to know that you like all my plays, and so much enjoyed "The Poor Little Rich Girl." I have been playing in pictures since I was 5 years of age, so you are correct in your surmise.

J. B. W.—Your praise of my articles and my plays gives me the greatest pleasure. I'm just as much interested in Red Cross work as your mother and yourself are. Yes, I like to run a car. My father is not living. My favorite home is in Hollywood, Cal.

Lottie N.—I am so glad to get your letter. That is a beautiful compliment to read my articles to your club. Marguerite Clark is with the Paramount Company.

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HER GARDEN OF IMAGINATION.

The first letter I opened today came from a sick girl whom I had never heard of before. She told me how very ill she had been of pneumonia, and how, in these days of convalescence, too feeble to leave her bed, she spent her time happily in the "garden of her imagination."

She sent me a little story she had written about a princess who lived in this wonderful garden, and the story is so pretty that I hope she may have it published, as she wants to do, so that others may catch her sweet and buoyant thought and use it as a key to open the gates of their own gardens of imagination.

It seemed to me such a fine, brave thing for this sick girl to do, to make herself happy in so simple a way, that I just have to tell about it, for so few sick people realize the hours of delight they may spend in this garden, and, as the letter before me says, and, though the garden lies in a far country to some persons, it is always possible for everyone to find the way and enter.

After I read that happy, cheerful letter, telling about the wonderful flowers that grew, and fairy palaces that lifted their shining turrets in the garden of imagination, and the joyous experiences of those who lived in that magic spot, I looked out of my window and saw before me my own beautiful garden in California.

You know how I love flowers, and how I wish that every one of my readers might enjoy with me the beautiful flowers of California. As I looked from the letter to my garden the thought flashed into my mind, "why, of course, you can each one see my flowers and this marvelous country of the Pacific Coast, in your Garden of Imagination." Isn't that a wonderful thought? We can simply unlock a door in our minds whenever we please and forget pain and sickness and loneliness and weakness while we wander among the radiant scenes of a garden that never fades? There are no trains to catch nor weary miles to travel, we merely open a gate of inner vision and are there.

I'm so glad the sick girl told how happy she was in her adventures through the Garden of Imagination. She is only fourteen years of age, but mother says she has found the key to perpetual youth and happiness, because she has learned how to rise above the pains and chains of earth to happy activities of mind and vision. In her imagination she not only sees the color and inhales the fragrance of a land of flowers, but she lives through events of lively interest. Her body is helpless, but her mind expands and develops in the most beautiful directions and she is able to enjoy every moment of her enforced idleness.

Mother says that activity of the mind in such inspiring channels leads to spiritual as well as mental development, and that it would be well for everybody in their hours of helplessness or dependency to remember the Garden of the Imagination and let themselves play among its flowers and fairy palaces for awhile.

I said to myself, just think. Here is a girl away off in Chicago, who can merely close her eyes and be in this beautiful garden of mine among the shining golden poppies, and the curtains of fragrant roses that hang upon the trellises.

That was a long, closely-written letter from the sick girl, and much of it was very practical. She believed that a girl should learn all the useful things possible, and make herself efficient in both domestic and national life. It seemed to her that just now the work of a Red Cross

nurse would be most desirable, because the country has need of trained nurses. That was one thing that struck me in the letter. She seemed so practical in her ideas and aims; she did not, like many girls nearing the fourteenth year, plan this sort of career, or that—not even the career of nurse. She merely dwelt on the need and value of brains and imagination in a woman. "For without them you can do nothing," says her letter. And she told how her ideal of woman's duty was to be thoroughly equipped for a life of efficient service. And then, without seeming conscious that she was pointing this out, she showed how large a part in the development of mental efficiency could be played by the imagination in lifting the mind from the petty to the illimitable, and in exercising it to broader vision.

I wanted to pick up that joyous letter with its healthy, wholesome message, and run with it to every hospital, telling the bed-ridden that here was a way to forget everything except what was most lovely and helpful; they had only to unlock a mental door that revealed to them all the glories which lie in the Garden of the Imagination.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel D.—You are doing the right thing in deciding not to study for any profession that will not please your good parents. And I am glad to find a girl so appreciative of the love and care of her father and mother as you are. My mother and sister and brother are well and we are pleased that you remember and write to us.

Tootsie K.—I should think you would send the pictures you wish to enter in the "screen opportunity contest" to the editor of the magazine that is running the contest. Write the address of the magazine as beautifully as you have written your letter to me. I shall be glad to hear of your success.

Michel B.—Yes, you may write me in French, as you suggest, and I will reply, as best I can, to the inquiries you make. I think you will find many to converse with you in the languages you speak at the Chicago University. It is sad to be a stranger in a far country.

Emily P.—Thank you for your kind words about my column; it is encouraging to know how it is enjoyed. I am fond of all colors and it would be hard for me to determine which I love best. But my friends tell me that blue is becoming. I hope you will soon be well. Write again.

E. B.—I think the crochet dress must be perfectly beautiful, and it is kind of you to make it for a friend. I love beautiful fancy work but have little time for it, as you can imagine. I would advise you not to risk losing your valuable piece of work by mailing it, as I expect to leave here before long. Your description is so good that I can just see it.

J. C. E.—I am so glad that you like my pictures and never miss seeing a play that I am in. Thank you for telling me about the oil painting of me that you saw. That is, indeed, a compliment to have so fine a portrait painted by an artist unknown to me. I hope you will like my next play as much as you have previous ones.

MARY PICKFORD.

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A MOTHER'S PROBLEM.

"What would you suggest that my husband and I do with a dear little daughter of ten to find some outlet for a deep-set love of acting that she has, that would lead to some other work than the stage?"

This is a sentence in a long letter from a wise and tender mother who, believing that my mother is experienced in a knowledge of what stage careers mean to young girls, thinks she may also know of some profession associated with the stage, and yet not of it, for which she might train her child.

My correspondent has tried every means to encourage her child to expend her enthusiasm in other games and interests than the amusement of dressing herself in discarded grown people's clothes and acting out some story she has heard, or play that has wrought itself out in her own fertile imagination. Her parents do not want her to go on the stage.

"First I would tell her," said Mother, "not to trouble herself in the least about this bent of her child. I have never known any imaginative children who have not dearly loved to 'dress up' and play at some crude dramatics of their own. Children would rather play in this way than in any I know. That the little girl in question most enjoys acting out some part in a play, dressed in her mother's old party dresses, does not mean that she will carry her love of acting beyond the school room. The trait is universal in children. This sort of game affords them scope for the imagination and the exercise of their love of the picturesque. Children love to imagine themselves grown up; they love to fancy themselves in the person of a romantic character. If every youthful Queen Elizabeth and Good Fairy were to remain beyond school days, the world would be overful of theaters to accommodate them."

"I would suggest to this child's mother," went on my Mother, "that she leave her little girl to her own devices in the matter of acting plays, neither encouraging nor discouraging her. Let her develop the child's imagination, which is evidently lively, and needs outlet. If the child shows aptitude for creating stories, then literature might be an excellent study. She may have in her the making of a playwright or novelist. Or, she may develop into a good short-story writer. The trait that the child exhibits is not necessarily one that leads to the role of actor. It is merely a child's way of expressing its ideas and illustrating what its mind creates. Every child of intelligence acts. I have seen little tots, when they thought themselves unobserved, act out the story suggested to them by music to which they were listening. A child's ideas all find physical expression in action of some sort, because the little one is too sort, because the little one is too undeveloped to express its ideas in any other way. To give any serious thought to the child's taste for the stage, when the child's whole plan of action may change in three or four years, is a waste of time and anxiety."

"I believe," Mother said, "that it is a mistake to let the child see that her acting is taken seriously, at all. Let it be treated as part of her ordinary play. Lacking an interested audience she will cease to attach great importance to her acting and will, the more readily turn to other things. Most girls keep up their love of acting well into their teens, or until they marry, or choose some profession. There is an appeal in theatricals that every young thing responds to. This rarely means anything. It is merely youthful exuberance seeking active expression."

"It seems to me," said mother, "that your correspondent, Mary, would do well to try out the child in music, drawing and designing, where designing is used in a decorative sense. The child is too young to show what she really leans to in any of these things. A year's study at them all might determine which she is fitted for. Creative ability can be turned to account in designing, from both the decorative and architectural standpoint. This is a lucrative field for a woman. And it can be made to develop either a painter or a sculptor, as talent develops."

"That the child should have her energies trained to some creative occupation is evident. The thing to do is to find out what she is fitted for; whether she will do best at literature, designing in the applied arts, or in painting. One branch of designing would help her in learning how to plan pageants and the like, and if she could be given a free hand to do what she liked with her own room two years from now, she will show whether she has any aptitude for interior decoration."

"Ability to design in any line of industry is a valuable asset," mother said, "and it is worth while teaching this clever little girl the rudiments of drawing. A year at school—two years, I should judge—would disclose her natural bent. Then superfluous studies might be dropped and her energies concentrated upon what will best serve her in her life work."

"But," and mother's eyes twinkled in that merry way they have, "I would advise parents not to take seriously any tendency that a child may express for acting. All bright children act. I really believe this little girl has a gift for acting, but it is a gift easily deflected into something else that will allow as great a scope for the exercise of a lively imagination."

Answers to Correspondents.

D. T.—Your letter is most interesting and I will write an article about it soon. "Rouge" would be a good name for a red calf. And how about "Movie" for a frisky one? I'd love to see the calves.

L. H. K.—I think you must be a sweet and dutiful girl to have given up your idea of trying to get into the movies because your parents desired it. I wish every girl remembered her duty to her parents as well. I'm pleased to hear of your reward. Fourteen years is young to have won a good position on leaving high school.

P. M.—Oh, what a lot of sweet kisses you have sent me. Florence! Kisses always sweeten life, and I return mine for yours. I'm glad you like my plays. The next one will be a sweet girl like you, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

M. S.—It is always delightful to receive letters from appreciative friends, and I was so glad to hear from you, Marie. I am sure you will like my new plays as much as you have the others you mention.

H. L. S.—I enjoyed receiving your letter, and wish I could get time to send you the personal answer you ask for. But the most I can do is to steal an hour to chat with my friends in this column. Thank you for your words of praise. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

E. E.—What a pleasant "memory book" you are making. Elizabeth, in collecting all your movie favorites in a scrapbook. I am glad to be in such good company. Thank you for your letter.

MARY PICKFORD.

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ABOUT MAKE-BELIEVES.

Many people write and ask how I manage to dress so naturally in make-believe plays, and I think they will be interested in knowing that my character dresses are never make-believe. Everything in a moving picture play must be as real as possible. You cannot make silkolene look like satin, nor cheesecloth like chiffon, as you can in an ordinary photograph. Moving picture cameras really seem to have gimlet eyes; they discern everything just as it is, and go to work and tell the audience all about it, too.

You remember the story of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." That is the new play in which you will see me this autumn. Rebecca wears a cheesecloth party dress because she cannot afford any other kind, and I have a real cheesecloth dress, just like Rebecca's.

Every day, as I played my part, I saw how careful the director was about every detail; appropriate furniture, scenery, even the right kind of country buttons on Rebecca's clothes. I have always observed this exactness in carrying out details in plays. Directors of good plays never try to fool the people. That is why plays cost so much and afford the pleasure they do, because they are sincere.

It made me think. People always recognize and respond to truth. And when I thought how beautiful an audience was in this respect, it made me feel that one must live one's truest self, and act one's truest self in pictures, because it isn't the make-believe character that holds the audience, it is the real person who plays the part.

Then I felt glad that my mother had brought me up to be sincere and thorough in my work. A movie actress needs these qualities to win success, and I think that is why people write so kindly about my plays. I just live in the character I am portraying, and I'm sure that "The Poor Little Rich Girl" never felt an emotion that I did not experience, and recently I've been living in "Rebecca" until I just feel as though I am Rebecca.

When I began to think about how moving picture cameras depicted everything with such startling accuracy, the idea came to me that our characters are thrown upon the screen of time with just that same undeviating exactitude. Every trait and foible is clearly revealed.

While the scene shifters made ready for another picture of Rebecca, one day, I rested my chin in my hand and thought this thing out.

Yes, I said to myself, there must never be any make-believes in our daily lives if we want to make a perfect character film. We want to speak every word from our hearts, and throw a cheerful light on the picture with the beams of kindness, and let every act be such that, if the play of our life were thrown upon an earth screen, we would not shrink from gazing at it ourselves, nor from inviting our friends to see it.

"What are you so serious about, Mary?" the director asked, coming over to me. "Is Rebecca tired of waiting for her farm?"

"I'm just thinking," I told him, "about our lives being like a movie play, with our characters thrown upon the screen of eternity, just as they are, and with nothing to hide their imperfections. It seems to me one has to be very careful to act in the lines if one would show up well on that screen."

"That's true," he said. "What a little moralizer you are, Mary! We would all be better and the world happier for our lives if every time we witness a movie play we would make new resolves to play our part in life so that our characters will show up well on the screen."

I feel as though I would like to give my reader friends this message that the staging of a movie play brought to me: make-believes and shams show up in the picture and spoil it, and if we want to make a good film in this world or the next, we must be real, we must be sincere, and we must be surrounded with brightness. A dark-clad figure does not screen well in a picture, nor a dark character, in real life.

Answers to Correspondents.

O. H.—I have written an article about your problem in training your little girl. I also suggest that, since you live in the country, it might give her keen delight to have a "War Garden" of her own to cultivate. I shall be glad to hear how your little girl gets on at school.

A. B.—I'm so glad you have written to tell me how much you like "The Little American," as well as my other plays. Some day I hope we will meet, as you suggest. And, Alice, you are sure to like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I'm glad you know that charming book from which my play was taken.

M. C.—Thank you so much for your lovely compliments. I hope we will always be friends. I hope to hear you sing some day. If I were you I would dress quite simply for the first appearance. Finery looks out of place on a young girl.

K. E. B.—You cannot imagine how much I appreciate your criticism of my plays. I hope to hear what you think of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the one I have just finished acting in. It always helps an actress to hear what an audience thinks of her work.

Mrs. A. W.—What an original idea to have something to laugh at just over the dining-room table! I'm sure no one in your merry household ever has indigestion. I'm glad to hear about your soldier brother. I'll give your message to Jack. Write again.

V. L.—You can help clear your complexion after being sunburned by washing your face with oatmeal, instead of soap, and using a mixture of equal parts of glycerin, rosewater, and lemon juice. Two ounces of each makes an excellent bleach for face, hands, and neck.

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THE CROWN OF GLORY.

I heard a story the other day that struck me as deliciously comical, and yet full of a serious lesson in human nature. There is a certain young actress in the East who appeared in a Broadway production. I believe she dressed in a rather primitive, woodland way, barefooted, with a little green smock trimmed in leaves, and her hair down her back. It was very beautiful hair, apparently, long and luxuriant and curly.

Of the habitual theatergoers there is a certain young business man who rather prided himself on only looking at the theatrical world from an impersonal standpoint. He was about thirty-one, tall, and very good looking, and it was of common report that there were many of the girls who would gladly have welcomed his attentions.

But when he saw this little actress he fell deeply in love with her. As he told others that what he admired most was her simplicity and naturalness. It was a very swift wooing. The girl was from Tennessee, living in New York with an elder sister, I believe, who was in another production. Within a month, there was a wedding at a quiet little church on Lexington Avenue, and they went away on a long motor trip up through the Adirondacks.

When they came back, it was she herself who told the story.

"I never had any idea that Peter thought that wig I wore when I sang, 'If I were Eve,' in woodland green, was my own hair. But it seems he did, and was horribly disappointed when he found out that my very own only comes just below my shoulders, and is straight as a board unless I curl it. I don't think I ever loved him quite as much as when I saw how splendidly he reacted from the shock, but it did teach me one thing. Men don't really fall in love with you at first sight. They fall in love with your eyes, or your smile or your manner, or, in this case, with the beautiful hair you don't possess."

This set me thinking about another woman who was about thirty-five years old. I heard her tell mother, one night, that she would never dine out anywhere, unless there were pink shaded lights on the table. I know I thought then that some time she would face the issue Ethel Barrymore used in one of her plays. I think it was "Lady Frederick," where a young boy was frantically in love with her, and she deliberately plans to have him disillusioned by showing herself without her "war paint."

While make-up off the stage has gone out of use, still there are many women and girls who know how to use it so carefully and cleverly that it is almost impossible to detect it. But when I was East, we had lunch at a certain hotel, and I wanted to telephone. As I waited at the switchboard for the young girl to get my number, I could not help but look at her. Her eyelids were darkened as if she had used a burnt match. The lip rouge was far too bright for daylight, and her color was on unevenly. She had used a touch of henna, I think, on the front of her hair, but not on the back. I drew mother's attention to it, and she just laughed and said: "A good soldier never looks behind."

I could not help but think if this girl had only had sense enough to take care of her own hair, how the result would have surprised her. Both the hair and complexion respond to proper treatment amazingly. You can take even the most hopeless head of hair, that which seems lifeless and dull-colored, and by careful scalp massage, and proper washing and sunning in the open air, you will find a quick reaction on the part of nature. Your scalp craves sustenance. The little tiny cells that the follicles are rooted in, literally become dried up, where the system has used up too much nerve force and vital energy. You can usually tell the physical condition of a woman by the appearance of her hair. People write and ask me so many times what I have done to keep my own hair in good condition. I can only say I owe it all to mother and the wonderful care she gave to my hair when I was a growing girl.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Bertha C.—I spoke to mother of your difficulty, and she suggested that you find a good boarding house where your father can stay while you seek work in your own profession. You

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

THE LIGHT THAT LIES.

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Nearly all of my letters come from girls, so that it always interests me when I find one from a boy. It always seems to me as if boys are so resourceful, and another thing they do not like to make confidants of everybody.

But a letter came a few days ago from a boy down in Texas, and it seems to me as if he is facing a pretty serious situation. I'm sure he's in love with the wrong girl. He wrote:

"Dear Miss Pickford:

"I read your articles every day in the paper down here, and it seems to me as if I almost knew you. I want the advice of some girl about two other girls. I've known one of them for several years. In fact we went to school together, and she's a mighty nice girl. She's the sort that your mother hopes you're going to marry and I always thought I would, too, until recently. Then a new girl came to our town, and I tell you it's just all up with a whole bunch of us. All she's got to do is look at a fellow and he's her slave. I thought I was pretty strong minded, but I don't mind saying that I'm ready to give up everything else in life if she'll have me."

"What makes me feel mean about it, though, is the other girl. As I say, I am not really engaged to her, but I guess we've both taken it for granted that we were going together with serious intentions. Now, what I want to know is whether I can go to her and tell her the truth. I know if I were a girl I'd rather have a fellow come straight out and be frank with me than to marry me from a point of honor when he loved another girl."

"I feel if I don't go to her and tell her that I'm going to do something desperate. I know perfectly well that this other girl cares for me. I can tell just from the way she looks at me. What would you do if you were in my place?"

I wish Jack could write and answer this letter, but as long as he wrote to me, I think I will tell him the wisdom I have learned from my brother. Jack says always to beware of the girl with the "come hither" in her eye. There is a certain type of girl who seems blessed from birth with this power of attraction. The whole way through life is made easier for her because of the light of her eyes and the smile on her lips. While the average girl goes along and makes good through hard effort, the fortunate things of life seem to fall at the feet of the winsome girl.

I remember about two years ago there was just such a girl in our company. As one of the men expressed it, "she mowed 'em down." I know

she received four proposals of marriage inside of two weeks, and the wonderful part was that even after she refused them, they remained her faithful admirers and friends just the same. I asked her one day what kind of man she expected to marry, and I shall never forget the casual, light-hearted answer.

"One with money. I've been poor all my life, and I bet a cookie that the man who gets me will have to cut the coupons regularly."

I didn't say anything more, just looked at her; she was so pretty and sweet looking, it seemed impossible that such a lovable girl could be so mercenary.

And so I believe in the case of this boy from Texas, he had better stick to his little home sweetheart, and beware of the type of girl who excels as a college widow. You will usually find among middle aged women beauties who have lingered right along "on the branch," as the French say, unmarried, because they have demanded too much and let love pass by.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Jane R.—I think you are very brave to contemplate such a serious task. The women of our country can do so much good among the young working girls if they will only stand together and help them. They need encouragement and real understanding.

K. L. E.—I see no reason why you should not marry again. Surely it would be better for your young daughters to have a "mother" who will be interested in them.

W. B. Chicago—Yes, I know the beautiful spot you refer to in Lincoln Park. Thank you for all your good wishes. "The Romance of the Redwoods" is the picture you have in mind, I think.

Miss N. D.—Of course you are not too old to take up music. One is never too old to interest oneself in any study. You must be more optimistic about your future. Write me again and tell me how you progress.

James—I am glad you liked "The Poor Little Rich Girl." My next picture is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The little picture you sent me was splendid.

Robert W.—Your letter was very interesting. I am sure all the boys must enjoy camp life. After the confinement of office work for so long you must find life in the great "out of doors" wonderful.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

AN ORPHAN OF RUSSIA.

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There have been so many stories of horror and disaster about the present war, that it seems delightful to come across one that has any good fortune or happiness about it.

Since "The Little American" was produced I can't tell you how many letters I have received from soldiers both abroad and here, and how many stories of the battle field have been told to me. I received a post card from England, yesterday, that was the latest news from "Marya." It said:

"Were married in London. Am leaving for Russia. Marya remains at school. Eric."

There was such a world of romance and adventure encompassed in those few words. We had met Eric two years ago in New York. He was doing dramatic work then for one of the papers and incidentally was acting as New York correspondent for a Russian paper. Because of his knowledge of the Russian language, he was chosen as one of the first to go abroad to represent the press.

Jack was particularly fond of him and we enjoyed his letters immensely that first year he was abroad. He used often to speak of some friends of his who were revolutionists and especially of their beautiful daughter, Marya. Then we heard that the girl's father had been killed. It was just before the downfall of the Romanoffs, and he was afraid for her safety if she remained at the capital. Several of her friends had been shot, and dreading lest she share the same fate, he had resolved to get her out of the country.

I only wish I knew all the details of that strange flight. Whether they went by land or sea, whether in disguise or not, somehow they managed to reach London and from there he wrote a letter, the first real news we had received in months.

"I am marrying Marya for her safety's sake during these terrible times. She is only a child and I feel I must protect her. Her father asked me to do this before he died, but I doubt whether he knew how close the desire lay to my own heart."

"Thus far, we have come in safety. It is only a question of a few weeks, I firmly believe, before the Romanoff dynasty will fall. The revolutionist of today is the hero of tomorrow. I wish you to love and guard my Marya for me."

You don't know how thrilling it was, when the word flashed over this world of the fall of the Romanoffs. Instead of being the daughter of a criminal, Marya could return to her own land, and hear her father's name among those who had died at a new Russia might be born.

And best of all, we heard that instead of the marriage being a mere matter of form for her protection, she had really grown to love him. It will be a long while, I fear, before they are reunited, but at least the one lesson they have gained from the war has been one of love and loyalty to the ideal they both carried in their hearts.

Jack was saying that he would never marry a girl under such circumstances, as it was not fair to her. He didn't see why Eric had not taken the girl to England, and just left her there, paying for her board and schooling.

The idea of waiting for a war to end before he could claim the fulfillment of his romance did not appeal to Jack. I am sure, but Eric is thirty-two and sees life at a different angle. Personally, I think he acted mighty well, and I am longing to see the little orphan of Russia whom he befriended and endowed with his name and love.

Answers to Correspondents.

Thomas F.—You must find recruiting duty very interesting. Here in Hollywood we are all interested in Red Cross work and every one seems to want to "do his bit." Do write me again.

C. G. R.—I am glad you liked "The Romance of the Redwoods." Your little daughter must be very remarkable. I would not think of placing her in picture work until she has finished her schooling.

D. W.—Sorry to have missed your other letter. I will have it looked

up. It is sure to be on file, and I will try to answer all the questions then.

Grace—By all means keep up your musical studies. Even if you can't afford to continue your lessons, there are many things you can learn by yourself. You can get splendid books from the library that will be of great assistance to you.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

IN MEXICO.

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"Why are Mexicans in moving pictures always represented as bandits and cutthroats?" asks one of my correspondents. She requests me to publish a letter in which she protests against this portrayal of Mexican characters. I really believe you will be as much interested in what she says as I am, and so we will read her letter together. Don't you think it brings friends who have never met closer together if they share their letters?

Natalie says that she has read my articles every day since I began writing them, and she is looking to see whether I use her letter.

"I am from Mexico," she writes, "and my country is torn by civil strife, want, woe and starvation. When I left, women and children were rioting in the streets in their attempts to get bread."

"I am often asked what my feelings are concerning the United States. I am receiving my education here, and although it is not my country, I can truly say from my heart of hearts that I love this wide land. I am living here, enjoying its privileges, advantages, opportunities and free government, and I see no reason why a foreigner should condemn the country, as some are now doing."

"It is not perfect, no—but in all this wide world it has the highest ideals of liberty, justice and right, the best educational advantages, opportunities for all regardless of caste, and the chance to prove that 'where there's a will, there's a way.' You, who are citizens, may well be proud of it."

"Mexico is not so advanced in civilization, but one must remember that the United States is far in advance of Mexico; that when the United States had won her independence and was fighting the war of 1812, Mexico was just breaking away from Spanish domination. Give her time to advance in and then make a just comparison."

"But, Miss Pickford, the thing that hurts most is when I hear Americans criticize Mexicans unjustly. In motion pictures Mexican men are always represented as bandits, thieves, cutthroats, outlaws and every immoral character imaginable. Mexican women are portrayed as tough dance-hall girls, lax in morals, ignorant and gross."

"Now, Mary, this is not true to life. We have as clean, upright and honest men as are to be found anywhere—women who are pure, moral, virtuous, true and home-loving as any on the face of the earth. Some people know this, but I am sorry to say that many do not; the remarks I overhear concerning Mexicans hurt me worse than stilette stabs."

"I felt as though I had to tell some one about this, and I chose you."

"I am making scrapbooks for soldiers, and I also have put in an application to 'mother' some soldier or sailor who is all alone, which, of course, will include sending him candy, comfort kits, knitted articles, books and the like—because I love this country and those who may die for it."

Now, isn't that a lovely letter from a neighbor across the border? How many American girls, busy getting an education, take the time this sweet Mexican girl is taking to make life happier and more comfortable for our brave fighting men?

Mother says that Natalie must not imagine that her people are misunderstood by Americans. All intelligent Americans know how good and how fine the majority of Mexicans are. The reason we see the bandits and lower classes in moving pictures is because they are picturesque. People like the picturesque and thrilling in moving pictures and, of course, a bandit is a thousand times more exciting than a banker or a planter. And then, too, Mexican young girls are kept so secluded that they never do anything sensational, so that picture-makers are obliged to use the kinds of people who work up exciting scenes in the movies.

For ever so many years Western desperadoes were depicted in our art and literature to such an extent that people might well imagine the whole Western part of the United States peopled with desperadoes. Judging from what we saw and read we might fancy that the only good people who ever strayed Westward were tenderfeet and missionaries.

We hope Natalie will see this point of view and be able to laugh at pictures of Mexican bandits as we Americans have laughed—and still laugh—at our Western desperadoes, since the days of our great-grandmothers.

Answers to Correspondents.

Bernice N.—I am highly complimented that you ask me for a list of patriotic and pretty names for the new baby, bless him! For choice there are Woodrow Wilson, John Pershing, Leonard Wood, Winfield Scott, Julian Biddle, Robert Edward Lee, Andrew Jackson, Madison Monroe, Raymond Wardell, John Randolph, Stirling Carter. I select these for their beauty of sound. Any history will give you stacks of fine patriotic names.

Mrs. J. H.—I am sure you can succeed in learning to nurse, since your family doctor thinks you will, and you seem interested. Nursing demands good health, strength, intelligence and kindness. Let me know how you succeed.

G. J.—It is worth while working my hardest to make a good impression in pictures, when I receive such lovely letters as yours. I hope you will like my new picture, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

R. N. A.—I have enjoyed looking at the photographs you sent me. The baby picture is a beauty. And I'm delighted to hear that you have been going to see my pictures for three years and like them all so very much. That is the most encouraging thing a movie actress can hear.

G. D.—I hope your dear mamma will soon be well. I know your help comforts her very much. I'm sorry you like silk stockings, because they are not best for little girls who are not rich. They do not wear half as well for children as other stockings do, and they cost a great deal. Let me know when your mamma recovers.

M. S.—If your friend cares for you he will communicate with you. The position he holds does not admit of marriage for awhile. He is probably waiting till he can ask you. You should seek society more.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

AUTOMOBILE PEACEMAKERS.

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You and I and our friends, dear comrades of my daily column, always think of the automobile as a pleasure-maker or a convenience. Doesn't it seem funny to look upon the big, puffing, rushing thing as a peacemaker?

I thought it was funny, the first time I heard how an automobile kept the family peace, but Mother says she thinks it is a splendid idea, and she thought you would like to hear about it.

The way we learned this new method of peacemaking was one day when Mrs. Fane came to tea, and said she was late because little Joe had been so naughty that she had been obliged to take him out in the automobile.

"Why, I should think that a reward for good conduct!" exclaimed Mother. "Sometimes it is," nodded Mrs. Fane.

"And I have never heard you correct one of your children," went on Mother. "Your household always seems to run on oiled wheels. I've never seen the least friction. It is ideal!"

"It's all due to the automobile," said Mrs. Fane. "I don't believe in reprimanding children in the presence of other people, nor punishing them where the other children will know it. I believe in saving a child's pride and self-respect. My children adore me and give me very little trouble, but I do have to take them out in the automobile once in a while."

"What in the world do you do?" Mother exclaimed, much interested.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Fane, "if Bessie needs correction, I call her to one side and take her out to the garage. We get into the car and set out for a spin by ourselves. Then I point out to her the naughtiness of her conduct, reprove her for it, and reason with her so she will see why she has done wrong and what the consequences have been, or might be, to herself and others. By the time we get home there is a very contrite little Bessie sitting beside me, and she does not need a ride of this sort for some time after."

"Occasionally the children quarrel between themselves, when each one has a separate ride. One child never knows what punishment has been meted out to the other, and none of them like to start for the garage alone with me. There is a sense of disgrace in the proceeding that seems to affect them more deeply than I have seen children affected by much more humiliating forms of punishment."

Just imagine how mother and I listened to this remarkable method of training children! Mother smiled, and remarked:

"Well, it is easy for you to keep your household happy and peaceful, because you and Tom never disagree on any subject. I've never seen such a perfect couple in my life!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Fane, laughing, "Tom and I have our tugs-of-war sometimes, and when we do, we just get into the automobile and go off by ourselves and fight it out."

"Marry, dear," remarked Mother, after Mrs. Fane had gone away, "wouldn't all households be delightful to live in if everyone took their differences out for an airing and left them by the roadside?"

"It seems to me people might try

that plan whether they are lucky enough to own an automobile or not. There is something about taking one's frets and frictions out of doors that seems to cause them to evaporate. The very bigness and brightness of Nature seems to make human tempers and trials appear so small in comparison. One cannot quarrel half so violently out under the clear heavens as when shut in by four walls."

"Then, too," Mother considered, "the very fact that the atmosphere of the home is kept free from anything of an unpleasant nature makes each member of the household endeavor to maintain harmonious conditions. One actually builds up an ideal domestic existence by adopting Mrs. Fane's method and settling every dispute far away from home environments."

And so I'm advising every unhappy person who may happen to read this talk of mine to get the automobile habit, whether they get rid of their troubles with the help of a gasoline engine, an electric battery, or just on their own two feet. After all, it's the habit that counts, not so much the means by which we acquire it.

Answers to Correspondents.

I. N. F.—Your interesting letter has been used in an article, as you requested. Mother and I sympathize with you. Write again.

Mrs. A. H.—I am very much touched by the story of your life, and I have based one of my "Daily Talks" on it. You should forget the past and think only of the love which now surrounds you. I am glad to get letters from you. I think you have done wonders in teaching yourself English. Your health will improve if you remember your blessings instead of your sorrows. A good husband and a loving child are supreme blessings. Do not exert yourself till you are quite strong. Happiness depends a good deal on health.

E. E. B.—Your criticism is very inspiring. It always helps an actress to hear what characters are most appreciated in her plays, and the reasons why some are considered better than others. That you call my name "an immortal one" makes me so proud that I will work doubly hard to retain such an opinion from you.

Sister V. S.—Of course, I think it is perfectly dear of you to want to call me "sister." I'm so happy that you pray for me and send me kisses. What a darling little girl you must be! I'm glad you like my "Daily Talks" in the paper, and my plays. Yes, it is hard to be an actress. One must work hard all the time to achieve success. But the work is worth while when people appreciate the results.

Mrs. T. B. P.—I quite agree with you about the charm of Florence Lawrence. Some composers of music have written music in her honor. She is much beloved. It is lovely to hear how much you appreciate my daily talks. Writers are inspired by such encouragement.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

A TEST OF LOVE.

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Love isn't real unless it can stand a test, I said to myself, as I sat down to write my daily letter this morning.

Mother heard me. "There would be more happy marriages if love were tested before marriage instead of afterward," she said.

I've been puzzling this morning about what a girl who really loved a man would be apt to do under circumstances related to me last night. The more I think about the matter the less able I feel to decide, so I'm just going to tell you the story and see what you think about it.

Tom, the man who told how the test of love ended for him, had been in love with Ella for more than a year.

"I was just waiting," Tom confided to me, "until I could get Ella off on a lovely woodland path I knew to tell her how much I cared for her and ask her the important question. I'm sure Ella suspected the object of our trip and that she liked me pretty well.

"We left the trolley that eventful day and started through the woods. Everything was going beautifully by the time we reached a charming little glade among the trees. Mary, it was an ideal spot for staging a proposal. I stooped and took Ella's hand. She let me, just as sweetly as possible, when, just that moment, a little green snake wriggled across the path.

"Ella uttered a little scream and sprang aside.

"Don't be afraid!" I reassured her. "I won't let it hurt you."

"I picked up a stick and struck at the reptile. I missed it, and the creature ran up my leg.

"You can't imagine what it feels like to have a snake wriggling inside your trousers! I jumped up and down as hard as I could in my efforts to shake the beast out. It just squirmed closer to me. I slapped and shook my nether garments, and kicked and jumped every way at once to throw the awful wriggling thing down my trousers' leg. But it clung right to me. I could hear Ella making little excited sounds and cries, all the time, and I felt warmed by her tenderness and sympathy.

"At last I got the snake out and killed it. I struck it far from the road so that Ella would not see the thing, and then I turned to her with my heart full of thankfulness at having saved her the awful ordeal I had just been through.

"I got the shock of my life.

"I rubbed my handkerchief over my forehead, shut my eyes and opened them again. For a minute I really believed I was 'seeing snakes.' No! Ella sat on the path, rocking herself to and fro, perfectly helpless with paroxysms of laughter.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh, Tom! If you had only seen how funny—I!" and she doubled up, convulsed.

"So that was the sympathizing sound that had cheered me! I felt as though some one had slid a chunk of ice down my back. I stood there, gazing at Ella. I couldn't speak.

"Presently Ella mopped her eyes

and subdued her chortles. She looked up at me and tried to say something about my safety, but the remark was smothered in a giggle.

"I helped her up. 'Shall we go back?' I said. 'There may be more snakes in the road.' And I marched her towards the trolley.

"Mary, I've never been to see Ella since," declared Tom. His tone wasn't sad, it sounded resentful.

I tried to find something soothing to say, but it was not use. Tom insists that no girl who sincerely loved a man could drop on the ground in convulsions of laughter at the sight of his peril with a snake squirming up his leg.

At first it seemed to me that Tom must be right in feeling that Ella's love was not sincere, and that she was heartless in being able to laugh at his extremity and, for all she knew, danger. But in reviewing the matter I cannot help feeling that Tom may have been less sincere in his affection than Ella. She may have become hysterical from alarm as well as because of the ludicrous appearance he presented. She may have known that a little green snake was harmless, and her sense of the ridiculous may have overpowered her respect for his feelings. It is hard to tell which failed most in this test of love. What do you think about it?

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Jas. S.—I do sympathize with you and have written one of my "daily letters" about your case. But try and be a brave patriot, as your husband is, and worthy of him and your great country. Write again.

M. C. M.—How lovely to have such a talent for music. I'm glad you mean to be a musician. Yes, it is worth any amount of work to achieve success in the end. Thank you for your encouraging words about my plays. Everybody writes so kindly about "The Little American" and "Rags."

Angela M. K.—Thank you for your sweet words about my daily talks and my plays. Isn't it pleasant that I had your name in "The Little American"? I'm glad you felt that way about it.

E. G. D.—Thank your baby for sending me his picture and the "kiss that Joffre gave" him. I'm proud to receive it. The way to get into the movies is to register your name and pictures with a producing company. There are several in Chicago. I wish you good luck. Write again.

M. M. K.—It is most encouraging to learn that you like my daily talks so much, and also that my plays interest you. I would not dare write an article about astrology, because I notice that people who do so give a lifetime to its study, and I haven't time to give a day. Your letter about it is most interesting, but I still believe that success depends on faithful, hard work.

M. C. H.—That is lovely in you to write me how much you enjoyed "The Little American." The scenes were not staged in France. How proud you must be of your soldier father. It is fine to be an officer in these days. Write again.

MARY PICKFORD.